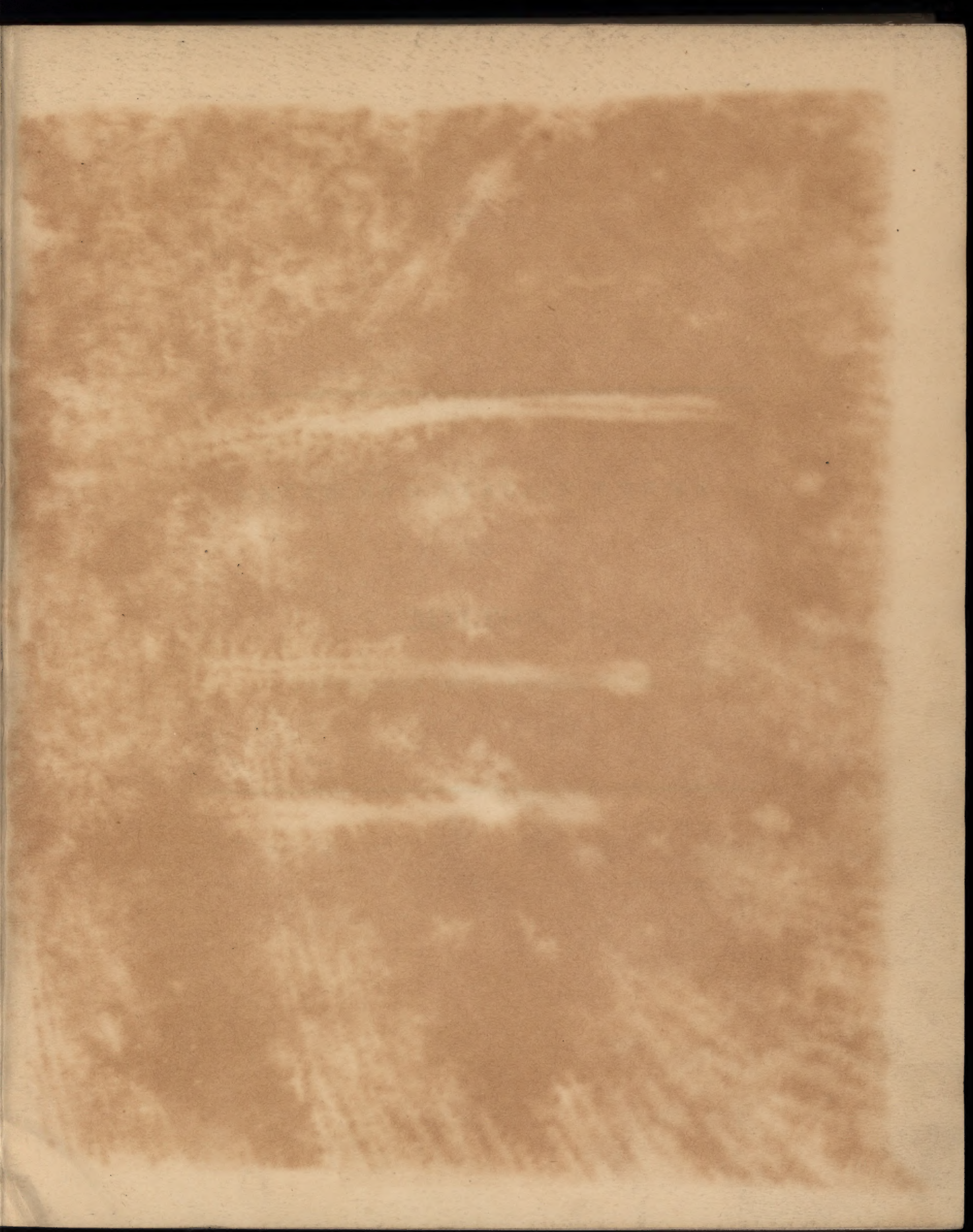
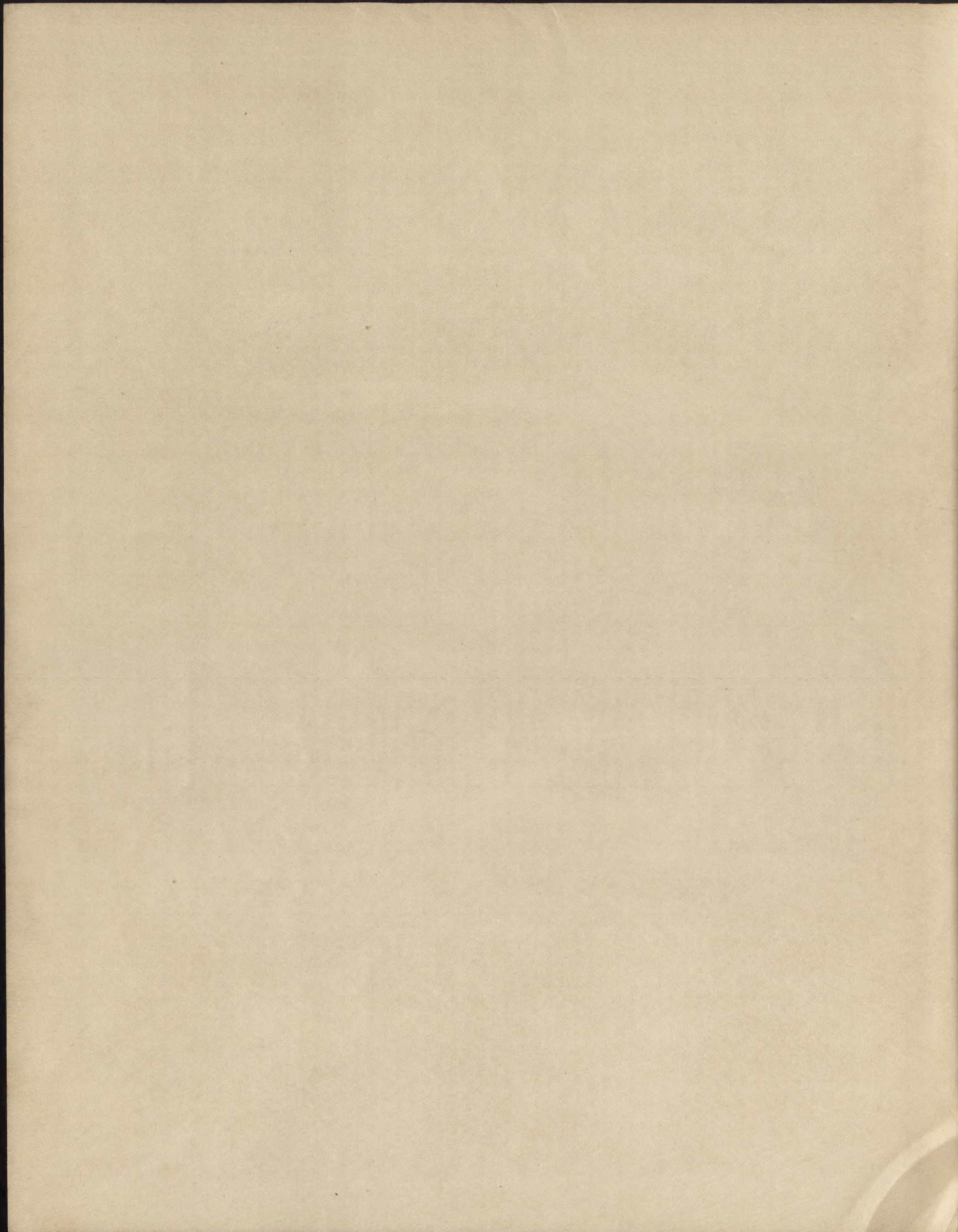


3 plates by Flaxman
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L A T I N A N D I T A L I A N P O E M S

O F

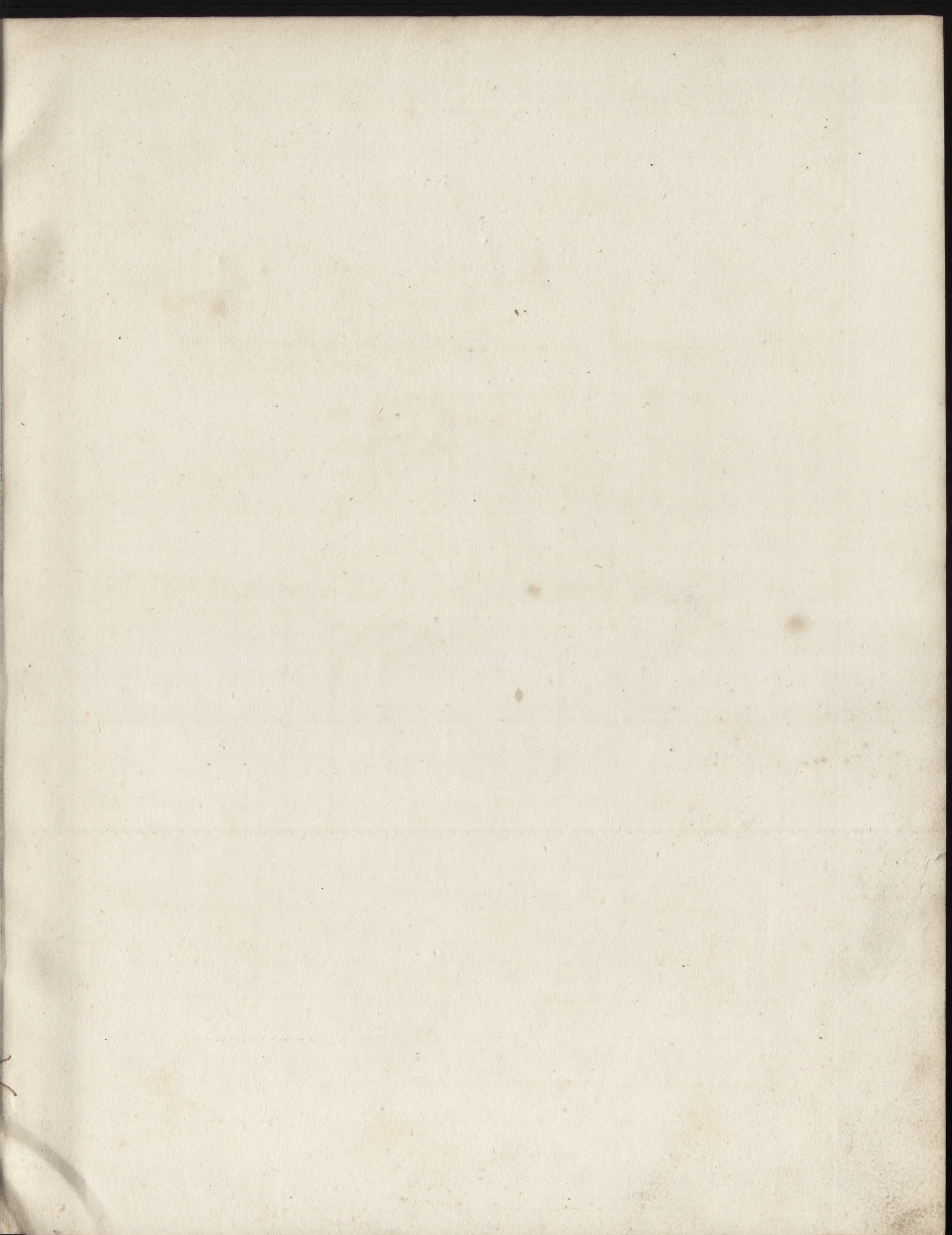
M I L T O N

T R A N S L A T E D I N T O E N G L I S H V E R S E .

LATIN AND GREEK

MILTON

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH





JOHN MILTON

Milton

L A T I N A N D I T A L I A N P O E M S

O F

M I L T O N

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

AND A FRAGMENT OF A

C O M M E N T A R Y O N P A R A D I S E L O S T,

BY THE LATE

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQR.

WITH A

P R E F A C E B Y T H E E D I T O R,

AND

N O T E S O F V A R I O U S A U T H O R S.

De studiis dicam --- in quibus -- omne otiosum tempus contrivimus. Quarum rerum recordatio et memoria, si una cum illo occidisset, desiderium conjunctissimi atque amantissimi viri ferre nullo modo possem: sed nec illa extincta sunt, alunturque potius et augentur cogitatione et memoriâ.

CICERO.

PRINTED BY J. SEAGRAVE, CHICHESTER,

For J. JOHNSON, Saint Paul's Church Yard, and R. H. EVANS,
Pall-Mall, LONDON.

1808.

LATIN AND ITALIAN FORMS

OF

MILTON

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

AND A COMMENTARY

COMMENTARY ON PARADISE LOST

BY THE AUTHOR

WILLIAM COMPTON, ESQ.

WITH A

PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR

AND

NOTES OF VARIOUS AUTHORS

The reader is reminded that the edition of the text of Milton's works, as published by the University of Cambridge, is the only one which is now in the hands of the public. It is the only one which is now in the hands of the public. It is the only one which is now in the hands of the public.

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

T. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, AND R. W. EVANS, ST. MARK'S CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.

1822

T O

JOSEPH HILL, ESQR.

DEAR SIR,

*Should I happen to surprize, I trust
I shall not displease you, by the liberty, I take, of prefixing
your name to this Volume; especially when I confess, that
I do so to gratify my own feelings of respect, not only for
the talents, but also for the attachments, of that excellent
person, who delighted in saying (both in prose and rhyme)
that he found in you a long-tried and invariable friend,
thro' all the vicissitudes of his troubled life.*

*I shall esteem myself fortunate, if you feel, that
I have succeeded in my wish of shewing an affection,*

*warm and faithful like your own, for his various merits, by
making a worthy use of the many favours, which you, Sir,
and his admirable relation, our lost and lamented friend,
Lady HESKETH, have most kindly bestowed*

ON YOUR HIGHLY OBLIGED,

AND VERY GRATEFUL

FRIEND AND SERVANT,

W. HAYLEY.

FELPHAM,

February 1808.

P R E F A C E.

FEW duties of friendship can be more sacred, or more soothing, to an affectionate spirit, than the duty of paying due regard to those posthumous writings of an illustrious author, on which he had bestowed considerable time and attention, especially if he had finished (and such is the present case) the most delicate, and arduous, portion of his work, in a manner, that excited the sincere applause of his friends.

The writings of Cowper, that relate to Milton, can hardly fail to interest the public: In my own bosom they have a peculiar tendency to excite a variety of emotions. I feel an inexhaustible delight in contemplating the excellence of these Translations, and in reflecting, they were the source of that intimacy with the Poet of Weston, which I justly consider among the

primary blessings of my life. Indeed it is hardly possible to over-value the esteem and fraternal regard of a man, whose heart was distinguished by its purity, and whose mind was pre-eminent in the most exquisite of mental endowments.

In recollecting several incidents, that occurred, while Cowper was anxious concerning his compositions relating to Milton, I cannot but feel some degree of regret, that his engagements in a suspended project appeared sometimes to throw a load of vexation, and embarrassment, on his tender spirit; but all sensations of regret are absorbed in my animating hope, and persuasion, that the ultimate destination of his interrupted Miltonic work will be such, as may afford him the highest gratification, if the departed spirits of "just men made perfect" are conscious of the fate, that is assigned to their posthumous productions.

Could the benevolent mind of Cowper have foreseen, that his writings, here imparted to the public, would be suspended in his life-time, that, in a subsequent period, they might be rendered beneficial to his orphan Godchild by the favor of his country, his com-

passionate heart would have exulted in such a destination of his work. Such, I trust, it is now on the point of fulfilling, for as his numerous admirers are already apprized of the desirable purpose, which the success of this publication will promote, I persuade myself it will find many liberal patrons in that host of readers, whose hearts have been warmed by the fervency of the poet, and are thus prepared to take a generous pleasure in befriending an object of his regard.

I consider it as a duty incumbent on me to prefix a brief history of the writings contained in this volume; and that I may render my account of them the more satisfactory, I shall seize every opportunity of giving it in the words of my departed friend.

In the autumn of 1791 he was invited by his bookseller, Mr. Johnson, to engage in the project of preparing a magnificent edition of Milton. The proposal had much to please, and little to alarm his fancy; for he esteemed both the intelligence, and the integrity of the person, who was to conduct the business; and he was animated with a fervent desire to promote the glory

of his favourite poet. Yet such was the genuine modesty, with which Cowper used to contemplate his own extraordinary mental powers, that his native diffidence induced him at first to decline the invitation. A letter that he wrote to Mr. Johnson, after thinking more deliberately on the subject, contains the following expressions.

“ Weston, Sept. 6, 1791.

I have at length brought myself to something like a hope, that I may perhaps prove equal to this business, and in consequence have resolved to attempt it: but must depend on you for my implements. Newton's edition I have, but have nothing more.”

Writing to his friend, Mr. Rose, in the same month, he thus completely explains the extent of his new undertaking.

“ The Lodge, Sept. 14, 1791.

You, who know how necessary it is for me to be employed, will be glad to hear, that I have been called to a new literary engagement, and that I

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have not refused it. A Milton, that is to rival, and if possible to exceed in splendor Boydell's Shakespeare, is in contemplation; and I am in the editor's office. Fuseli is the painter. My business will be to select notes from others, and to write original notes; to translate the Latin and Italian poems, and to give a correct text. I shall have years allowed me to do it in."

Altho' the translator seems, in this letter, to have taken some pleasure in reflecting, that a great length of time was to be allowed for his performance, he had a mind naturally fervent, that loved to grapple itself, without delay, to a laudable enterprize, and not to recede from its work, while any part of it remained unfinished. With this spirit he immediately began his translations; and in November 1791, he thus informed his friend Mr. Hill, how he advanced in the work.

" I have made a considerable progress in the translation of Milton's Latin poems. I give them, as opportunity offers, all the variety of measure, that I can. Some I render in heroic rhyme, some in stanzas, some in seven, and some in eight syllable measure, and

some in blank verse. They will altogether, I hope, make an agreeable miscellany for the English reader. They are certainly good in themselves, and cannot fail to please, but by the fault of the translator."

Cowper proceeded so chearfully in his work, that altho' he did not begin the series of his translations till towards the middle of September 1791, he had nearly completed the whole before the end of that year.

On the 10th of December he gave the following account of himself, and of his advancing performance, to his friend Mr. Hurdis.

" I am much obliged to you for wishing that I were employed in some original work, rather than in translation. To tell the truth, I am of your mind; and unless I could find another Homer, I shall promise (I believe) and vow, when I have done with Milton, never to translate again. But my veneration for our great countryman is equal to what I feel for the Grecian; and consequently I am happy, and feel myself honorably employed whatever I can do for Milton. I am now translating his *Epitaphium Damonis*; a pastoral, in my judge-

ment, equal to any of Virgil's bucolics, but of which Dr. Johnson (so it pleased him) speaks as I remember contemptuously. But he, who never saw any beauty in a rural scene, was not likely to have much taste for a pastoral.—*In pace quiescat!*”

It appears probable from a subsequent letter to the same friend, that the whole series of Cowper's translations from Milton was completed in February 1792, for in that month he said to Mr. Hurdis:

“ Milton at present engrosses me altogether. His Latin pieces I have translated, and have begun with the Italian: These are few, and will not detain me long. I shall then proceed immediately to deliberate upon, and to settle, the plan of my commentary, which I have hitherto had but little time to consider.”

Letters written before my first acquaintance with Cowper, have supplied the preceding account of the origin, and progress, of this posthumous publication; what I have yet to add concerning it will chiefly consist of a few particulars, that I learned in the course of my own intimacy with Cowper.

That intimacy commenced in consequence of my writing to him in February 1792, on hearing, that we had been represented as rival biographers.

His reply to my first letter was liberal, and friendly, in so high a degree, that I shall indulge an honest pride in transcribing the following passage.

“ I rejoice that you are employed to do justice to the character of a man, perhaps the chief of all, who have ever done honour to our country, and whose very name I reverence. Here we shall not clash, or interfere with each other, for a life of Milton is no part of my bargain. In short we will cope with each other in nothing, but that affection, which you avow for me, unworthy of it as I am, and which your character and writings, and especially your kind letter have begotten in my heart for you.”

“ Every remark of yours on Milton will be highly valued by me.”

The kindness of Cowper made me anxious to afford him all the encouragement, and assistance, in his

new undertaking, that sympathy and friendship could supply. As Milton was to each of us an object of constant admiration, and at this time of immediate study, for different purposes, we mutually took a pleasure in animating each other to the prosecution of our respective works. In the summer of 1792, when Cowper was my guest in Sussex, our attention was doubly devoted to Milton, for after fulfilling my promise of imparting to my friend that life of our favourite poet, in which I had then made some progress, I had the great pleasure of revising with him all his translations from the Latin and Italian poetry of Milton. We compared the versions continually with the originals, and the excellent translator in the course of this revisal made many and considerable improvements in various parts of his work. Let me here remark, to the honour of Cowper, that with all his poetic powers, he was ever willing to receive, and to avail himself of friendly criticism, with a spirit equally modest and grateful. Our sentiments concerning the many compositions which we examined together were so happily in unison, that we had no difference of opinion upon any one poem of the diversified collection; and we most cordially agreed in thinking, that the verses addressed by Milton to his father are the most

exquisite, and delightful, in the whole series of his Latin poetry. They have a peculiar tenderness and dignity of sentiment, united to the most delicate and powerful expression.

Of this charming poem Dr. Symmons has added a translation in rhyme to his animated life of Milton. His translation has considerable merit; but my opinion of the respectable author's taste and candour is such, that I persuade myself he will agree with me in thinking the blank verse of Cowper, in expressing the same ideas, has more happily caught the sweetness and spirit of the original.

Another favourite of Cowper's, the *Epitaphium Damonis*, has been translated in part, and elegantly translated, by Langhorne; but, I trust, I am not influenced by any undue partiality in preferring the version of my friend.

He finished his revisal, and correction, of all the translated poems, while he was with me in Sussex: but at a period much later, and when his spirits had suffered the most deplorable depression, his compassi-

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onate kinsman, with whom he resided at Dereham, contrived to amuse his mind by reading to him these translations, and by inducing him to retouch a few passages. It is worthy of remark, that, dejected as he was, he made a considerable improvement in his conclusion of the ode to Rouse, by new-modelling the four last lines. His kind relation added a memorandum with a pencil at the bottom of the page, by which it appears, that the improvement, I speak of, was made by Cowper on the 22d of August, 1798, a time, when the calamitous state of his health gave a peculiar interest to every exertion of his mind.

But to return to the happier season, when he spoke chearfully at Eartham of what he had already done, and what he intended to do, as an editor of Milton! Altho' the translations were completed, the more burdensome part of his undertaking, a projected commentary, was hardly begun—but to this he looked forward with chearful hopes, and he thus expressed his own feelings on the subject in writing to Mr. Johnson.

“ Eartham, August 21, 1792.

- - - - Since our arrival here Mrs. Unwin has seemed daily to recover strength, so that I have hopes of carrying her back to Weston about the middle of September, in such a state of health as will consist with a little more diligence and constancy on my part in the work, you have given me to do.

I thank you for setting my heart at rest from the disquietude, I felt, when I wrote last, on the score of time, lest I should not be ready at the moment. I long nevertheless to be making a progress; and shall not allow myself to loiter merely because I am not pressed. In truth I have no wish at present more sincere, or ardent, than to finish my Miltonic labours, that I may find myself at full leisure for poetry, having learned by experience, that to divide my attention between two objects, is to give neither of them a sufficient share of it!”

When Cowper first thought of forming a commentary on Milton, he felt the want of a proper collection of books for that purpose: but he had several friends, who took a pleasure in the hope of supplying him with

every thing he could require. One sent him that rarity of Italian literature, the *Adamo* of Andreini. Another a copy of Bentley's *Milton*, containing many very severe censures, in manuscript, against the presumptuous editor, written probably when the book was published in 1732. These smothered embers of ancient animosity (to borrow a metaphor which Cowper used on another occasion) he was far from wishing to rekindle; for altho' he did not scruple to join a host of eminent writers in blaming the arrogance of Bentley, (in one of his letters he alludes, with much pleasantry, to the Doctor's contentious spirit) yet he considered the bitter squabbles of literary men as a disgrace to literature; and thought it most worthy of a scholar, and a Christian, rather to suppress the hasty occasional virulence even of angry wit, than to give it new circulation.

The task of pointing out the numerous absurdities of Bentley, in his endeavour to improve the poetry of *Milton*, would not properly have belonged to Cowper, had he continued his commentary, because that painful task had been sufficiently, and temperately, performed

by Doctor Pearce in his judicious "*Review of the Text of Paradise lost.*"

When Bentley's unfortunate Milton first appeared, "it was received (says Mr. Todd) *with disgust and derision!*" It has given rise to various angry invectives against the veteran of criticism, who was at that time so far advanced in the vale of years, that he ought perhaps to have been universally treated with pity, rather than anger; for his Milton was a work of the great scholar's declining days, and seems to prove, that he was then sinking into that most pitiable dotage, to which the acutest of human minds are liable; especially those active minds, whose ardour may have hurried them into excesses of mental labour! But Bentley had rendered himself an object of much satirical indignation: he had indulged his spleen in the unbecoming, and perilous, habit of speaking very contemptuously of other eminent writers. He had superciliously offended an irritable race, whom however he regarded so highly, that he shewed something like a desire to be reckoned one of their tribe, for, in the preface to his Milton, he applied to himself the following words of a great poet.

"Sunt et mihi carmina; me quoque dicunt
Vatem pastores; sed non ego credulus illis."

Whatever might be the Doctor's credulity, or incredulity on this topic, he had the temerity to insult Pope in conversation, by calling his *Homer a pretty poem*; and the insult was so powerfully avenged, that its punishment can never be forgotten.

The irritability of authors appears to have been, in all ages, a subject of regret to their friends, but the author, whose posthumous work I am now introducing to the public, either happily escaped, or had the virtue to correct in himself that infectious failing, which a Roman poet who had studied mankind, has mentioned as a characteristic of his fraternity.

The pure mind of Cowper was a stranger, in its own feelings, to the common animosities of the world; and he was, on all occasions, evangelically disposed to promote peace, and good-will among men. How much he was influenced by an amiable desire to avoid what might awaken, or encrease, enmity, and bitterness of spirit, he has shewn in the course of these translations from Milton, by omitting to translate compositions of

extreme severity against the Catholics, and by thus declaring his reason for the omission.

“ The poems on the subject of the Gunpowder Treason I have not translated; both because the matter of them is unpleasant, and because they are written with an asperity, which, however it might be warranted in Milton’s day, would be extremely unseasonable now!”

In writing to Mr. Johnson on this subject, he explained his sentiments still further.

“ Weston, Oct. 30, 1791.

“ We and the Papists are at present on amicable terms. They have behaved themselves peaceably many years, and have lately received favours from government: I should think therefore, that the dying embers of anti-ent animosity had better not be troubled.”

The translator likewise omitted a few of the minuter poems, which he thought not worthy of ranking with the rest; a privilege, that the editor has also exerted!

When Cowper was preparing to comment on the *Paradise Lost*, his bookseller furnished him with an interleaved copy of Newton's edition: in this he inserted a series of occasional remarks, proceeding regularly as far as the 341st line of the 3d book. When he was with me in Sussex, I suggested to him a little alteration in his plan, supposing that his projected work might be more pleasing, both to himself, and his readers, if he converted a multitude of notes into a few dissertations, devoting one to each book of the poem. He approved the suggestion, and resolved to pursue it on his return to Weston.

But the distress of heart, which he felt in contemplating the shattered state of his venerable companion, Mrs. Unwin, and his own declining health, precluded him most severely from advancing in this, and in other literary intentions. To every reader, who has proper compassion, and respect, for the calamities of afflicted genius, the following account, which Cowper gave me of his fruitless endeavour to proceed in his work, must be interesting, in no common degree.

“ Weston, Oct. 2, 1792.

Yesterday was a day of assignation with myself, the day, of which I said, some days before it came, when that day comes, I will begin my dissertations. Accordingly when it came, I prepared to do so, filled a letter-case with fresh paper, furnished myself with a pretty good pen, and replenished my ink-bottle; but partly from one cause, and partly from another, chiefly however from distress and dejection, after writing and obliterating about six lines, in the composition of which I spent near an hour, I was obliged to relinquish the attempt. An attempt so unsuccessful could have no other effect than to dishearten me, and it has had that effect to such a degree, that I know not, when I shall find courage to make another.”

In a subsequent letter of the same month he says :

“ The consciousness, that there is much to do, and nothing done, is a burthen, I am not able to bear. Milton especially is my grievance; and I might almost as well be haunted by his ghost, as goaded with continual

reproaches for neglecting him. I will therefore begin : I will do my best ; and if, after all, that best prove good for nothing, I will even send the notes, worthless as they are, that I have made already."

Anxious, as Cowper was, to complete his design, the variety of avocations and afflictions, that increased upon him in his latter years rendered such a completion impossible. Yet I have reason to believe, that he actually finished two of the intended dissertations : but they have unfortunately perished in the confusion of his papers, and I can only afford his reader the mournful gratification of perusing the imperfect notes, that I have mentioned.

These I believe every reader of taste will contemplate with a melancholy delight, for they are sufficient to shew, that the minds of Milton and Cowper were most truly congenial, and to excite a sincere regret, that a commentator so worthy of our divine bard was calamitously precluded from attending him according to his intention. Let us however enjoy, what he has happily accomplished ! For my own part I am persuaded, that

Milton could hardly receive an earthly honour more acceptable to his spirit, than the honour of having his Latin poems translated by Cowper. I feel a cordial satisfaction in beholding two poets so exquisite in genius, and so pure of heart, thus united in their posthumous renown. Happy indeed if their union in this volume may so interest, and so powerfully call forth the liberality of our country, as to answer one most desirable purpose of its publication, by proving highly beneficial to the orphan Godchild of Cowper.

The purport of this publication has induced a most friendly artist to favour it, in the kindest manner, with such decorations, as may be peculiarly gratifying to those friends of Cowper, who have heard him declare (as he frequently did) that he should esteem it a most pleasing honour to have his poetry adorned with designs by Flaxman.

With this advantage, I trust, the book will be found not unworthy of the two associated poets, who not only resembled each other in the purity and prevalence of their poetical talents, but in suffering as authors, tho' in very different degrees, both detraction and

PREFACE.

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neglect:—The reputation of Milton in particular, after sinking like a Titan overwhelmed under mountains of obloquy and oppression, has arisen with all the energy of a giant refreshed by slumber, and taken its proper place of pre-eminence among the few names of universal celebrity, that are privileged to sleep no more.

COMPLIMENTARY PIECES,

TRANSLATED FROM THE

L A T I N A N D I T A L I A N .

Well as the Author knows that the following testimonies are not so much *about* as *above* him, and that men of great ingenuity, as well as our friends, are apt, through abundant zeal, so to praise us as rather to draw their own likeness than ours, he was yet unwilling that the world should remain always ignorant of compositions, that do him so much honour ; and especially because he has other friends, who have, with much importunity, solicited their publication. Aware that excessive commendation awakens envy, he would with both hands thrust it from him, preferring just so much of that dangerous tribute as may of right belong to him ; but at the same time he cannot deny that he sets the highest value on the suffrages of judicious and distinguished persons.

The Neapolitan JOHN BAPTIST MANSO,

MARQUIS OF VILLA,

To the Englishman JOHN MILTON.

WHAT features, form, mien, manners, with a mind
Oh how intelligent! and how refined!
Were but thy piety from fault as free,
Thou would'st no Angle* but an Angel be.

* The reader perceives that the word Angle is essential, because the Epigram turns upon it.

AN EPIGRAM

Addressed to the Englishman JOHN MILTON,

A POET WORTHY OF THREE LAURELS,

The Grecian, Latin, and Etruscan,

By JOHN SALSILLO of Rome.

MELES* and Mincio,† both your urns depress,
Sebetus‡ boast henceforth thy Tasso less,

* Meles is a river of Ionia, in the neighbourhood of Smyrna, whence Homer is called Melesigenes.

† The Mincio watered the city of Mantua famous as the birth-place of Virgil.

‡ Sebetus is now called the *Fiume della Maddalena*—it runs through Naples.

But let the Thames o'er-peer all floods, since he
For Milton famed shall, single, match the three.

To JOHN MILTON.

GREECE, sound thy Homer's, Rome, thy Virgil's name,
But England's Milton equals both in fame.

SELVAGGI.

AN ODE

Addressed to the illustrious Englishman Mr. JOHN MILTON,

BY

Signior ANTONIO FRANCINI,

GENTLEMAN OF FLORENCE.

EXALT me, Clio, to the skies,
That I may form a starry crown
Beyond what Helicon supplies
In laureate garlands of renown;
To nobler worth be brighter glory giv'n,
And to a heav'nly mind a recompense from heav'n.

Time's wasteful hunger cannot prey
On everlasting high desert,
Nor can Oblivion steal away,
Its record graven on the heart;

Lodge but an arrow, Virtue, on the bow
That binds my lyre, and Death shall be a vanquish'd foe.

In Ocean's blazing flood enshrin'd
Whose vassal tide around her swells,
Albion from other realms disjoin'd
The prowess of the world excells,
She teems with heroes, that to glory rise,
With more than human force in our astonish'd eyes.

To Virtue, driv'n from other lands,
Their bosoms yield a safe retreat;
Her law alone their deed commands;
Her smiles they feel divinely sweet.
Confirm this record, Milton, gen'rous youth!
And by true virtue prove thy virtue's praise a truth.

Zeuxis, all energy and flame,
Set ardent forth in his career;
Urged to his task by Helen's fame
Resounding ever in his ear;
To make his image to her beauty true
From the collected Fair each sov'reign charm he drew.

The bee with subtlest skill endued
Thus toils to earn her precious juice

From all the flowery myriads strew'd
 O'er meadow and parterre, profuse ;
 Confed'rate voices one sweet air compound,
 And various chords consent in one harmonious sound.

An artist of celestial aim
 Thy genius, caught by moral grace,
 With ardent emulation's flame
 The steps of Virtue toil'd to trace,
 Observ'd in ev'ry land who brightest shone,
 And blending all their best, made perfect good thy own.

From all, in Florence born, or taught
 Our country's sweetest accent there,
 Whose works, with learned labour wrought,
 Immortal honours justly share,
 Thou hast such treasure drawn of purest ore,
 That not e'en Tuscan bards can boast a richer store.

Babel confus'd, and with her tow'rs
 Unfinish'd spreading wide the plain,
 Has serv'd but to evince thy pow'rs
 With all her tongues confus'd in vain,
 Since not alone thy England's purest phrase
 But every polish'd realm thy various speech displays.

The secret things of heav'n and earth
 By Nature, too reserv'd, conceal'd
 From other minds of highest worth,
 To thee are copiously reveal'd,
 Thou know'st them clearly, and thy views attain
 The utmost bounds prescrib'd to moral Truth's domain.

Let Time no more his wing display,
 And boast his ruinous career,
 For Virtue rescued from his sway
 His injuries may cease to fear;
 Since all events, that claim remembrance, find
 A chronicle exact in thy capacious mind.

Give me, that I may praise thy song,
 Thy lyre, by which alone I can,
 Which, placing thee the stars among,
 Already proves thee more than man;
 And Thames shall seem Permessus, while his stream,
 Graced with a swan like thee, shall be my fav'rite theme.

I, who beside the Arno, strain
 To match thy merit with my lays,
 Learn, after many an effort vain,
 T' admire thee rather than to praise,

And that by mute astonishment alone,
Not by the falt'ring tongue, thy worth may best be shown.

To Mr. JOHN MILTON

OF LONDON,

A Youth eminent from his Country and his Virtues,

WHO in his travels has made himself acquainted with many nations, and in his studies, with all; that, like another Ulysses, he might learn all that all could teach him;

Skilful in many tongues, on whose lips languages now mute so live again, that the idioms of all are insufficient to his praise; happy acquisition by which he understands the universal admiration, and applause, his talents have excited;

Whose endowments of mind, and person, move us to wonder, but at the same time fix us immoveable; whose works prompt us to extol him, but by their beauty strike us mute;

In whose memory the whole world is treasured; in whose intellect, wisdom; in whose heart, the ardent desire of glory; and in whose mouth, eloquence. Who with Astronomy for his conductor, hears the music of the spheres; with Philosophy for his teacher, decyphers the hand writing of God, in those wonders of

creation, which proclaim his greatness; and with the most unwearyed literary Industry for his associate,

Examines, restores, penetrates with ease the obscurities of antiquity, the desolations of ages, and the labyrinths of learning;

“ But wherefore toil to reach these arduous heights?”

To him, in short, whose virtues the mouths of Fame are too few to celebrate, and whom astonishment forbids us to praise as he deserves, this tribute due to his merits, and the offering of reverence and affection, is paid by

CARLO DATI,

A PATRICIAN FLORENTINE,

*This great man's servant and this good man's friend.**

* These complimentary pieces have been sufficiently censured by a great authority, but no very candid judge either of Milton or his panegyrists. He, however, must have a heart sadly indifferent to the glory of his country, who is not gratified by the thought that she may exult in a son, whom young as he was, the Learned of Italy thus contended to honour.

E L E G I E S.

E L E G Y I.

To CHARLES DEODATI.

At length, my friend, the far-sent letters come,
 Charged with thy kindness, to their destin'd home,
 They come, at length, from Deva's Western side,
 Where prone she seeks the salt Vergivian tide.
 Trust me, my joy is great that thou shouldst be,
 Though born of foreign race, yet born for me,
 And that my sprightly friend, now free to roam,
 Must seek again so soon his wonted home.
 I well content, where Thames with reflux tide
 My native city laves, meantime reside,
 Nor zeal nor duty, now, my steps impell
 To reedy Cam, and my forbidden cell.

Nor aught of pleasure in those fields have I,
 That, to the musing bard, all shade deny.
 Tis time, that I, a pedant's threats disdain,
 And fly from wrongs, my soul will ne'er sustain.
 If peaceful days, in letter'd leisure spent,
 Beneath my father's roof, be banishment,
 Then call me banish'd, I will ne'er refuse
 A name expressive of the lot I chuse.
 I would, that, exiled to the Pontic shore,
 Rome's hapless bard had suffer'd nothing more.
 He then had equall'd even Homer's lays,
 And Virgil! thou hadst won but second praise :
 For here I woo the muse ; with no controul,
 And here my books—my life—absorb me whole.
 Here too I visit, or to smile, or weep,
 The winding theatre's majestic sweep ;
 The grave or gay colloquial scene recruits
 My spirits, spent in learning's long pursuits ;
 Whether some senior shrewd, or spendthrift heir,
 Suitor, or soldier, now unarm'd, be there,
 Or some coif'd brooder o'er a ten years' cause,
 Thunder the Norman gibb'rish of the laws.
 The lacquey, there, oft dupes the wary sire,
 And, artful, speeds th' enamour'd son's desire.
 There, virgins oft, unconscious what they prove,
 What love is, know not, yet, unknowing, love.

Or, if impassion'd Tragedy wield high
 The bloody sceptre, give her locks to fly
 Wild as the winds, and roll her haggard eye,
 I gaze, and grieve, still cherishing my grief,
 At times, e'en bitter tears ! yield sweet relief.
 As when from bliss untasted torn away,
 Some youth dies, hapless, on his bridal day,
 Or when the ghost, sent back from shades below,
 Fills the assassin's heart with vengeful woe,
 When Troy, or Argos, the dire scene affords,
 Or Creon's hall laments its guilty lords.
 Nor always city-pent, or pent at home,
 I dwell; but, when spring calls me forth to roam,
 Expatriate in our proud suburban shades
 Of branching elm, that never sun pervades.
 Here many a virgin troop I may descry,
 Like stars of mildest influence, gliding by.
 Oh forms divine ! Oh looks that might inspire
 E'en Jove himself, grown old, with young desire !
 Oft have I gazed on gem-surpassing eyes,
 Out-sparkling every star, that gilds the skies.
 Necks whiter than the ivory arm bestowed
 By Jove on Pelops, or the milky road !
 Bright locks, Love's golden snare ! these falling low,
 Those playing wanton o'er the graceful brow !

Cheeks too, more winning sweet than after show'r
 Adonis turn'd to Flora's fav'rite flower !
 Yield, heroines, yield, and ye who shar'd th' embrace
 Of Jupiter in antient times, give place !
 Give place, ye turban'd fair of Persia's coast !
 And ye, not less renown'd, Assyria's boast !
 Submit, ye nymphs of Greece ! ye, once the bloom
 Of Ilion ! and all ye, of haughty Rome,
 Who swept, of old, her theatres with trains
 Redundant, and still live in classic strains !
 To British damsels beauty's palm is due,
 Aliens ! to follow them is fame for you.
 Oh city, founded by Dardanian hands,
 Whose towering front the circling realm commands,
 Too blest abode ! no loveliness we see
 In all the earth, but it abounds in thee.
 The virgin multitude that daily meets,
 Radiant with gold and beauty, in thy streets,
 Out numbers all her train, of starry fires,
 With which Diana gilds thy lofty spires.
 Fame says, that wafted hither by her doves,
 With all her host of quiver-bearing loves,
 Venus, preferring Paphian scenes no more,
 Has fix'd her empire on thy nobler shore.
 But lest the sightless boy inforce my stay,
 I leave these happy walls, while yet I may.

Immortal Moly shall secure my heart
From all the sorc'ry of Circæan art,
And I will e'en repass Cam's reedy pools
To face once more the warfare of the schools.
Meantime accept this trifle ! rhimes though few,
Yet such, as prove thy friends' remembrance true !

E L E G Y II.

O N T H E

DEATH OF THE UNIVERSITY BEADLE

AT CAMBRIDGE.

Composed by Milton in the 17th year of his age.

THEE, whose refulgent staff, and summons clear,
 Minerva's flock long time was wont t' obey,
 Although thyself an herald, famous here,
 The last of heralds, Death, has snatch'd away.
 He calls on all alike, nor even deigns
 To spare the office, that himself sustains.

Thy locks were whiter than the plumes display'd
 By Leda's paramour in antient time,
 But thou was't worthy ne'er to have decay'd,
 Or Æson-like to know a second prime,
 Worthy, for whom some goddess should have won
 New life, oft kneeling to Apollo's son.

Commission'd to convene, with hasty call,
 The gowned tribes, how graceful wouldst thou stand!
 So stood Cyllenius erst in Priam's hall,
 Wing-footed messenger of Jove's command!
 And so Eurybates, when he address'd
 To Peleus' son, Atrides, proud behest.

Dread queen of sepulchres ! whose rig'rous laws
And watchful eyes, run through the realms below,
Oh, oft too adverse to Minerva's cause !

Too often to the muse not less a foe !
Chuse meaner marks, and with more equal aim
Pierce useless drones, earth's burthen, and its shame !

Flow, therefore, tears for him, from ev'ry eye,
All ye disciples of the muses, weep !
Assembling, all, in robes of sable dye,
Around his bier, lament his endless sleep !
And let complaining elegy rehearse,
In every school, her sweetest, saddest verse.

E L E G Y III.

O N T H E

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Composed in the Author's 17th year.

SILENT I sat, dejected, and alone,
 Making, in thought, the public woes my own,
 When, first, arose the image in my breast
 Of England's sufferings by that scourge, the Pest !
 How death, his fun'ral torch and scythe in hand,
 Entering the lordliest mansions of the land,
 Has laid the gem-illumin'd palace low,
 And levell'd tribes of nobles, at a blow.
 I, next, deplor'd the fam'd paternal pair,
 Too soon to ashes turn'd, and empty air !
 The heroes next, whom snatch'd into the skies,
 All Belgia saw, and follow'd with her sighs,
 But thee far most I mourn'd, regretted most,
 Winton's chief shepherd, and her worthiest boast !
 Pour'd out in tears I thus complaining said :
 "Death, next in pow'r to him, who rules the dead !
 Is't not enough that all the woodlands yield
 To thy fell force, and ev'ry verdant field,
 That lilies, at one noisome blast of thine,
 And ev'n the Cyprian queen's own roses, pine,

That oaks themselves, although the running rill
 Suckle their roots, must wither at thy will,
 That all the winged nations, even those,
 Whose heav'n-directed flight the future shows,
 And all the beasts, that in dark forests stray,
 And all the herds of Proteus are thy prey.
 Ah envious! arm'd with pow'rs so unconfin'd!
 Why stain thy hands with blood of human kind?
 Why take delight, with darts, that never roam,
 To chase a heav'n-born spirit from her home?"

While thus I mourn'd, the star of evening stood,
 Now newly ris'n above the western flood,
 And Phæbus from his morning-goal again
 Had reach'd the gulphs of the Iberian main.
 I wish'd repose, and, on my couch reclin'd
 Took early rest, to night and sleep resign'd.
 When—Oh for words to paint what I beheld!
 I seem'd to wander in a spacious field,
 Where all the champaign glow'd with purple light
 Like that of sun-rise on the mountain height;
 Flow'rs over all the field, of ev'ry hue
 That ever Iris wore, luxuriant grew.
 Nor Chloris, with whom am'rous Zephyrs play,
 Ee'r dress'd Alcinous' garden half so gay.

A silver current, like the Tagus, roll'd
 O'er golden sands, but sands of purer gold,
 With dewy airs Favonius fann'd the flow'rs,
 With airs awaken'd under rosy bow'rs.
 Such, poets feign, irradiated all o'er
 The sun's abode on India's utmost shore.

While I, that splendour, and the mingled shade
 Of fruitful vines, with wonder fixt survey'd,
 At once, with looks, that beam'd celestial grace,
 The seer of Winton stood before my face.
 His snowy vesture's hem descending low
 His golden sandals swept, and pure as snow
 New-fallen shone the mitre on his brow:
 Where'er he trod a tremulous sweet sound
 Of gladness shook the flow'ry scene around:
 Attendant angels clap their starry wings,
 The trumpet shakes the sky, all æther rings,
 Each chaunts his welcome, folds him to his breast,
 And thus a sweeter voice than all the rest:
 "Ascend, my son! thy father's kingdom share!
 My son! henceforth be free'd from ev'ry care!"

So spake the voice, and at its tender close
 With psaltry's sound th' angelic band arose.



Illustration by J. R. 18

The scene of Whiston stands before my face. I followed down up and by J. R. 18. I followed down up and by J. R. 18. I followed down up and by J. R. 18.

J. R. 18



Then night retired, and chas'd by dawning day
The visionary bliss pass'd all away.
I mourn'd my banish'd sleep, with fond concern ;
Frequent to me may dreams like this return !

E L E G Y IV.

To his Tutor, THOMAS YOUNG,

Chaplain to the English Factory at Hamburgh,

Written in the Author's 18th year.

HENCE my epistle—skim the deep—fly o'er
Yon smooth expanse to the Teutonic shore !
Haste—lest a friend should grieve for thy delay—
And the Gods grant, that nothing thwart thy way !
I will myself invoke the king, who binds,
In his Sicanian echoing vault, the winds,
With Doris and her nymphs, and all the throng
Of azure gods, to speed thee safe along.
But rather, to insure thy happier haste,
Ascend Medea's chariot, if thou may'st ;
Or that, whence young Triptolemus of yore
Descended, welcome on the Scythian shore.
The sands, that line the German coast, descried,
To opulent Hamburga turn aside !
So called, if legendary fame be true,
From Hama, whom a club-arm'd Cimbrian slew !
There lives, deep-learn'd and primitively just,
A faithful steward of his Christian trust,

William R. A. Ad.

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A. Marshall sculp.



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Hence my Epistle—stem the deep—fly, or
Yon smooth expanse to the Teutonic shore!
With Doris, and her Nymphs, and all the throng
Of azure Gods, to speed thee safe along!



My friend, and favorite innate of my heart,
 That now is forced to want its better part !
 What mountains now, and seas, alas ! how wide !
 From me this other, dearer self divide,
 Dear, as the sage renown'd for moral truth
 To the prime spirit of the attic youth !
 Dear, as the Stagyrte to Ammon's son,
 His pupil, who disdain'd the world he won !
 Nor so did Chiron, or so Phoenix shine
 In young Achilles' eyes, as he in mine.
 First led by him thro' sweet Aonian shade
 Each sacred haunt of Pindus I survey'd ;
 And favor'd by the muse, whom I implor'd,
 Thrice on my lip the hallow'd stream I pour'd.
 But thrice the sun's resplendent chariot roll'd
 To Aries, has new ting'd his fleece with gold,
 And Chloris twice has dress'd the meadows gay,
 And twice has summer parch'd their bloom away,
 Since last delighted on his looks I hung,
 Or my ear drank the music of his tongue :
 Fly, therefore, and surpass the tempest's speed !
 Aware thyself, that there is urgent need !
 Him, entering, thou shalt haply seated see
 Beside his spouse, his infants on his knee.
 Or turning, page by page, with studious look,
 Some bulky father, or God's holy book.

Or minist'ring (which is his weightiest care)
 To Christ's assembled flock their heavenly fare.
 Give him, whatever his employment be,
 Such gratulation, as he claims from me !
 And, with a down-cast eye, and carriage meek,
 Addressing him, forget not thus to speak !

“ If, compass'd round with arms thou canst attend
 To verse, verse greets thee from a distant friend.
 Long due, and late, I left the English shore ;
 But make me welcome for that cause the more,
 Such from Ulysses, his chaste wife to cheer,
 The slow epistle came, tho' late, sincere.
 But wherefore, this ? why palliate I the deed,
 For which the culprit's self could hardly plead ?
 Self charged, and self-condemn'd, his proper part
 He feels neglected, with an aching heart ;
 But thou forgive—delinquents, who confess,
 And pray forgiveness, merit anger less ;
 From timid foes the lion turns away,
 Nor yawns upon or rends a crouching prey,
 Even pike-wielding Thracians learn to spare,
 Won by soft influence of a suppliant prayer ;
 And heav'n's dread thunderbolt arrested stands
 By a cheap victim, and uplifted hands.

Long had he wish'd to write, but was with-held,
 And, writes at last, by love alone compell'd,
 For fame, too often true, when she alarms,
 Reports thy neighbouring-fields a scene of arms ;
 Thy city against fierce besiegers barr'd,
 And all the Saxon chiefs for fight prepar'd.
 Enyo wastes thy country wide around,
 And saturates with blood the tainted ground ;
 Mars rests contented in his Thrace no more,
 But goads his steeds to fields of German gore,
 The ever verdant olive fades and dies,
 And peace, the trumpet-hating goddess, flies,
 Flies from that earth which justice long had left,
 And leaves the world of its last guard bereft.

Thus horror girds thee round. . . Meantime alone
 Thou dwell'st, and helpless in a soil unknown ;
 Poor, and receiving from a foreign hand
 The aid denied thee in thy native land.
 Oh, ruthless country, and unfeeling more
 Than thy own billow-beaten chalky shore !
 Leav'st thou to foreign care the worthies, given
 By providence, to guide thy steps to Heav'n ?
 His ministers, commission'd to proclaim
 Eternal blessings in a Saviour's name !

Ah then most worthy, with a soul unfed,
 In Stygian night to lie for ever dead !!
 So once the venerable Tishbite stray'd
 An exil'd fugitive from shade to shade,
 When, flying Ahab, and his fury wife,
 In lone Arabian wilds, he shelter'd life ;
 So, from Philippi, wander'd forth forlorn
 Cilician Paul, with sounding scourges torn ;
 And Christ himself, so left, and trod no more,
 The thankless Gergesene's forbidden shore.

But thou take courage ! strive against despair !
 Quake not with dread, nor nourish anxious care !
 Grim war indeed on ev'ry side appears,
 And thou art menac'd by a thousand spears ;
 Yet none shall drink thy blood, or shall offend
 Ev'n the defenceless bosom of my friend.
 For thee the Ægis of thy God shall hide,
 Jehova's self shall combat on thy side.
 The same, who vanquish'd under Sion's tow'r's
 At silent midnight, all Assyria's pow'r's,
 The same who overthrew in ages past,
 Damascus' sons that lay'd Samaria waste ;
 Their king he fill'd and them with fatal fears
 By mimic sounds of clarions in their ears.

Of hoofs, and wheels, and neighings from afar
Of clashing armour, and the din of war.

Thou, therefore, (as the most afflicted may)
Still hope, and triumph, o'er thy evil day!
Look forth, expecting happier times to come,
And to enjoy, once more, thy native home !

E L E G Y V.

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Written in the Author's 20th year.

TIME, never wand'ring from his annual round,
Bids Zephyr breathe the spring, and thaw the ground;
Bleak winter flies, new verdure clothes the plain,
And earth assumes her transient youth again.
Dream I, or also to the spring belong
Increase of genius, and new pow'rs of song?
Spring gives them, and, how strange soe'r it seems,
Impels me now to some harmonious themes.
Castalia's fountain, and the forked hill
By day, by night, my raptur'd fancy fill,
My bosom burns and heaves, I hear within
A sacred sound, that prompts me to begin.
Lo! Phæbus comes, with his bright hair he blends
The radiant laurel wreath; Phœbus descends;
I mount, and, undepress'd by cumb'rous clay,
Through cloudy regions win my easy way;
Rapt through poetic shadowy haunts I fly:
The shrines all open to my dauntless eye,
My spirit searches all the realms of light,
And no Tartarean gulphs elude my sight.

But this ecstatic trance—this glorious storm
 Of inspiration—what will it perform?
 Spring claims the verse, that with his influence glows,
 And shall be paid with what himself bestows.

Thou, veil'd with op'ning foliage, leads't the throng
 Of feather'd minstrels, Philomel! in song;
 Let us, in concert, to the season sing,
 Civic, and sylvan heralds of the spring!

With notes triumphant spring's approach declare!
 To spring, ye Muses, annual tribute bear!
 The Orient left, and Æthiopia's plains,
 The Sun now northward turns his golden reins;
 Night creeps not now; yet rules with gentle sway,
 And drives her dusky horrors swift away;
 Now less fatigued, on his ætherial plain
 Bootes follows his celestial wain;
 And now the radiant centinels above,
 Less num'rous, watch around the courts of Jove,
 For, with the night, force, ambush, slaughter fly,
 And no gigantic guilt alarms the sky.
 Now haply says some shepherd, while he views,
 Recumbent on a rock, the redd'ning dews,

This night, this surely, Phœbus miss'd the fair,
 Who stops his chariot by her am'rous care.
 Cynthia, delighted by the morning's glow,
 Speeds to the woodland, and resumes her bow;
 Resigns her beams, and, glad to disappear,
 Blesses his aid, who shortens her career.
 Come—Phœbus cries—Aurora come—too late
 Thou linger'st, slumb'ring, with thy wither'd mate!
 Leave him, and to Hymettus' top repair!
 Thy darling Cephalus expects thee there.
 The goddess, with a blush, her love betrays,
 But mounts, and driving rapidly, obeys.
 Earth now desires thee, Phœbus! and t' engage
 Thy warm embrace, casts off the guise of age;
 Desires thee, and deserves; for who so sweet,
 When her rich bosom courts thy genial heat?
 Her breath imparts to ev'ry breeze, that blows,
 Arabia's harvest, and the Paphian rose.
 Her lofty front she diadems around
 With sacred pines, like Ops on Ida crown'd;
 Her dewy locks, with various flow'rs new-blown,
 She interweaves, various, and all her own,
 For Proserpine, in such a wreath attired,
 Tænarian Dis himself with love inspired.
 Fear not, lest, cold and coy, the nymph refuse!
 Herself, with all her sighing Zephyrs, sues;

Each courts thee, fanning soft his scented wing,
 And all her groves with warbled wishes ring.
 Nor, unendow'd and indigent, aspires
 The am'rous Earth to engage thy warm desires,
 But, rich in balmy drugs, assists thy claim
 Divine Physician! to that glorious name.
 If splendid recompense, if gifts can move
 Desire in thee (gifts often purchase love)
 She offers all the wealth, her mountains hide,
 And all that rests beneath the boundless tide.
 How oft, when headlong from the heav'nly steep,
 She sees thee playing in the western deep,
 How oft she cries—"Ah Phoebus! why repair
 Thy wasted force, why seek refreshment there?
 Can Tethys win thee? wherefore shouldst thou lave
 A face so fair in her unpleasant wave?
 Come, seek my green retreats, and rather chuse
 To cool thy tresses in my chrystal dews,
 The grassy turf shall yield thee sweeter rest;
 Come, lay thy evening glories on my breast,
 And breathing fresh, through many a humid rose,
 Soft whispering airs shall lull thee to repose!
 No fears I feel like Semele to die,
 Nor let thy burning wheels approach too nigh,
 For thou can'st govern them, here therefore rest,
 And lay thy evening glories on my breast!"

Thus breathes the wanton Earth her am'rous flame,
 And all her countless offspring feel the same ;
 For Cupid now through every region strays,
 Bright'ning his faded fires with solar rays,
 His new-strung bow sends forth a deadlier sound,
 And his new-pointed shafts more deeply wound ;
 Nor Dian's self escapes him now untried
 Nor even Vesta at her altar-side ;
 His mother too repairs her beauty's wane,
 And seems sprung newly from the deep again.
 Exulting youths the Hymeneal sing,
 With Hymen's name roofs, rocks, and vallies, ring ;
 He, new-attired, and by the season, drest,
 Proceeds, all fragrant, in his saffron vest.
 Now, many a golden-cinctur'd virgin roves
 To taste the pleasures of the fields and groves,
 All wish, and each alike, some fav'rite youth
 Hers, in the bonds of Hymeneal truth.
 Now pipes the shepherd through his reeds again,
 Nor Phillis wants a song, that suits the strain,
 With songs the seaman hails the starry sphere,
 And dolphins rise from the abyss to hear,
 Jove feels himself the season, sports again
 With his fair spouse, and banquets all his train.
 Now too the Satyrs, in the dusk of eve,
 Their mazy dance through flowery meadows weave,

And neither god nor goat, but both in kind,
 Sylvanus, wreath'd with cypress, skips behind.
 The Dryads leave their hollow sylvan cells
 To roam the banks, and solitary dells;
 Pan riots now; and from his amorous chafe
 Ceres and Cybele seem hardly safe,
 And Faunus, all on fire to reach the prize,
 In chase of some enticing Oread, flies;
 She bounds before, but fears too swift a bound,
 And hidden lies, but wishes to be found.
 Our shades entice th' Immortals from above,
 And some kind pow'r presides o'er every grove;
 And long, ye pow'rs, o'er every grove preside,
 For all is safe, and blest, where ye abide!
 Return, O Jove! the age of gold restore—
 Why chuse to dwell, where storms and thunder roar?
 At least, thou, Phæbus! moderate thy speed!
 Let not the vernal hours too swift proceed,
 Command rough Winter back, nor yield the pole
 Too soon to Night's encroaching, long controul!

ELEGY VI.

To CHARLES DEODATI.

Who, while he spent his Christmas in the country, sent the Author a poetical epistle, in which he requested that his verses, if not so good as usual, might be excused on account of the many feasts, to which his friends invited him, and which would not allow him leisure to finish them, as he wished.

WITH no rich viands overcharg'd, I send
 Health, which perchance you want, my pamper'd friend,
 But wherefore should thy muse tempt mine away
 From what she loves, from darkness into day?
 Art thou desirous to be told how well
 I love thee, and in verse? verse cannot tell.
 For verse has bounds, and must in measure move;
 But neither bounds nor measure knows my love.
 How pleasant, in thy lines describ'd, appear
 December's harmless sports, and rural cheer!
 French spirits kindling with cærulean fires,
 And all such gambols, as the time inspires!

Think not that wine against good verse offends ;
 The Muse and Bacchus have been always friends,
 Nor Phœbus blushes sometimes to be found
 With ivy, rather than with laurel, crown'd.
 The Nine themselves oftimes have join'd the song,
 And revels of the Bacchanalian throng ;
 Not even Ovid could in Scythian air
 Sing sweetly—why ? no vine would flourish there.
 What in brief numbers sung Anacreon's muse ?
 Wine, and the rose, that sparkling wine bedews.
 Pindar with Bacchus glows—his every line
 Breathes the rich fragrance of inspiring wine,
 While, with loud crash o'erturn'd, the chariot lies
 And brown with dust the fiery courser flies.
 The Roman lyrist steep'd in wine his lays
 So sweet in Glycera's, and Chloe's praise.
 Now too the plenteous feast, and mantling bowl
 Nourish the vigour of thy sprightly soul ;
 The flowing goblet makes thy numbers flow,
 And casks not wine alone, but verse, bestow,
 Thus Phœbus favors, and the arts attend,
 Whom Bacchus, and whom Ceres, both befriend.
 What wonder then, thy verses are so sweet,
 In which these triple powers so kindly meet.

The lute now also sounds, with gold in-wrought,
 And touch'd, with flying fingers, nicely taught,
 In tap'stried halls, high roof'd, the sprightly lyre
 Directs the dancers of the virgin choir.
 If, dull repletion fright the Muse away,
 Sights, gay as these, may more invite her stay ;
 And, trust me, while the iv'ry keys resound,
 Fair damsels sport, and perfumes steam around,
 Apollo's influence, like æthereal flame,
 Shall animate, at once, thy glowing frame,
 And all the Muse shall rush into thy breast,
 By love and music's blended pow'rs possest.
 For num'rous pow'rs light Elegy befriend,
 Hear her sweet voice, and at her call attend ;
 Her, Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, all approve,
 And, with his blushing mother, gentle Love.
 Hence to such bards we grant the copious use
 Of banquets, and the vine's delicious juice.
 But they, who demi-gods, and heroes praise,
 And feats perform'd in Jove's more youthful days,
 Who now the counsels of high heaven explore,
 Now shades, that echo the Cerberean roar,
 Simply let these, like him of Samos live,
 Let herbs to them a bloodless banquet give ;
 In beechen goblets let their bev'rage shine,
 Cool from the chrystal spring, their sober wine !

Their youth should pass, in innocence, secure
 From stain licentious, and in manners pure,
 Pure as the priest, when rob'd in white he stands,
 The fresh lustration ready in his hands.
 Thus Linus liv'd, and thus, as poets write,
 Tiresias, wiser for his loss of sight !
 Thus exil'd Chalcas, thus the bard of Thrace,
 Melodious tamer of the savage race !
 Thus train'd by temp'rance, Homer led, of yore,
 His chief of Ithaca from shore to shore,
 Through magic Circe's monster-peopled reign,
 And shoals insidious with the siren train ;
 And through the realms, where grizzly spectres dwell,
 Whose tribes he fetter'd in a gory spell ;
 For these are sacred bards, and, from above,
 Drink large infusions from the mind of Jove !

Would'st thou (perhaps 'tis hardly worth thine ear)
 Would'st thou be told my occupation here ?
 The promised King of peace employs my pen,
 Th' eternal cov'nant made for guilty men,
 The new-born Deity with infant cries
 Filling the sordid hovel, where he lies ;

The hymning angels, and the herald star,
That led the Wise, who sought him from afar,
And idols on their own unhallow'd shore
Dash'd, at his birth, to be revered no more !

This theme on reeds of Albion I rehearse :
The dawn of that blest day inspired the verse ;
Verse, that, reserv'd in secret, shall attend
Thy candid voice, my critic, and my friend !

E L E G Y VII.

Composed in the Author's Nineteenth Year.

As yet a stranger to the gentle fires,
That Amathusia's smiling queen inspires,
Not seldom I derided Cupid's darts,
And scorn'd his claim to rule all human hearts.
"Go, child," I said, "transfix the tim'rous dove!
An easy conquest suits an infant love;
Enslave the sparrow, for such prize shall be
Sufficient triumph to a chief like thee!
Why aim thy idle arms at human kind?
Thy shafts prevail not 'gainst the noble mind."

The Cyprian heard, and, kindling into ire,
(None kindles sooner) burn'd with double fire.

It was the spring, and newly risen day
Peep'd o'er the hamlets on the first of May;
My eyes too tender for the blaze of light,
Still sought the shelter of retiring night,
When Love approach'd, in painted plumes array'd;
Th' insidious god his rattling darts betray'd,

Nor less his infant features, and the sly,
Sweet intimations of his threat'ning eye.

Such the Sigeian boy is seen above,
Filling the goblet for imperial Jove;
Such he, on whom the nymphs bestow'd their charms,
Hylas, who perish'd in a Naiad's arms.
Angry he seem'd, yet graceful in his ire,
And added threats, not destitute of fire.
" My power," he said, " by others pain alone,
'Twere best to learn; now learn it by thy own!
With those, who feel my power, that pow'r attest!
And in thy anguish be my sway confest!
I vanquish'd Phœbus, though returning vain
From his new triumph o'er the Python slain,
And, when he thinks on Daphne, even he
Will yield the prize of archery to me.
A dart less true the Parthian horseman sped,
Behind him kill'd, and conquer'd as he fled:
Less true th' expert Cydonian, and less true
The youth, whose shaft his latent Procris slew.
Vanquish'd by me see huge Orion bend,
By me Alcides, and Alcides' friend.
At me should Jove himself a bolt design,
His bosom first should bleed transfixt by mine.

But all thy doubts this shaft will best explain,
 Nor shall it reach thee with a trivial pain,
 Thy Muse, vain youth ! shall not thy peace ensure,
 Nor Phœbus' serpent yield thy wound a cure."

He spoke, and, waving a bright shaft in air,
 Sought the warm bosom of the Cyprian fair.

That thus a child should bluster in my ear,
 Provok'd my laughter, more than mov'd my fear.
 I shunn'd not, therefore, public haunts, but stray'd
 Careless in city, or suburban shade,
 And passing, and repassing, nymphs, that mov'd
 With grace divine, beheld where'er I rov'd.
 Bright shone the vernal day, with double blaze,
 As beauty gave new force to Phœbus' rays.
 By no grave scruples check'd, I freely eyed
 The dang'rous show, rash youth my only guide,
 And many a look of many a fair unknown
 Met full, unable to controul my own.
 But one I mark'd (then peace forsook my breast)
 One—Oh how far superior to the rest !
 What lovely features ! such the Cyprian queen
 Herself might wish, and Juno wish her mien.
 The very nymph was she, whom when I dar'd
 His arrows, Love had even then prepar'd !

Nor was himself remote, nor unsupplied
 With torch well-trimm'd and, quiver at his side ;
 Now to her lips he elung, her eye-lids now,
 Then settled on her cheeks, or on her brow.
 And with a thousand wounds from ev'ry part
 Pierced, and transpierced, my undefended heart.
 A fever, new to me, of fierce desire
 Now seiz'd my soul, and I was all on fire,
 But she, the while, whom only I adore,
 Was gone, and vanish'd, to appear no more.
 In silent sadness I pursue my way;
 I pause, I turn, proceed, yet wish to stay,
 And while I follow her in thought, bemoan
 With tears, my soul's delight so quickly flown.
 When Jove had hurl'd him to the Lemnian coast,
 So Vulcan sorrow'd for Olympus lost,
 And so Oeclides, sinking into night,
 From the deep gulph look'd up to distant light.

Wretch that I am, what hopes for me remain,
 Who cannot cease to love, yet love in vain ?
 Oh could I once, once more behold the fair,
 Speak to her, tell her, of the pangs I bear,
 Perhaps she is not adamant, would show
 Perhaps some pity at my tale of woe.

Oh inauspicious flame—tis mine to prove
 A matchless instance of disastrous love.
 Ah spare me, gentle pow'r!—If such thou be,
 Let not thy deeds, and nature, disagree.
 Spare me, and I will worship at no shrine
 With vow and sacrifice, save only thine.
 Now I revere thy fires, thy bow, thy darts:
 Now own thee sov'reign of all human hearts.
 Remove! no—grant me still this raging woe!
 Sweet is the wretchedness, that lovers know:
 But pierce hereafter (should I chance to see
 One destin'd mine) at once both her, and me.

SUCH were the trophies, that, in earlier days,
 By vanity seduced, I toil'd to raise,
 Studios, yet indolent, and urg'd by youth,
 That worst of teachers! from the ways of truth;
 Till learning taught me, in his shady bow'r,
 To quit love's servile yoke, and spurn his pow'r.
 Then, on a sudden, the fierce flame supprest,
 A frost continual settled on my breast,
 Whence Cupid fears his flames extinct to see,
 And Venus dreads a Diomede in me.

EPIGRAMS.

ON THE INVENTOR OF GUNS.

PRAISE in old time the sage Prometheus won,
 Who stole æthereal radiance from the sun;
 But greater he, whose bold invention strove
 To emulate the fiery bolts of Jove.

*To LEONORA singing at Rome.**

ANOTHER Leonora once inspir'd
 Tasso, with fatal love to phrenzy fir'd,

The Poems on the subject of the Gunpowder Treason I have not translated, both because the matter of them is unpleasant, and because they are written with an asperity, which, however it might be warranted in Milton's Day, would be extremely unseasonable now.

* I have translated only two of the three poetical compliments addressed to Leonora, as they appear to me far superior to what I have omitted.

But how much happier, liv'd he now, were he,
 Pierc'd with whatever pangs for love of thee !
 Since could he hear that heavenly voice of thine,
 With Adriana's lute of sound divine,
 Fiercer than Pentheus' tho' his eye might roll,
 Or idiot apathy benumb his soul,
 You still, with medicinal sounds, might cheer
 His senses wandering in a blind career;
 And sweetly breathing thro' his wounded breast,
 Charm, with soul-soothing song, his thoughts to rest.

TO THE SAME.

NAPLES, too credulous, ah ! boast no more
 The sweet-voic'd Siren buried on thy shore,
 That, when Parthenope deceas'd, she gave
 Her sacred dust to a Chalcidic grave,
 For still she lives, but has exchange'd the hoarse
 Pausilipo for Tiber's placid course,
 Where, idol of all Rome, she now in chains,
 Of magic song, both gods, and men, detains.

The COTTAGER and his LANDLORD.

A FABLE.

A peasant to his lord pay'd yearly court,
 Presenting pippins, of so rich a sort
 That he, displeas'd to have a part alone,
 Remov'd the tree, that all might be his own.
 The tree, too old to travel, though before
 So fruitful, wither'd, and would yield no more.
 The 'squire, perceiving all his labour void,
 Curs'd his own pains, so foolishly employ'd,
 And "Oh," he cried, "that I had liv'd content
 With tribute, small indeed, but kindly meant!
 My av'rice has expensive prov'd to me,
 Has cost me both my pippins, and my tree."

To CHRISTINA, Queen of Sweden,

WITH

CROMWELL'S PICTURE.

CHRISTINA, maiden of heroic mien!
 Star of the North! of northern stars the queen!

Behold what wrinkles I have earn'd, and how
The iron casque still chafes my vet'ran brow,
While following fate's dark footsteps, I fulfil
The dictates of a hardy people's will.
But soften'd, in thy sight, my looks appear,
Not to all Queens or Kings alike severe.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

On the DEATH of the VICE-CHANCELLOR,

2 *PHYSICIAN.*

LEARN, ye nations of the earth,
The condition of your birth,
Now be taught your feeble state!
Know, that all must yield to fate!

If the mournful rover, Death,
Say but once—"resign your breath!"
Vainly of escape you dream,
You must pass the Stygian stream.

Could the stoutest overcome
Death's assault, and baffle doom,
Hercules had both withstood,
Undiseas'd by Nessus' blood.

Ne'er had Hector press'd the plain
By a trick of Pallas slain,
Nor the chief to Jove allied
By Achilles' phantom died.

Could enchantments life prolong,
Circe, sav'd by magic song,
Still had liv'd, and equal skill
Had preserv'd Medea still.

Dwelt in herbs, and drugs, a pow'r
To avert man's destin'd hour,
Learn'd Machaon should have known
Doubtless to avert his own.

Chiron had surviv'd the smart
Of the Hydra-tainted dart,
And Jove's bolt had been, with ease,
Foil'd by Asclepiades.

Thou too, sage! of whom forlorn
 Helicon and Cirrha mourn,
 Still had'st fill'd thy princely place,
 Regent of the gowned race.

Had'st advanc'd to higher fame
 Still, thy much-ennobled name,
 Nor in Charon's skiff explor'd
 The Tartarean gulph abhorr'd.

But resentful Proserpine,
 Jealous of thy skill divine,
 Snapping short thy vital thread
 Thee too number'd with the dead.

Wise and good! untroubled be
 The green turf, that covers thee!
 Thence, in gay profusion, grow
 All the sweetest flow'rs, that blow!

Pluto's consort bid thee rest!
 Æacus pronounce thee blest!
 To her home thy shade consign!
 Make Elysium ever thine!

ON THE DEATH OF THE
BISHOP OF ELY,

WRITTEN

In the Author's 17th Year.

My lids with grief were tumid yet,
And still my sullied cheek was wet
With briny dews, profusely shed
For venerable Winton dead;
When Fame, whose tales of saddest sound
Alas! are ever truest found,
The news through all our cities spread
Of yet another mitred head
By ruthless fate to death consign'd,
Ely, the honour of his kind!

At once, a storm of passion heav'd
My boiling bosom, much I griev'd
But more I rag'd, at ev'ry breath
Devoting Death himself to death.
With less revenge did Naso teem,
When hated Ibis was his theme;

With less, Archilochus, denied
The lovely Greek, his promis'd bride.

But lo ! while thus I execrate,
Incens'd, the minister of fate,
Wond'rous accents, soft, yet clear,
Wafted on the gale I hear.

“ Ah, much deluded ! lay aside
Thy threats, and anger misapplied !
Art not afraid with sounds like these
T' offend, where thou canst not appease ?
Death is not (wherefore dream'st thou thus ?)
The son of Night, and Erebus :
Nor was of fell Erynnis born
On gulphs, where Chaos rules forlorn :
But sent from God ; his presence leaves,
To gather home his ripen'd sheaves,
To call encumber'd souls away
From fleshly bonds to boundless day,
(As when the winged hours excite,
And summon forth the morning-light)
And each to convoy to her place
Before th' Eternal Father's face.

But not the Wicked——them, severe
 Yet just, from all their pleasures here
 He hurries to the realms below,
 Terrific realms of penal woe !
 Myself no sooner heard his call,
 Than, scaping through my prison-wall,
 I bade adieu to bolts and bars,
 And soar'd, with angels, to the stars,
 Like him of old, to whom 'twas giv'n
 To mount, on fiery wheels, to Heav'n.
 Bootes' waggon, slow with cold,
 Appall'd me not ; nor to behold
 The sword, that vast Orion draws,
 Or ev'n the Scorpion's horrid claws.
 Beyond the Sun's bright orb I fly,
 And, far beneath my feet, descry
 Night's dread goddess, seen with awe,
 Whom her winged dragons draw.
 Thus, ever wond'ring at my speed,
 Augmented still as I proceed,
 I pass the planetary sphere,
 The Milky Way — and now appear
 Heav'ns chrystal battlements, her door
 Of massy pearl, and em'rald floor.

But here I cease. For never can
The tongue of once a mortal man
In suitable description trace
The pleasures of that happy place;
Suffice it, that those joys divine
Are all, and all for ever, mine!"

NATURE UNIMPAIRED BY TIME.

Ah, now the human mind wearies her self
 With her own wand'rings, and, involv'd in gloom
 Impenetrable, speculates amiss !
 Measuring, in her folly, things divine
 By human ; laws inscrib'd on adamant
 By laws of man's device, and counsels fixt
 For ever, by the hours, that pass, and die.

How?—shall the face of nature then be plough'd
 Into deep wrinkles, and shall years at last
 On the great Parent fix a sterile curse ?
 Shall even she confess old age, and halt
 And, palsy-smitten, shake her starry brows ?
 Shall foul Antiquity with rust and drought,
 And Famine, vex the radiant worlds above ?
 Shall Time's unsated maw crave and ingulph
 The very Heav'ns, that regulate his flight ?
 And was the Sire of all able to fence
 His works, and to uphold the circling worlds,
 But, through improvident, and heedless haste,
 Let slip th' occasion ?—so then—all is lost—
 And in some future evil hour, yon arch
 Shall crumble, and come thund'ring down, the poles
 Jar in collision, the Olympian king

Fall with his throne, and Pallas, holding forth
 The terrors of the Gorgon shield in vain,
 Shall rush to the abyss, like Vulcan hurl'd
 Down into Lemnos, through the gate of Heav'n.
 Thou also, with precipitated wheels,
 Phœbus ! thy own son's fall shalt imitate,
 With hideous ruin shalt impress the deep
 Suddenly, and the flood shall reek, and hiss,
 At the extinction of the lamp of day.
 Then too, shall Hæmus, cloven to his base,
 Be shattered, and the huge Ceraunian hills,
 Once weapons of Tartarean Dis, immers'd
 In Erebus, shall fill himself with fear.

No. The Almighty Father surer lay'd
 His deep foundations, and providing well
 For the event of all, the scales of Fate
 Suspended, in just equipoise, and bade
 His universal works, from age to age,
 One tenour hold, perpetual, undisturb'd.

Hence the Prime mover wheels itself about
 Continual, day by day, and with it bears
 In social measure swift the heav'ns around.
 Not tardier now is Satan than of old,
 Nor radiant less the burning casque of Mars.

Phœbus, his vigour unimpair'd, still shows
 Th' effulgence of his youth, nor needs the god
 A downward course, that he may warm the vales ;
 But, ever rich in influence, runs his road,
 Sign after sign, through all the heav'nly zone.
 Beautiful, as at first, ascends the star
 From odorif'rous Ind, whose office is
 To gather home betimes th' ethereal flock,
 To pour them o'er the skies again at eve,
 And to discriminate the night and day.
 Still Cynthia's changeful horn waxes, and wanes,
 Alternate, and with arms extended still,
 She welcomes to her breast her brother's beams.
 Nor have the elements deserted yet
 Their functions, thunder with as loud a stroke
 As erst, smites through the rocks, and scatters them.
 The east still howls, still the relentless north
 Invades the shudd'ring Scythian, still he breathes
 The winter, and still rolls the storms along,
 The king of ocean, with his wonted force,
 Beats on Pelorus, o'er the deep is heard
 The hoarse alarm of Triton's sounding shell,
 Nor swim the monsters of the Ægean sea.
 In shallows, or beneath diminish'd waves.
 Thou too, thy antient vegetative pow'r
 Enjoy'st, O Earth ! Narcissus still is sweet,

And, Phoebus ! still thy favourite, and still
Thy fav'rite, Cytherea ! both retain
Their beauty, nor the mountains, ore-enrich'd
For punishment of man, with purer gold
Teem'd ever, or with brighter gems the Deep.

Thus, in unbroken series, all proceeds ;
And shall, till wide involving either pole,
And the immensity of yonder heav'n,
The final flames of destiny absorb
The world, consum'd in one enormous pyre !

ON THE PLATONIC IDEA,

As it was understood by Aristotle.

YE sister pow'rs, who o'er the sacred groves
 Preside, and thou, fair mother of them all,
 Mnemosyne ! and, thou, who in thy grot
 Immense reclin'd at leisure, hast in charge
 The archives, and the ord'nances of Jove,
 And dost record the festivals of heav'n,
 Eternity !—Inform us who is He,
 That great original by nature chos'n
 To be the archetype of human kind,
 Unchangeable, immortal, with the poles
 Themselves coæval, one, yet ev'ry where,
 An image of the god, who gave him being ?
 Twin-brother of the goddess born from Jove,
 He dwells not in his father's mind, but, though
 Of common nature with ourselves, exists
 Apart, and occupies a local home.
 Whether, companion of the stars, he spend
 Eternal ages, roaming at his will
 From sphere to sphere the tenfold heav'ns, or dwell
 On the moon's side, that nearest neighbours earth,
 Or torpid on the banks of Lethe sit
 Among the multitude of souls ordain'd

To flesh and blood, or whether (as may chance)
 That vast and giant model of our kind
 In some far distant region of this globe
 Sequester'd stalk, with lifted head on high
 O'ertow'ring Atlas, on whose shoulders rest
 The stars, terrific even to the gods.
 Never the Theban seer, whose blindness prov'd
 His best illumination, him beheld
 In secret vision; never him the son
 Of Pleione, amid the noiseless night
 Descending, to the prophet-choir reveal'd;
 Him never knew th' Assyrian priest, who yet
 The ancestry of Ninus chronicles,
 And Belus, and Osiris far-renown'd;
 Nor even thrice great Hermes, although skill'd
 So deep in myst'ry, to the worshippers
 Of Isis show'd a prodigy like him.

And thou, who hast immortaliz'd the shades
 Of Academus, if the schools receiv'd
 This monster of the fancy first from thee,
 Either recall at once the banish'd bards
 To thy republic, or thyself evinc'd
 A wilder fabulist, go also forth.

To his FATHER.

OH that Pieria's spring would thro' my breast
 Pour its inspiring influence, and rush
 No rill, but rather an o'erflowing flood!
 That, for my venerable Father's sake
 All meaner themes renounc'd, my muse, on wings
 Of duty borne, might reach a loftier strain.
 For thee, my Father! howsoe'er it please,
 She frames this slender work, nor know I aught,
 That may thy gifts more suitably requite ;
 Though to requite them suitably would ask
 Returns much nobler, and surpassing far
 The meagre stores of verbal gratitude :
 But, such as I possess, I send thee all.
 This page presents thee in their full amount
 With thy son's treasures, and the sum is nought ;
 Nought, save the riches that from airy dream
 In secret grottos, and in laurel bow'rs,
 I have, by golden Clio's gift, acquir'd.

Verse is a work divine ; despise not thou
 Verse therefore, which evinces (nothing more)
 Man's heavenly source, and which, retaining still
 Some scintillations of Promethean fire,

Bespeaks him animated from above.
 The Gods love verse ; the infernal Pow'rs themselves
 Confess the influence of verse, which stirs
 The lowest deep, and binds in triple chains
 Of adamant both Pluto and the Shades.
 In verse the Delphic priestess, and the pale
 Tremulous Sybil, make the future known,
 And he who sacrifices, on the shrine
 Hangs verse, both when he smites the threat'ning bull,
 And when he spreads his reeking entrails wide
 To scrutinize the Fates envelop'd there.
 We too, ourselves, what time we seek again
 Our native skies, and one eternal now
 Shall be the only measure of our being,
 Crown'd all with gold, and chaunting to the lyre
 Harmonious verse, shall range the courts above,
 And make the starry firmament resound.
 And, even now, the fiery spirit pure
 That wheels yon circling orbs, directs, himself,
 Their mazy dance with melody of verse
 Unutt'able, immortal, hearing which
 Huge Ophiuchus holds his hiss suppress'd,
 Orion soften'd, drops his ardent blade,
 And Atlas stands unconscious of his load.
 Verse grac'd of old the feasts of kings, ere yet
 Luxurious dainties, destin'd to the gulph

Immense of gluttony, were known, and ere
 Lyæus delug'd yet the temp'rate board.
 Then sat the bard a customary guest
 To share the banquet, and, his length of locks
 With beechen honours bound, propos'd in verse
 The characters of heroes, and their deeds,
 To imitation, sang of Chaos old,
 Of nature's birth, of gods that crept in search
 Of acorns fall'n, and of the thunder bolt
 Not yet produc'd from Etna's fiery cave.
 And what avails, at last, tune without voice,
 Devoid of matter? Such may suit perhaps
 The rural dance, but such was ne'er the song
 Of Orpheus, whom the streams stood still to hear
 And the oaks follow'd. Not by chords alone
 Well touch'd, but by resistless accents more
 To sympathetic tears the ghosts themselves
 He mov'd: these praises to his verse he owes.

Nor thou persist, I pray thee, still to slight
 The sacred Nine, and to imagine vain
 And useless, pow'rs, by whom inspir'd, thyself
 Art skilful to associate verse with airs
 Harmonious, and to give the human voice
 A thousand modulations, heir by right
 Indisputable of Arion's fame.
 Now say, what wonder is it, if a son

Of thine delight in verse, if so conjoin'd
 In close affinity, we sympathize
 In social arts, and kindred studies sweet?
 Such distribution of himself to us
 Was Phœbus' choice; thou hast thy gift, and I
 Mine also, and between us we receive,
 Father and son, the whole inspiring God.

No! howsoe'er the semblance thou assume
 Of hate, thou hatest not the gentle Muse,
 My Father! for thou never bad'st me tread
 The beaten path, and broad, that leads right on
 To opulence, nor did'st condemn thy son
 To the insipid clamours of the bar,
 To laws voluminous, and ill observ'd;
 But, wishing to enrich me more, to fill
 My mind with treasure, led'st me far away
 From city-din to deep retreats, to banks
 And streams Aonian, and, with free consent,
 Didst place me happy at Apollo's side.
 I speak not now, on more important themes
 Intent, of common benefits, and such
 As nature bids, but of thy larger gifts
 My Father! who, when I had open'd once
 The stores of Roman rhetorick, and learn'd
 The full-ton'd language, of the eloquent Greeks,

Whose lofty music grac'd the lips of Jove,
 Thyself did'st counsel me to add the flow'rs,
 That Gallia boasts, those too, with which the smooth
 Italian his degen'rate speech adorns,
 That witnesses his mixture with the Goth;
 And Palestine's prophetic songs divine.
 To sum the whole, whate'er the heav'n contains,
 The earth beneath it, and the air between,
 The rivers and the restless deep, may all
 Prove intellectual gain to me, my wish
 Concurring with thy will ; science herself,
 All cloud remov'd, inclines her beauteous head,
 And offers me the lip, if, dull of heart,
 I shrink not, and decline her gracious boon.

Go now, and gather dross, ye sordid minds,
 That covet it ; what could my Father more ?
 What more could Jove himself, unless he gave
 His own abode, the heav'n, in which he reigns ?
 More eligible gifts than these were not
 Apollo's to his son, had they been safe,
 As they were insecure, who made the boy
 The world's vice-luminary, bade him rule
 The radiant chariot of the day, and bind
 To his young brows his own all dazzling-wreath.
 I therefore, although last and least, my place

Among the learned in the laurel grove
 Will hold, and where the conqu'ror's ivy twines,
 Henceforth exempt from the unletter'd throng
 Profane, nor even to be seen by such.
 Away then, sleepless Care, Complaint away,
 And Envy, with thy "jealous leer malign!"
 Nor let the monster Calumny shoot forth
 Her venom'd tongue at me. Detested foes!
 Ye all are impotent against my peace,
 For I am privileg'd, and bear my breast
 Safe, and too high, for your viperean wound.

But thou! my Father! since to render thanks
 Equivalent, and to requite by deeds
 Thy liberality, exceeds my power,
 Suffice it, that I thus record thy gifts,
 And bear them treasur'd in a grateful mind!
 Ye too, the favourite pastime of my youth,
 My voluntary numbers, if ye dare
 To hope longevity, and to survive
 Your master's funeral, not soon absorb'd
 In the oblivious Lethæan gulph
 Shall to futurity perhaps convey
 This theme, and by these praises of my sire
 Improve the Fathers of a distant age!

To SALSILLUS, a Roman Poet,

MUCH INDISPOSED.

The original is written in a measure called *Scazon*, which signifies *limping*, and the measure is so denominated, because, though in other respects Iambic, it terminates with a Spondee, and has consequently a more tardy movement.

The reader will immediately see that this property of the Latin verse, cannot be imitated in English.

My halting Muse, that dragg'st by choice along
 Thy slow, slow step, in melancholy song,
 And lik'st that pace, expressive of thy cares,
 Not less than Diopcia's sprightlier airs,
 When, in the dance, she beats, with measur'd tread,
 Heav'n's floor, in front of Juno's golden bed;
 Salute Salsillus, who to verse divine
 Prefers, with partial love, such lays as mine.
 Thus writes that Milton then, who wafted o'er
 From his own nest, on Albion's stormy shore,

Where Eurus, fiercest of the Æolian band,
 Sweeps, with ungovern'd rage, the blasted land,
 Of late to more serene Ausonia came
 To view her cities of illustrious name,
 To prove, himself a witness of the truth,
 How wise her elders, and how learn'd her youth.
 Much good, Salsillus! and a body free
 From all disease, that Milton asks for thee,
 Who now endur'st the languor, and the pains,
 That bile inflicts, diffus'd through all thy veins,
 Relentless malady! not mov'd to spare
 By thy sweet Roman voice, and Lesbian air!

Health, Hebe's sister, sent us from the skies,
 And thou, Apollo, whom all sickness flies,
 Pythius, or Pæan, or what name divine
 Soe'er thou chuse, haste, heal a priest of thine!
 Ye groves of Faunus, and ye hills, that melt
 With vinous dew, where meek Evander dwelt!
 If aught salubrious in your confines grow,
 Strive which shall soonest heal your poet's woe,
 That, render'd to the Muse he loves, again
 He may enchant the meadows with his strain.
 Numa, reclin'd in everlasting ease,
 Amid the shade of dark embowring trees,

Viewing with eyes of unabated fire
 His lov'd Ægeria, shall that strain admire :
 So sooth'd, the tumid Tiber shall revere
 The tombs of kings, nor desolate the year,
 Shall curb his waters with a friendly rein,
 And guide them harmless, till they meet the main.

TO GIOVANNI BATTISTA MANSO,

MARQUIS OF VILLA.

MILTON'S ACCOUNT OF MANSO.

Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, is an Italian nobleman of the highest estimation among his countrymen, for genius, literature, and military accomplishments. To him Torquato Tasso addressed his Dialogues on Friendship, for he was much the friend of Tasso, who has also celebrated him among the other princes of his country, in his poem entitled, *Gerusalemme Conquistata*, book xx.

*Fra cavalier magnanimi, e cortesi,
Risplende il Manso.*

During the Author's stay at Naples, he received at the hands of the Marquis a thousand kind offices and civilities, and, desirous not to appear ungrateful, sent him this poem a short time before his departure from that city.

THESE verses also to thy praise the Nine,
Oh Manso! happy in that theme design,
For, Gallus, and Mæcenas gone, they see
None such besides, or whom they love as thee,
And, if my verse may give the meed of fame,
Thine too shall prove an everlasting name.

Already such, it shines in Tasso's page
 (For thou wast Tasso's friend) from age to age,
 And, next, the Muse consign'd, (not unaware
 How high the charge,) Marino to thy care,
 Who, singing, to the nymphs, Adonis' praise,
 Boasts thee the patron of his copious lays.
 To thee alone the poet would entrust
 His latest vows, to thee alone his dust;
 And thou with punctual piety hast paid,
 In labour'd brass, thy tribute to his shade.
 Nor this contented thee—but lest the grave
 Should aught absorb of their's, which thou could'st save,
 All future ages thou hast deign'd to teach
 The life, lot, genius, character of each,
 Eloquent as the Carian sage, who true
 To his great theme, the life of Homer drew.

I, therefore, though a stranger youth, who come
 Chill'd by rude blasts, that freeze my Northern home,
 Thee dear to Clio, confident proclaim,
 And thine, for Phoebus' sake, a deathless name.
 Nor thou, so kind, wilt view with scornful eye
 A muse scarce rear'd beneath our sullen sky,
 Who fears not, indiscreet as she is young,
 To seek in Latium hearers of her song.

We too, where Thames with his unsullied waves
 The tresses of the blue-hair'd Ocean laves,
 Hear oft by night, or, slumb'ring, seem to hear,
 O'er his wide stream, the swan's voice warbling clear,
 And we could boast a Tityrus of yore,
 Who trod, a welcome guest, your happy shore.

Yes—dreary as we own our Northern clime,
 E'en we to Phœbus raise the polish'd rhyme,
 We too serve Phœbus; Phœbus has receiv'd,
 (If legends old may claim to be believ'd)
 No sordid gifts from us, the golden ear,
 The burnish'd apple, ruddiest of the year,
 The fragrant crocus, and to grace his fane,
 Fair damsels chosen from the Druid train;
 Druids, our native bards in antient time,
 Who gods and heroes prais'd in hallow'd rhyme!
 Hence, often as the maids of Greece surround
 Apollo's shrine with hymns of festive sound,
 They name the virgins, who arriv'd of yore,
 With British off'rings, on the Delian shore,
 Loxo, from giant Corineus sprung,
 Upis, on whose blest lips the future hung,
 And Hecaerge, with the golden hair,
 All deck'd with Pictish hues, and all with bosoms bare.

Thou, therefore, happy sage, whatever clime
 Shall ring with Tasso's praise in after-time,
 Or with Marino's, shalt be known their friend,
 And with an equal flight to fame ascend.
 The world shall hear how Phœbus, and the Nine,
 Were inmates once, and willing guests of thine.
 Yet Phœbus, when of old constrain'd to roam
 The earth, an exile from his heavenly home,
 Enter'd, no willing guest, Admetus' door,
 Though Hercules had ventur'd there before.
 But gentle Chiron's cave was near, a scene
 Of rural peace, cloth'd with perpetual green,
 And thither, oft as respite he requir'd
 From rustic clamours loud, the god retir'd.
 There, many a time, on Peneus' bank reclin'd
 At some oak's root, with ivy thick entwin'd,
 Won by his hospitable friend's desire
 He sooth'd his pains of exile with the lyre.
 Then shook the hills, then trembled Peneus' shore,
 Nor Oeta felt his load of forests more ;
 The upland elms descended to the plain,
 And soften'd lynxes wonder'd at the strain.

Well may we think, O dear to all above !
 Thy birth distinguish'd by the smile of Jove,

And that Apollo shed his kindest pow'r,
 And Maia's son, on that propitious hour,
 Since only minds so born can comprehend
 A poet's worth, or yield that worth a friend.
 Hence, on thy yet unfaded cheek appears
 The ling'ring freshness of thy greener years,
 Hence, in thy front, and features, we admire
 Nature unwither'd, and a mind entire.
 Oh might so true a friend to me belong,
 So skill'd to grace the votaries of song,
 Should I recall hereafter into rhyme
 The kings, and heroes of my native clime,
 Arthur the chief, who even now prepares,
 In subterraneous being, future wars,
 With all his martial knights, to be restor'd,
 Each to his seat, around the fed'ral board,
 And Oh, if spirit fail me not, disperse
 Our Saxon plund'rers, in triumphant verse !
 Then, after all, when, with the past content,
 A life I finish, not in silence spent,
 Should he, kind mourner, o'er my death-bed bend
 I shall but need to say—" Be yet my friend !"
 He, too, perhaps, shall bid the marble breathe
 To honour me, and with the graceful wreath

Or of Parnassus, or the Paphian isle,
Shall bind my brows—but I shall rest the while.
Then also, if the fruits of Faith endure,
And Virtue's promis'd recompense be sure,
Born to those seats, to which the blest aspire
By purity of soul, and virtuous fire,
These rites, as Fate permits, I shall survey
With eyes illumin'd by celestial day,
And, ev'ry cloud from my pure spirit driv'n,
Joy in the bright beatitude of Heav'n!

ON THE DEATH OF DAMON.

THE ARGUMENT.

Thyrsis and Damon, shepherds and neighbours, had always pursued the same studies, and had, from their earliest days, been united in the closest friendship. Thyrsis, while travelling for improvement, received intelligence of the death of Damon, and, after a time, returning and finding it true, deplores himself, and his solitary condition, in this poem.

By Damon is to be understood Charles Deodati, connected with the Italian city of Lucca by his father's side, in other respects an Englishman; a youth of uncommon genius, erudition, and virtue.

YE Nymphs of Himera (for ye have shed
 Erewhile for Daphnis, and for Hylas dead,
 And over Bion's long-lamented bier,
 The fruitless meed of many a sacred tear)
 Now through the villas lav'd by Thames, rehearse
 The woes of Thyrsis in Sicilian verse,
 What sighs he heav'd, and how with groans profound
 He made the woods, and hollow rocks resound,

Young Damon dead; nor even ceas'd to pour
His lonely sorrows at the midnight hour.

The green wheat twice had nodded in the ear,
And golden harvest twice enrich'd the year,
Since Damon's lips had gasp'd for vital air
The last, last time, nor Thyrsis yet was there;
For he, enamour'd of the Muse, remain'd
In Tuscan Fiorenza long detain'd,
But, stor'd at length with all, he wish'd to learn,
For his flock's sake now hasted to return,
And when the shepherd had resum'd his seat
At the elm's root, within his old retreat,
Then 'twas his lot, then, all his loss to know,
And, from his burthen'd heart, he vented thus his woe.

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Alas! what deities shall I suppose
In heav'n, or earth, concern'd for human woes,
Since, Oh my Damon! their severe decree
So soon condemns me to regret of thee!
Depart'st thou thus, thy virtues unrepaid
With fame and honour, like a vulgar shade?

Let him forbid it, whose bright rod controuls,
 And sep'rates sordid from illustrious souls,
 Drive far the rabble, and to thee assign
 A happier lot, with spirits worthy thine !

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
 To other cares, than those of feeding you.
 Whate'er befall, unless by cruel chance
 The wolf first give me a forbidding glance,
 Thou shalt not moulder undeplor'd, but long
 Thy praise shall dwell on ev'ry shepherd's tongue ;
 To Daphnis first they shall delight to pay,
 And, after him, to thee the votive lay,
 While Pales shall the flocks, and pastures, love,
 Or Faunus to frequent the field, or grove,
 At least, if antient piety and truth,
 With all the learned labours of thy youth,
 May serve thee aught, or to have left behind
 A sorrowing friend, and of the tuneful kind.

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
 To other cares, than those of feeding you.
 Yes, Damon ! such thy sure reward shall be ;
 But ah, what doom awaits unhappy me ?
 Who, now, my pains and perils shall divide,
 As thou wast wont, for ever at my side,

Both when the rugged frost annoy'd our feet,
 And when the herbage all was parch'd with heat;
 Whether the grim wolf's ravage to prevent,
 Or the huge lion's, arm'd with darts we went?
 Whose converse, now, shall calm my stormy day,
 With charming song, who now beguile my way?

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
 To other cares, than those of feeding you.
 In whom shall I confide? Whose counsel find
 A balmy med'cine for my troubled mind?
 Or whose discourse, with innocent delight,
 Shall fill me now, and cheat the wint'ry night,
 While hisses on my hearth, the pulpy pear,
 And black'ning chesnuts start and crackle there,
 While storms abroad the dreary meadows overwhelm,
 And the wind thunders thro' the neighb'ring elm.

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
 To other cares, than those of feeding you.
 Or who, when summer suns their summit reach,
 And Pan sleeps hidden by the shelt'ring beech,
 When shepherds disappear, nymphs seek the sedge,
 And the stretch'd rustic snores beneath the hedge,
 Who then shall render me thy pleasant vein
 Of Attic wit, thy jests, thy smiles again?

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts are due
 To other cares, than those of feeding you.
 Where glens and vales are thickest overgrown
 With tangled boughs, I wander now alone,
 Till night descend, while blust’ring wind and show’r
 Beat on my temples through the shatter’d bow’r.

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts are due
 To other cares, than those of feeding you.
 Alas ! what rampant weeds now shame my fields,
 And what a mildew’d crop the furrow yields !
 My rambling vines, unwedded to the trees,
 Bear shrivell’d grapes, my myrtles fail to please,
 Nor please me more my flocks ; they, slighted, turn
 Their unavailing looks on me, and mourn.

“ Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts are due
 To other cares, than those of feeding you.
 Ægon invites me to the hazel grove,
 Amyntas, on the river’s bank to rove,
 And young Alpheisiboeus to a seat
 Where branching elms exclude the mid-day heat.
 “ Here fountains spring—here mossy hillocks rise ;”
 “ Here Zephyr whispers, and the stream replies.”—
 Thus each persuades, but, deaf to ev’ry call,
 I gain the thickets, and escape them all.

" Go, seek your home, my lambs ; my thoughts are due
 To other cares, than those of feeding you.
 Then Mopsus said, (the same who reads so well
 The voice of birds, and what the stars foretell,
 For he by chance had noticed my return)
 " What means thy sullen mood, this deep concern ?
 Ah Thyrsis ! thou art either craz'd with love,
 Or some sinister influence from above ;
 Dull Saturn's influence oft the shepherds rue ;
 His leaden shaft oblique has pierc'd thee through."

" Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are,
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 The nymphs amaz'd, my melancholy see,
 And, "Thyrsis !" cry—" what will become of thee ?
 What would'st thou, Thyrsis ? such should not appear
 The brow of youth, stern, gloomy, and severe ;
 Brisk youth should laugh, and love—ah shun the fate
 Of those, twice wretched mopes ! who love too late !"

" Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are,
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 Ægle with Hyas came, to sooth my pain,
 And Baucis' daughter, Dryope the vain,
 Fair Dryope, for voice and finger neat
 Known far and near, and for her self-conceit ;

Chloris too came, whose cottage on the lands,
 That skirt the Idumanian current, stands ;
 But all in vain they came, and but to see
 Kind words, and comfortable, lost on me.

“ Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are,
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 Ah blest indiff'rence of the playful herd,
 None by his fellow chosen, or preferr'd !
 No bonds of amity the flocks enthrall,
 But each associates, and is pleas'd with all ;
 So graze the dappled deer in num'rous droves,
 And all his kind alike the zebra loves ;
 The same law governs, where the billows roar,
 And Proteus' shoals o'erspread the desert shore ;
 The sparrow, meanest of the feather'd race,
 His fit companion finds in ev'ry place,
 With whom he picks the grain, that suits him best,
 Flirts here and there, and late returns to rest,
 And whom if chance the falcon make his prey,
 Or hedger with his well aim'd arrow slay,
 For no such loss the gay survivor grieves ;
 New love he seeks, and new delight receives.
 We only, an obdurate kind, rejoice,
 Scorning all others, in a single choice,

We scarce in thousands meet one kindred mind,
 And if the long-sought good at last we find,
 When least we fear it, Death our treasure steals,
 And gives our heart a wound, that nothing heals.

“ Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are,
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 Ah, what delusion lur'd me from my flocks,
 To traverse Alpine snows, and rugged rocks !
 What need so great had I to visit Rome,
 Now sunk in ruins, and herself a tomb ?
 Or, had she flourish'd still as when, of old,
 For her sake Tityrus forsook his fold,
 What need so great had I t' incur a pause
 Of thy sweet intercourse for such a cause,
 For such a cause to place the roaring sea,
 Rocks, mountains, woods, between my friend and me ?
 Else, had I grasp'd thy feeble hand, compos'd
 Thy decent limbs, thy drooping eye-lids clos'd,
 And, at the last, had said——“ Farewell—ascend——
 Nor even in the skies forget thy friend !”

“ Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare,
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.

Although well-pleas'd, ye tuneful Tuscan swains !
 My mind the mem'ry of your worth retains,
 Yet not your worth can teach me less to mourn
 My Damon lost.—He too was Tuscan born,
 Born in your Lucca, city of renown !
 And wit possess'd, and genius, like your own.
 Oh how elate was I, when stretch'd beside
 The murm'ring course of Arno's breezy tide,
 Beneath the poplar grove I pass'd my hours,
 Now cropping myrtles, and now vernal flow'rs,
 And hearing, as I lay at ease along,
 Your swains contending for the prize of song !
 I also dar'd attempt (and, as it seems,
 Not much displeas'd attempting) various themes,
 For even I can presents boast from you,
 The shepherd's pipe, and ozier basket too,
 And Dati, and Francini, both have made
 My name familiar to the beechen shade,
 And they are learn'd, and each in ev'ry place
 Renown'd for song, and both of Lydian race.

“ Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare,
 My thoughts are all now due to other care,
 While bright the dewy grass with moon-beams shone,
 And I stood hurdling in my kids alone,

How often have I said (but thou had'st found
 Ere then thy dark cold lodgment under ground)
 Now Damon sings, or springes sets for hares,
 Or wicker work for various use prepares !
 How oft, indulging fancy, have I plann'd
 New scenes of pleasure, that I hop'd at hand,
 Call'd thee abroad as I was wont, and cried—
 “ What hoa ! my friend—come, lay thy task aside,
 Haste, let us forth together, and beguile
 The heat, beneath yon whisp'ring shades awhile,
 Or on the margin stray of Colne's clear flood,
 Or where Cassibelan's grey turrets stood !
 There thou shalt cull me simples, and shalt teach
 Thy friend the name, and healing pow'rs of each,
 From the tall blue-bell to the dwarfish weed,
 What the dry land, and what the marshes breed,
 For all their kinds alike to thee are known,
 And the whole art of Galen is thy own.
 Ah, perish Galen's art, and wither'd be
 The useless herbs, that gave not health to thee !
 Twelve evenings since, as in poetic dream
 I meditating sat some statelier theme,
 The reeds no sooner touch'd my lip, though new,
 And unassay'd before, than wide they flew,

Bursting their waxen bands, nor could sustain
 The deep-ton'd music of the solemn strain;
 And I am vain perhaps, but I will tell
 How proud a theme I chuse—ye groves farewell !

“ Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 Of Brutus, Dardan chief, my song shall be,
 How with his barks he plough'd the British sea,
 First from Rutupia's tow'ring headland seen,
 And of his consort's reign, fair Imogen ;
 Of Brennus, and Belinus, brothers bold,
 And of Arviragus, and how of old
 Our hardy sires th' Armorican controll'd,
 And of the wife of Gorlois, who, surpris'd
 By Uther, in her husband's form disguis'd,
 (Such was the force of Merlin's art) became
 Pregnant with Arthur of heroic fame.
 These themes I now revolve—and Oh—if Fate
 Proportion to these themes my lengthen'd date,
 Adieu my shepherd's reed—yon pine-tree bough
 Shall be thy future home, there dangle thou
 Forgotten and disus'd, unless ere long
 Thou change thy Latian for a British song ;

A British?—even so—the pow'rs of man
 Are bounded ; little is the most he can ;
 And it shall well suffice me, and shall be
 Fame, and proud recompence enough for me,
 If Usa, golden-hair'd, my verse may learn,
 If Alain bending o'er his chrystal urn,
 Swift-whirling Abra, Trent's o'ershadow'd stream
 Thames, lovelier far than all in my esteem,
 Tamar's ore-tinctur'd flood, and, after these,
 The wave-worn shores of utmost Orcades.

“ Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare,
 My thoughts are all now due to other care.
 All this I kept in leaves of laurel-rind
 Enfolded safe, and for thy view design'd,
 This—and a gift from Manso's hand beside,
 (Manso, not least his native city's pride)
 Two cups, that radiant as their giver shone,
 Adorn'd by sculpture with a double zone.
 The spring was graven there ; here slowly wind
 The Red-sea shores with groves of spices lin'd ;
 Her plumes of various hues amid the boughs
 The sacred, solitary Phoenix shows,
 And watchful of the dawn, reverts her head,
 To see Aurora leave her wat'ry bed.

—In other part, th' expansive vault above,
 And there too, even there, the God of love ;
 With quiver arm'd he mounts, his torch displays
 A vivid light, his gem-tipt arrows blaze,
 Around, his bright and fiery eyes he rolls,
 Nor aims at vulgar minds, or little souls,
 Nor deigns one look below, but aiming high
 Sends every arrow to the lofty sky,
 Hence forms divine, and minds immortal, learn
 The pow'r of Cupid, and enamour'd burn.

“ Thou also Damon (neither need I fear
 That hope delusive) thou art also there ;
 For whither should simplicity like thine
 Retire, where else such spotless virtue shine ?
 Thou dwell'st not (thought profane) in shades below,
 Nor tears suit thee—cease then my tears to flow,
 Away with grief! on Damon ill-bestow'd!
 Who, pure himself, has found a pure abode,
 Has pass'd the show'ry arch, henceforth resides
 With saints and heroes, and from flowing tides
 Quaffs copious immortality, and joy,
 With hallow'd lips!—Oh! blest without alloy,
 And now enrich'd with all, that faith can claim,
 Look down, entreated by whatever name,

If Damon please thee most (that rural sound
Shall oft with echoes fill the groves around)
Or if Diodatus, by which alone
In those etherial mansions thou art known.
Thy blush was maiden, and thy youth the taste
Of wedded bliss knew never, pure and chaste,
The honours, therefore, by divine decree
The lot of virgin worth are given to thee ;
Thy brows encircled with a radiant band,
And the green palm-branch waving in thy hand,
Thou in immortal nuptials shalt rejoice,
And join with seraphs thy according voice,
Where rapture reigns, and the ecstatic lyre
Guides the blest orgies of the blazing quire."

AN ODE

Addressed to Mr. JOHN ROUSE, Librarian,

Of the University of Oxford,

*On a lost Volume of my Poems, which he desired me to replace, that he might
add them to my other Works deposited in the Library.*

This Ode is rendered without rhyme, that it might more adequately represent the original, which, as Milton himself informs us, is of no certain measure. It may possibly for this reason disappoint the reader, though it cost the writer more labour than the translation of any other piece in the whole collection.

STROPHE.

MY two-fold book! single in show,
But double in contents,
Neat, but not curiously adorn'd,
Which, in his early youth,
A poet gave, no lofty one in truth,
Although an earnest wooer of the Muse—
Say while in cool Ausonian shades,
Or British wilds he roam'd,
Striking by turns his native lyre,
By turns the Daunian lute,
And stepp'd almost in air,—

A N T I S T R O P H E.

Say, little book, what furtive hand
 Thee from thy fellow-books convey'd,
 What time, at the repeated suit
 Of my most learned friend,
 I sent thee forth, an honour'd traveller,
 From our great city to the source of Thames,
 Cærulian sire!
 Where rise the fountains, and the raptures ring,
 Of the Aonian choir,
 Durable as yonder spheres,
 And through the endless lapse of years
 Secure to be admir'd?

S T R O P H E 2.

Now what God, or Demigod,
 For Britain's antient Genius mov'd
 (If our afflicted land
 Have expiated at length the guilty sloth
 Of her degen'rate sons)
 Shall terminate our impious feuds,
 And discipline, with hallow'd voice, recall?

Recall the Muses too,
 Driv'n from their antient seats
 In Albion, and well nigh from Albion's shore,
 And with keen Phœbean shafts
 Piercing th' unseemly birds,
 Whose talons menace us,
 Shall drive the Harpy race from Helicon afar?

A N T I S T R O P H E.

But thou, my book, though thou hast stray'd,
 Whether by treach'ry lost,
 Or indolent neglect, thy bearer's fault,
 From all thy kindred books,
 To some dark cell, or cave forlorn,
 Where thou endur'st, perhaps,
 The chafing of some hard untutor'd hand,
 Be comforted—
 For lo! again the splendid hope appears
 That thou may'st yet escape
 The gulphs of Lethe, and on oary wings
 Mount to the everlasting courts of Jove!

S T R O P H E 3.

Since Rouse desires thee, and complains
 That, though by promise his,

Thou yet appear'st not in thy place
 Among the literary noble stores,
 Giv'n to his care,
 But, absent, leav'st his numbers incomplete.

He, therefore, guardian vigilant
 Of that unperishing wealth,
 Calls thee to the interior shrine, his charge,
 Where he intends a richer treasure far
 Than Iön kept (Iön, Erectheus' son
 Illustrious, of the fair Creüsa born)
 In the resplendent temple of his God,
 Tripods of gold, and Delphic gifts divine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Haste, then, to the pleasant groves,
 The Muses' fav'rite haunt ;
 Resume thy station in Apollo's dome,
 Dearer to him
 Than Delos, or the fork'd Parnassian hill!
 Exulting go,
 Since now a splendid lot is also thine,
 And thou art sought by my propitious friend ;
 For there thou shalt be read

With authors of exalted note,
The antient glorious lights of Greece and Rome.

E P O D E.

Ye, then, my works, no longer vain,
And worthless deem'd by me !
Whate'er this steril genius has produc'd
Expect, at last, the rage of envy spent,
An unmolested happy home,
Gift of kind Hermes, and my watchful friend,
Where never flippant tongue profane
Shall entrance find,
And whence the coarse unletter'd multitude
Shall babble far remote.
Perhaps some future distant age,
Less ting'd with prejudice, and better taught,
Shall furnish minds of pow'r
To judge more equally.
Then, malice silenced in the tomb,
Cooler heads and sounder hearts,
Thanks to Rouse, if aught of praise
I merit, shall with candour weigh the claim.

A TRANSLATION OF THE
 ITALIAN POEMS.

S O N N E T.

FAIR Lady ! whose harmonious name the Rhine,
 Through all his grassy vale, delights to hear,
 Base were indeed the wretch, who could forbear
 To love a spirit elegant as thine,
 That manifests a sweetness all divine,
 Nor knows a thousand winning acts to spare,
 And graces, which Love's bow and arrows are,
 Temp'ring thy virtues to a softer shine.
 When gracefully thou speak'st, or singest gay,
 Such strains, as might the senseless forest move,
 Ah then—turn each his eyes, and ears, away,
 Who feels himself unworthy of thy love !
 Grace can alone preserve him, ere the dart
 Of fond desire yet reach his inmost heart.

S O N E T T O.

DONNA leggiadra, il cui bel nome honora
 L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
 Ben è colui d'ogni valore scarco,
 Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamoræ
 Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora
 De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
 E i don,' che son d'amor saette ed arco,
 La onde l' alta tua virtu s'infiora.

Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti,
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
 L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
 Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
 Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

S O N N E T.

As on a hill-top rude, when closing day
 Imbrowns the scene, some past'ral maiden fair
 Waters a lovely foreign plant with care,
 Borne from its native genial airs away,

That scarcely can its tender bud display,
 So, on my tongue these accents, new, and rare,
 Are flow'rs exotic, which Love waters there,
 While thus, O sweetly scornful ! I essay
 Thy praise, in verse to British ears unknown,
 And Thames exchange for Arno's fair domain ;
 So Love has will'd, and oftimes Love has shown
 That what he wills, he never wills in vain.
 Oh that this hard and steril breast might be,
 To Him, who plants from Heav'n, a soil as free !

S O N E T T O.

QUAL in colle aspro, all imbrunir di sera,
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella,
 Che mal si spande a dissusata spera,
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera ;
 Così Amor meco insu la lingua snella
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso,
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.

Amor lo volse, ed io' a l' altrui peso,
 Seppi, ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento, e'l duro seno,
 A chi pianta dal ciel, si buon terreno !

C A N Z O N E.

THEY mock my toil—the nymphs and am'rous swains—
 And whence this fond attempt to write, they cry,
 Love songs in language, that thou little know'st ?
 How dar'st thou risque to sing these foreign strains ?
 Say truly. Find'st not oft thy purpose cross'd,
 And that thy fairest flow'rs, here fade and die ?
 Then with pretence of admiration high—
 Thee other shores expect, and other tides,
 Rivers, on whose grazzy sides
 Her deathless laurel-leaf, with which to bind
 Thy flowing locks, already Fame provides ;
 Why then this burthen, better far declin'd ?

Speak Muse ! for me.—The fair one said, who guides
 My willing heart, and all my fancy's flights,
 “ This is the language, in which Love delights.”

C A N Z O N E.

RIDONSI donne, e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osi?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi t'aspettan, ed altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor, a la tua chioma
 L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi:
 Perche all spalle tue soverchia soma?

Canzon, dirotti, e tu per me rispondi!
 Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir é il mio cuore:
 " Questa é lingua, di cui si vanta Amore."

S O N N E T.

To CHARLES DIODATI.

CRHALES—and I say it wond'ring—thou must know
 That I, who once assum'd a scornful air,
 And scoff'd at love, am fallen in his snare,
 (Full many an upright man has fallen so)

Yet think me not thus dazzled by the flow
 Of golden locks, or damask cheek ; more rare
 The heart-felt beauties of my foreign fair;
 A mien majestic, with dark brows, that show
 The tranquil lustre of a lofty mind;
 Words exquisite, of idioms more than one,
 And song, whose fascinating pow'r might bind,
 And from her sphere draw down the lab'ring Moon,
 With such fire-darting eyes, that should I fill
 My ears with wax, she would enchant me still.

S O N E T T O.

DIODATI, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io, ch'amor spreggiar soléa,
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa,
 Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia
 Ne treccie d' oro, ne guancia vermiglia
 M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrina bellezza, che'l cuor bea,
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
 Parole adorne, di lingua piu d'una,
 E'l cantar, che di mezzo l'hemispero

Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
 E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco,
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

S O N N E T.

LADY! It cannot be, but that thine eyes
 Must be my sun, such radiance they display,
 And strike me ev'n as Phoebus him, whose way
 Through horrid Lybia's sandy desert lies.
 Meantime, on that side steamy vapours rise
 Where most I suffer. Of what kind are they,
 New as to me they are, I cannot say,
 But deem them, in the lover's language—sighs.
 Some, though with pain, my bosom close conceals,
 Which, if in part escaping thence, they tend
 To soften thine, thy coldness soon congeals.
 While others to my tearful eyes ascend,
 Whence my sad nights in show'rs are ever drown'd,
 Till my Aurora comes, her brow with roses bound.

S O N E T T O.

PER certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia,
 Esser non puo, che non sian lo mio sole,
 Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
 Per l'arene di Libia, chi s'invia:
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne sentì pria)
 Da quel lato si spinge, ove mi duole,
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
 Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
 Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
 Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
 Finche mia Alba rivien, colma di rose.

S O N N E T.

ENAMOUR'D, artless, young, on foreign ground,
 Uncertain whither from myself to fly,
 To thee, dear Lady, with an humble sigh
 Let me devote my heart, which I have found

By certain proofs, not few, intrepid, sound,
 Good, and addicted to conceptions high:
 When tempests shake the world, and fire the sky,
 It rests in adamant self-wrapt around,
 As safe from envy, and from outrage rude,
 From hopes and fears, that vulgar minds abuse,
 As fond of genius, and fixt fortitude,
 Of the resounding lyre, and every Muse.
 Weak you will find it in one only part,
 Now pierc'd by Love's immedicable dart.

S O N E T T O.

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante,
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
 Madonna, a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
 Farò divoto ; io certo a prove tante
 L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
 De pensieri leggiadri, accorto, e buono ;
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
 S'arma di se, e d' intero diamante,

Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze al popol use
Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
E di cetra sonora, e delle Muse :
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro,
Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

J O A N N I S M I L T O N I

L O N D I N E N S I S

P O E M A T A.

Quorum pleraque intra Annum Ætatis Vigesium conscripsit.

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1891

DE AUTORE TESTIMONIA.

Hæc, quæ sequuntur, de Autore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eò quòd præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici, ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potiùs virtutibus, quàm veritati congruentia, nimis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam, cum alii præsertim, ut id faceret, magnoperè suaderent. Dum enim nimix laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibique, quod plus æquo est, non attributum esse mavult, iudicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium, quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

*Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, Neapolitanus, ad
Joannem Miltonum, Anglum.*

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipse fores.

*Ad Joannem Miltonem, Anglum, triplici poeseos laureâ coronandum,
Græcâ nimirùm, Latinâ, atque Hetruscâ, Epigramma
Joannis Salsilli, Romani.*

CEDE, Meles! Cedat depressâ Mincius urnâ!
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui!

At Thamesis, victor, cunctis ferat altior undas!
 Nam per te Milto par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem!
 Anglia Miltonum jactat, utrique parem.

SELVAGGI.

Al Signior Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

O D E.

ERGIMI all' Etra, ò Clio;
 Perche di stelle intreccierò corona
 Non più del Biondo Dio
 La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicon,
 Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
 A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
 Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
 Non puo l' oblio rapace
 Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,

Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m'adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia resiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l'umana eccede :
Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch'hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto ;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l' industrie ardente brama ;
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Così l' Ape Ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato ;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti ;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.

Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero ;
L'ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,

Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano :
Ch' Ode oltr' all Anglia il suo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e Roma.

I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani
Tropo avaro tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di Poema o storia
Furon gia, l'hai presenti alla memoria

Dammi tua dolce Cetra,
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,

Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' è concesso
Per te, suo cigno, pareggiar Permesso.

Io che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro,
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo Fiorentino.

J O A N N I M I L T O N I,

L O N D I N E N S I,

Juveni, patriâ, virtutibus, eximio,

VIRO, qui multâ peregrinatione, studio, cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet,

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ, jam deperditæ, sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda (et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus populorum, ab propriâ sapientiâ excitatos, intelligat)

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt, cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt,

Cui in memoriâ totus orbis, in intellectu sapientia, in voluntate ardor gloriæ, in ore eloquentia, harmonicos cœlestium sphaerarum sonitus, Astronomiâ duce, audienti, characteres mirabilium naturæ, per quos Dei magnitudo describitur, magistrâ philosophiâ, legenti, antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assiduâ autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti—

At cur nitor in arduum?—

Illi, in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiæ et amoris ergo hoc, ejus meritis debitum, admirationis tributum offert

CAROLUS DATUS,

PATRICIUS FLORENTINUS,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

ELEGIARUM LIBER.

ELEGIA I.

Ad CAROLUM DEODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
 Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas ;
 Pertulit, occidua Devæ Cestrensis ab ora
 Vergivium prono qua petit amne salum.
 Multum (crede) juvat terras aluisse remotas
 Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
 Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
 Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
 Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thamesis alluit unda,
 Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
 Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
 Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.

Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,
 Quam male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
 Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,
 Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
 Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
 Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
 Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,
 Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.
 O! utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
 Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
 Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
 Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.
 Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
 Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.
 Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompatheatri,
 Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos
 Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
 Seu procus, aut posita casside miles adest,
 Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
 Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;
 Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit amat.
 Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
 Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat,

Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo,
 Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest :
 Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
 Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit;
 Seu ferus e tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
 Conscia funereo pectora torre movens :
 Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
 Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
 Sed neque sub tecto semper, nec in urbe latemus,
 Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
 Nos quoque lucus habet vicina consitus ulmo,
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
 Sæpius hic, blandas spirantia sidera flammæ,
 Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
 Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ,
 Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!
 Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
 Atque faces, quotquot volvit uterque polus;
 Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
 Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via;
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor;
 Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet
 Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor !

Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
 Cedite Achæmenia turrita fronte puellæ,
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon,
 Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submittite Nymphæ,
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus :
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas
 Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
 Extera, sat tibi sit, fœmina, posse sequi.
 Tuque, urbs, Dardaniis, Londinum, structa colonis,
 Turrigerum late conspicienda caput,
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
 Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno
 Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
 Quot tibi conspicuæ formaque auroque, puellæ
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
 Huic Cnidon, et riguâs Simoentis flumine valles,
 Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.
 Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cœci,
 Mœnia quam subito linquere fausta paro ;

Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEGIA II.—Anno Ætatis 17.

IN OBITUM

PRÆCONIS ACADEMICI CANTABRIGIENSIS.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
 Ultima præconum, præconem te quoque sæva
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem;
 O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
 Dignus quem Stygiis medica revocaret ab undis
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea.
 Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
 Et celer a Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
 Talis in Iliaca stabat Cyllenius aula
 Alipes, ætherea missus ab arce Patris.
 Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
 Retulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, satellites Averni,
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,

Quin illos rapias, qui pondus inutile terræ,
Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge,
Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegëia tristes,
Personet et totis nænia mœsta scholis.

ELEGIA III.—Anno Ætatis 17.

IN OBITUM

PRÆSULIS WINTONIENSIS.

MOESTUS eram, et tacitus, nullo comitante, sedebam,
 Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo,
 Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;
 Pulsavitque, auro gravidos et jaspide, muros,
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis:
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces:
 At te præcipue luxi, dignissime Præsul,
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
 Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar,
 “ Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
 Nonne satis, quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
 Et quod in herbōsos jus tibi detur agros,
 Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
 Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosæ,

Nec sinis, ut semper, fluvio contermina, quercus
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?
 Et tibi succumbit, liquido quæ, plurima, cœlo
 Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis,
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
 Et quot alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
 Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas,
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus,
 Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
 Semideamque animam sede fugâsse sua?"
 Talia dum, lacrymans, alto sub pectore volvo,
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
 Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum
 Phœbus, ab Eoo littore mensus iter.
 Nec mora. Membra cavo posui refovenda cubili;
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos;
 Cùm mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro.
 Heu! Nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
 Ut matutino cùm juga sole rubent,
 Ac, veluti cùm pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
 Alcinoi, Zephyro, Chloris, amata levi.

Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
 Ditiôr Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favonî,
 Aura, sub innumeris, humida, nata rosis.
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
 Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras,
 Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,
 Ecce, mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat !
 Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar ;
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos ;
 Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput ;
 Dumque senex tali incendit venerandus amictu,
 Intremuit læto florea terra sono ;
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis ;
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tuba ;
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat ;
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos.
 " Nate, veni, et patrii, felix, cape gaudia regni !
 Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca !"
 Dixit ; et aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmæ.
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos.
 Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi !

ELEGIA IV.—Anno Ætatis 18.

Ad THOMAM JUNIUM,

PRÆCEPTOREM SUUM,

Apud mercatores Anglicos, Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem.

CURRE per immensum subito, mea litera, pontum !

I! Pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros !

Segnes rumpe moras, et nil (precor) obstet eunti,

Et festinantis nil remoretur iter !

Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos

Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,

Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,

Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.

At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,

Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;

Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras,

Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer,

Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,

Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,

Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,

Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci !

Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore

Præsul, Christicolas pascere doctus oves.

Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ.

Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.

Hei mihi ! Quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti

Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei !

Charior ille mihi, quàm tu, doctissime Graiùm,

Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat ;

Quàmque Stagyrites generoso magnus alumno,

Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.

Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyreïus heros

Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.

Primus ego Aonios, illo præeunte, recessus

Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi,

Pieriosque hausì latices, Clioque favente,

Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.

Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,

Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,

Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlorig, senilem

Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes ;

Necdùm ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,

Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.

Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum !

Quàm sit opus monitis, res docet, ipsa vides.

Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte sedentem,

Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,

Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum

Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei,

Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus;
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum!
 Hæc quoque, paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui!
 “ Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
 Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi!
 Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
 Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
 Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
 Tu modo da veniam fasso veniamque roganti!
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
 Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
 Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces;
 Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus;
 Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos;
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
 Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor;

Nam vaga Fama refert, heu, nuntia vera malorum !

In, tibi finitimis, bella tumere locis,

Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,

Et jam Saxonicos arma parâsse duces.

Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,

Et sata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat ;

Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem.

Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos ;

Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva;

Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam ;

Fugit io terris, et jam non ultima virgo

Creditur ad superas justa volâsse domos.

Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,

Vivis et ignoto, solus inopsque solo ;

Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,

Sede peregrinâ quæris, egenus, opem.

Patria, dura parens, et saxis sævior albis,

Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,

Siccine te decet innocuos exponere foetus ?

Siccine in externam, ferrea, cogis humum,

Et sinis, ut terris quærant alimenta remotis,

Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,

Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique,

Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent ?

Digna quidem, Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,

Æternâque animæ digna perire fame !

Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
 Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus :
 Talis et, horrissono laceratus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix:
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iesum
 Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
 At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus!
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus.
 Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi ;
 Ille, Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros,
 Inque fugam vertit, quos in Samaritidas oras
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
 Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
 Aere dum vaccuo buccina clara sonat,
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,

Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,

Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum:

Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,

Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;

Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,

Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares !”

ELEGIA V.—Anno Ætatis 20.

IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

IN se perpetuo, Tempus, revolubile gyro,
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
 Jamque soluta gelu dulcè virescit humus.
 Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo,
 (Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt;
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
 Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intus agit.
 Delius ipse venit. Video Penëide lauro
 Implicitos crines. Delius ipse venit.
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deùm;
 Intuiturque animus, toto quid agatur Olympo,
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?

Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
 Jam, Philomela, tuos, foliis adoperta novellis,
 Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus.
 Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,
 Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
 Veris, io! rediere vices. Celebremus honores
 Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus!
 Jam sol, Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
 Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.
 Est breve noctis iter. Brevis est mora noctis opacæ.
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis:
 Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cœleste Bootes
 Non longâ sequitur fessus, ut antè, viâ.
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
 Excubias agitant sidera rara polo:
 Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,
 Neve giganteum Dî timuere scelus.
 Fortè aliquis, scopuli recubans in vertice, pastor,
 Roscida cùm primo sole rubescit humus,
 "Hâc," ait, "hâc certè caruisti nocte puellâ,
 Phœbe, tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
 Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit
 Cynthia, luciferas ut videt alta rotas;
 Et, tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur
 Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope."

“Desere” (Phœbus ait) “thalamos, Aurora, seniles!

Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro?

Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba.

Surge! Tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.”

Flava verecundò dea crimen in ore fatetur,

Et matutinos ociùs urget equos.

Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,

Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos :

Et cupit, et digna est. Quid enim formosius illâ,

Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,

Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto

Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis!

Ecce! Coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,

Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim ;

Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,

Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.

Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos,

Tænario placuit diva Sicana Deo.

Aspice, Phœbe! Tibi faciles hortantur amores,

Mellitosque movent flamina verna preces :

Cinnamêa Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,

Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.

Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores

Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros.

Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
 Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
 Quòd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
 Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus amor)
 Illa tibi ostentat, quascunque sub æquore vasto
 Et superinjectis montibus abdit, opes.
 Ah, quoties, cùm tu clivoso, fessus, Olympo
 In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,
 "Cur te," inquit! "cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno,
 Hesperiiis recipit cærule mater aquis?
 Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ?
 Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?
 Frigora, Phœbe, meâ melius captabis in umbrâ.
 Huc ades! Ardentes imbue rore comas!
 Mollior è gelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herba.
 Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo!
 Quàque jaces, circum mulcebit, lene susurrans,
 Aura, per humentes, corpora, fusa rosas.
 Nec me (crede mihi!) terrent Semeleïa fata,
 Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo,
 Cùm tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientiùs uteris igni.
 Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo!"
 Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores.
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt;
 Nunc etinim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
 Languentesque foveat solis ab igne faces.

Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis;
 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo;
 Jamque vel invictam tentat superâsse Dianam,
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
 Ipsa senescentum reparat Venus annua formam,
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
 Marmoreas juvenes clamant "Hymenæe!" per urbes,
 Littus "io Hymen!" et cava saxa sonant.
 Cultior ille venit, tunicâque decentior aptâ,
 (Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum)
 Egrediturque, frequens, ad amœni gaudia veris
 Virgineos auro cincta, puella, sinus.
 Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum,
 Ut sibi, quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
 Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
 Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
 Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
 Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.
 Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
 Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.
 Nunc etiam Satyri, cùm sera crepuscula surgunt,
 Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
 Sylvanusque, suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,
 Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper;
 Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,
 Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.

Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
 Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nympha pedes;
 Jamque latet, latitansque, cupit, malè tecta, videri,
 Et fugit, et, fugiens, pervelit ipsa capi.
 Dî quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere sylvas,
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet:
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
 Nec vos arboreâ, dî, (precor), ite domo!
 Te referant miseris, te, Jupiter, aurea terris
 Sæcla! Quid ab nimbos, aspera tela, redis?
 Tu saltem lentè rapidos age, Phœbe, jugales,
 Quà potes, et sensim tempora veris eant;
 Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
 Ingruat et nostro senior umbra polo!

ELEGIA VI.

Ad CAROLUM DEODATUM,

RURI COMMORANTEM,

Qui, cùm Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina excusari postulâsset, si solito minùs essent bona, quòd inter lautitias, quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.

MITTO tibi sanam, non pleno ventre, salutem,
 Qua tu, distento, fortè carere potes.
 At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,
 Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
 Carmine scire velis, quàm te redamemque colamque?
 Crede mihi! Vix hoc carmine scire queas.
 Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
 Nec venit ad claudos, integer ipse, pedes.
 Quam benè solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrem,
 Festaque, cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,
 Deliciasque refers, hiberni gaudia ruris,
 Haustaque per lepidos, Gallica musta, focos!
 Quìd quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestâsse corymbos,
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.

Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus "Euœ!"

Mista Thyoneo, turba novena, choro.

Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris.

Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat.

Quid, nisi vina, rosasque, racemiferumque Lyæum,

Cantavit brevibus Teïa Musa modis?

Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,

Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;

Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,

Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.

Quadrimoque madens lyricen Romanus Iaccho,

Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.

Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu

Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.

Massica foecundam despumant pocula venam,

Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.

Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phoebum

Corda. Favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.

Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te,

Numine composito, tres peperisse Deos.

Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro

Insonat, argutâ molliter icta manu;

Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,

Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.

Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,

Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners!

Crede mihi ! Dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
 Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
 Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor ;
 Perque puellares oculos, digitumque sonantem,
 Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
 Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est ;
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos,
 Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
 Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
 Talibus inde licent convivium larga poetis,
 Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero.
 At, qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cœlum,
 Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
 Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
 Ille quidem parcè, Samii pro more magistri,
 Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos !
 Stet propè fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
 Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat !
 Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juvenus,
 Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus,
 Qualis, veste nitens sacrâ et lustralibus undis,
 Surgis, ad infensos, augur, iture Deos.

Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
 Orpheon, edomitis sola per antra feris.
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
 Et per monstificam Perseïæ Phœbados aulam,
 Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,
 Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
 Dīs etenim sacer est vates, divumque sacerdos,
 Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora, Jovem.
 At tu, siquid agam, scitabere si modò saltem
 Esse putas tanti noscere, siquid agam.
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,
 Faustaque sacratis sæcula pacta libris,
 Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto,
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit,
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
 Et subitò elisos ad sua fana Deos.
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque pressa manent, patriis meditata cicutis,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris.

ELEGIA VII.

ANNO ÆTATIS 19.

NONDUM, blanda, tuas leges, Amathusia, noram;
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
Atque tuum sprevi, maxime, numen, Amor.
“ Tu, puer, imbelles ” (dixi) “ transfige columbas !
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
Aut de passeribus timidos age, parve, triumphos !
Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ,
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma ?
Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.”
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
Promptior, et, duplici, jam, ferus igne, calet.
Ver erat ; et, summæ radians per culmina villæ,
Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem.
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum sustinere jubar.
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis.
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum :
Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.

Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi ;
 Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas,
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.
 Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas,
 Et " Miser, exemplo sapuisses tutiùs " inquit.
 " Nu nc, mea quid possit dextera, testis eris.
 Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
 Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
 Edomui Phœbum ; cessit et ille mihi,
 Et, quoties meminit Peneïdos, ipse fatetur
 Certiùs et graviùs tela nocere mea.
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
 Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques :
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille,
 Inscius uxori qui necis autor erat.
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.
 Jupiter ipse licèt sua fulmina torqueat in me,
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
 Cætera, quæ dubitas, melius mea tela docebunt,
 Et tua, non leviter, corda, petenda mihi.
 Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,
 Nec tibi Phœbœus porriget anguis opem."

Dixit, et, aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat :
 Et modò, quà nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
 Turba frequens, facieque smillima turba dearum,
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias :
 Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat.
 Fallor? An et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
 Impetus et quo me fert juvenilis, agor.
 Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
 Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.
 Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam.
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri.
 Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.
 Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
 Solut et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
 Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
 Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus :
 Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
 Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis :
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
 Hei mihi ! mille locis pectus inerme ferit.

Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
 Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
 Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
 Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
 Findor, et hæc remanet: sequitur pars altera votum,
 Raptaque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat.
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos :
 Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.
 Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus ? Amores
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
 O utinam, spectare semel mihi detur amatos
 Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui !
 Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,
 Fortè nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces !
 Crede mihi ! Nullus sic infeliciter arsit.
 Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
 Parce, (precor) teneri cùm sis Deus ales amoris,
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo!
 Jam, tuus Oh ! certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
 Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens :
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
 Solutus et in superis tu mihi summus eris.

Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores!

Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans.

Tu modò da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,

Cuspis amatueros figat ut una duos!

HÆc ego, mente olim lævâ, studioque supino,

Nequitia posui vana tróphæa meæ.

Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,

Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit;

Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos

Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.

Protinùs, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,

Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu;

Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,

Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.

EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER.

In inventorem Bombardæ.

IAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem.
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma
 Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

Ad LEONORAM, Romæ canentem.

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
 Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.
 Ah, miser ille tuo quanto felicius ævo
 Perditus et propter te, Leonora, foret,
 Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem
 Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ!
 Quamvis Dirçæo torsisset lumina Pentheo
 Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,

Tu tamen, errantes cæcâ vertigine, *sensus*
 Voce eâdem poteras composuisse tuâ,
 Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde, *quietem*
 Flexanimo cantu restituïsse sibi.

Ad eandem.

CREDULA, quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,
 Claraque Parthenopes fana Acheloiados,
 Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ,
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
 Illa quidem vivitque, et amoenâ Tibridis undâ
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
 Illic, Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,
 Atque homines cantu detinet, atque Deos.

Apologus de Rustico et Hero.

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit domino :
 Hinc, incredibili fructus dulcedine captus,
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.

Hactenùs illa ferax; sed, longo debilis ævo,
 Mota solo assueto, protinus aret iners:
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus;
 Atque ait. "Heu, quanto satius fuit illa Coloni,
 Parva licet, grato dona tulisse animo!
 Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:
 Nunc periire mihi et foetus, et ipse parens."

Ad Christinam, Suecorum Reginam, nomine Cromwelli.

BELLIPOTENS virgo, septem regina trionum,
 Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli,
 Cernis, quas merui durâ sub casside, rugas,
 Utque senex, armis impiger, ora tero;
 Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
 Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.
 Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra:
 Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

In obitum Procancellarii, medici.

Anno Ætatis 17.

PARERE fati discite legibus,
 Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem
 Iäpeti colitis nepotes!
 Vos si, relicto, mors vaga, Tænaro,
 Semel vocarit flebilis, heu! moræ
 Tentantur incassùm dolique.
 Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
 Si destinatam pellere dextera
 Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules,
 Nessi venenatus cruore,
 Æmathiâ jacuisset Ætâ;
 Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
 Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut

Quem larva Pelidis peremit
 Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
 Si triste fatum verba Hecateia
 Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
 Vixisset infamis, potentique
 Ægiali soror usa virgâ ;
 Numenque trinum fallere si queant
 Artes medentum, ignotaque gramina,
 Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
 Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ :
 Læsisset et nec te, Philyreie,
 Sagitta, Echidnæ perlita sanguine,
 Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,
 Cæse puer genitricis alvo.
 Tuque, O alumno major Apolline
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
 Et mediis Helicon in undis,
 Jam præfuisses Palladio gregi
 Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloriâ ;
 Nec puppe lustrâsses Charontis
 Horribiles barathri recessus.
 At fila rupit Persephone tua,
 Irata, cùm te viderit artibus,
 Succoque pollenti, tot atris
 Faucibus eripuisse mortis.

Colende Præses, membra (precor) tua

Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo

Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,

Purpureoque hyacinthus ore!

Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,

Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina;

Interque felices perennis

Elysio spatiere campo!

In Obitum Præsulis Eliensis.

Anno Ætatis 17.

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,
Et sicca nondùm lumina
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
Wintoniensis Præsulis;
Cùm centilinguis Fama, proh! semper mali
Cladisque vera nuntia,
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
Populosque Neptuno satos,
Cessisse morti et ferreis sororibus,
Te, generis humani decus,
Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ,
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota Naso in Ibidâ
Concepit alto diriora pectore;
Graiisque vates parciùs
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsamque Neobolen suam.

At ecce! diras ipse dum fundo graves,
 Et imprecor neci necem,
 Audîsse tales videor attonitus sonos
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine,
 " Cæcos furores pone! Pone vitream
 Bilemque et irritas minas!
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
 Subitòque ad iras percita?
 Non est, ut arbitraris, elusus miser,
 Mors atra, Noctis filia,
 Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,
 Vastove nata sub Chao.
 Ast illa, cœlo missa stellato, Dei
 Messes ubique colligit,
 Animasque, mole carneâ reconditas,
 In lucem et auras evocat,
 Ut cùm fugaces excitant Horæ diem,
 Themidos Jovisque filiæ,
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris.
 At justa raptat impios
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari
 Sedesque subterraneas.
 Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites
 Ad astra sublimis feror,

Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex,

Auriga currus ignei.

Non me Bootis terruere lucidi

Sarraca tarda frigore, aut

Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,

Non ensis, Orion, tuus.

Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,

Longèque sub pedibus deam

Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos

Frænis dracones aureis.

Erraticorum siderum per ordines,

Per lacteas vehor plagas,

Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam;

Donec nitentes ad fores

Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et

Stratum smaragdis atrium.

Sed hîc tacebo. Nam quis effari queat,

Oriundus humano patre,

Amœnitates illius loci? Mihi

Sat est in æternum frui."

Naturam non pati senium.

HEU, quàm, perpetuis erroribus acta, fatiscit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis,
 Œdipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem,
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis!

Ergòne marcescet, sulcantibus obsita rugis,
 Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater,
 Omniparum contracta uterum, sterilecet ab ævo,
 Et, se fassa senem, malè certis passibus ibit
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetustas,
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque, situsque,
 Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus
 Esuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
 Heu! potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
 Ergò erit, ut quandoque, sono dilapsa tremendo,
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
 Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ
 Decidat, horribilisque, relectâ Gorgone, Pallas;

Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli?
 Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati;
 Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
 Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
 Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto?
 Tunc etiam aerei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
 Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
 Terrebut Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
 In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

At pater omnipotens, fundatis fortiùs astris,
 Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
 Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
 Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
 Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
 Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cœlos.
 Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et, acer, ut olim,
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.
 Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat;
 Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras,
 Devexo temone Deus; sed, semper amicâ
 Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum.
 Surgit, odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis,
 Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo,

Mane vocans, et serus agens in pascua coeli;
 Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
 Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis:
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
 Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
 Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
 Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat:
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
 Rex maris; et raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
 Oceani tubicen; nec vastâ mole minorem
 Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
 Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
 Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorem,
 Phœbe, tuusque, et, Cypri, tuus; nec ditior olim
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum;
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
 Circumplexa polos et vasti culmina coeli;
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Ideâ Platonîcâ, quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.

DICITE, sacrorum præsidēs nemorum deæ,
 Tuque, O, noveni perbeata numinis,
 Memoria, mater, quæque in immenso procul
 Antro recumbis, otiosa Æternitas,
 Monumenta servans et ratas leges Jovis,
 Cœlique fastos, atque ephemeridas Deûm;
 Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
 Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?
 Haud ille, Palladis gemellus innubæ,
 Interna proles, insidet menti Jovis;
 Sed, quàmlibet natura sit communior,
 Tamen seorsûs extat ad morem unius,
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci:
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
 Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
 Citimumve terris incolit lunæ globum,
 Sive, inter animas corpus adituras sedens,
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas;
 Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ
 Incedit ingens, hominis archetypus, gigas,
 Et, dîs tremendus, erigit celsum caput,
 Atlante major, portitore siderum.

Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,
Dircæus augur, vidit hunc alto sinu.
Non hunc silente nocte Plëiones nepos
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro.
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
Non ille, trino gloriosus nomine,
Ter magnus Hermes, ut sit arcani sciens,
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,
Hæc monstra si tu primus indûxti scholis,
Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum ;
 Ut, tenues oblita sonos, audacibus alis
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen,
 Exiguum meditatur opus : nec novimus ipsi,
 Aptiùs a nobis quæ possint munera donis
 Respondere tuis, quàmvis nec maxima possint
 Respondere tuis, nedùm ut par gratia donis
 Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
 Et, quod habemus opum, chartâ numeravimus istâ,
 Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
 Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
 Et nemoris laureta sacri, Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu, vatis opus, divinum despice carmen,
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus et semina cœli,
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
 Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flammæ !
 Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
 Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
 Et triplici duro Manes adamante coercet.
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri

Phoebades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ.
 Carmina sacrificus solennes pangit ad aras,
 Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum
 Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
 Consulit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
 Nos etiam, patrium tunc cùm repetemus Olympum,
 Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
 Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
 Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
 Astra quibus geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
 Spiritus et, rapidos qui circinat igneus orbès,
 Nunc quoque sidereis intercinit ipse choreis
 Immortale melos et inenarrabile carmen ;
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion ;
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
 Cùm nondùm luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
 Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat coena Lyæo.
 Tum, de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,
 Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
 Et chaos, et positi late fundamina mundi,
 Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
 Et nondum Ætnæo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,

Verborum sensûsque vacans numerique loquacis ?
 Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea, cantus,
 Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functa canendo
 Compulit in lacrymas : Habet has à carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge (precor) sacras contemnere Musas,
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum, ipse, peritus
 Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
 Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
 Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres !
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti,
 Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur ?
 Ipse volens Phoebus se dispertire duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;
 Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puerque, tenemus.

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,
 Non odisse reor ; neque enim, pater, ire jubebas,
 Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
 Certaue condendi fulget spes aurea nummi,
 Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures ;
 Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
 Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis

Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,
 Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.
 Officium chari taceo commune parentis;
 Me poscunt majora: Tuo, pater optime, sumptu,
 Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
 Et Latii veneres, et, quæ Jovis ora decebant,
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
 Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores,
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
 Fudit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus;
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
 Denique, quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo
 Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluvius aer,
 Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitable marmor,
 Per te nôsse licet, per te, si nôsse libebit;
 Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
 Nî fugisse velim, nî sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas
 Austriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna præoptas!
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
 Jupiter, excepto, donâset ut omnia, cœlo?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvîs et tuta fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,

Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,
 Et circùm undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
 Ergò ego, jam doctæ pars quàmlibet ima catervæ,
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo ;
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul, vigiles curæ, procul este, querelæ,
 Invidiæque acies, transverso tortilis hirquo,
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende, Calumnia, rictus !
 In me triste nihil, fœdissima turba, potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego ; securaque tutus
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquàm non æqua merenti
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
 Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri ;
 Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco.
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

Ad Salsillum, Poetam Romanum, ægrotantem.

S C A Z O N T E S.

O MUSA, gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
 Quàm cùm decentes flava Dëiope suras
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum ;
 Adesdum, et hæc, s'is, verba pauca Salsillo
 Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
 Hæc ergo, alumnus ille Londini, Milto,
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum
 Polique tractum, pessimus ubi ventorum,
 Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra,
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ,
 Virosque, doctæque indolem juventutis.
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum ;
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
 Præcordiisque fixa, damnosum spirat ;

Nec id pepercit impia, quòd tu Romano
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.

O dulce divûm munus, O Salus, Hebes
 Germana! Tuque, Phœbe, morborum terror,
 Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
 Querceta Fauni, vosque, rore vinoso
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
 Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
 Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
 Sic ille, charis redditus rursùm Muis,
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
 Suam reclinis semper Ægeriam spectans;
 Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis, hinc delinitus,
 Spei favebit annuæ colonorum,
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,
 Nimium sinistro laxis irruens loro;
 Sed fræna meliùs temperabit undarum
 Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

M A N S U S.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, necnon et bellicâ virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est; ad quem Torquati Tassi Dialogus extat, de Amicitîâ scriptus (erat enim Tassi amicissimus;) ab quo etiam inter Campanice princeps celebratur in illo poemate, cui titulus Gerusalemme conquistata, lib. 20.

*Frà cavalier magnanimi, e cortesi,
Risplende il Manso.*——

Is authorem, Neapoli commorantem, summâ benevolentîâ prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille, antequam ab eâ urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

HÆc quoque, Manse, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi;
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,
Post Galli cineres, et Mecænatis Hetrusci.
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, et æternis incripsit nomina chartis:
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
Tradidit; Ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Assyrios divûm prolixus amores
Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.

Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
 Ossa, tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit:
 Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
 Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
 Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant
 Officia in tumulto. Cupis integros rapere Orco,
 Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges.
 Amborum genus, et variâ sub sorte peractam
 Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ,
 Æmulus illius, Mycalen, qui, natus ad altam,
 Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
 Ergo ego te Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi,
 Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum,
 Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,
 Quæ, nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto,
 Imprudens Italis ausa est volitare per urbes.
 Nos etiam, in nostro modulantes flumine, cygnos
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbra,
 Quà Thamesis latè puris argenteus urnis
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines:
 Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.

Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
 Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione

Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Booten.
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, Nos munera Phœbo,
 Flavescentes spicas, et lutea mala canistris
 Halentemque crocum, perhibet nisi vana vetustas,
 Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
 Gens, Druides, antiqua, sacris operata deorum,
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant,
 Hinc, quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
 Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ,
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corineida Loxo,
 Fatidicamque Upin cum flavicomâ Hacaërge,
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fūco.

Fortunate senex, ergò, quâcunque per orbem
 Torquati decus et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
 Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitâsse penates
 Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas;
 At non sponte domum tamen idem et regis adivit
 Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
 Ille licet magnum Alciden suscepit hospes,
 Tantùm, ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum

Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta,
 Peneium prope rivum; Ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ
 Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici,
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
 Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
 Saxa stetero loco. Nutat Trachinia rupes,
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas;
 Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.

Dîs dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
 Nascentem, et miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,
 Atlantisque nepos; neque enim, nisi charus ab ortu
 Dîs superis, poterit magno favisse poetæ.
 Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
 Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,
 Nondùm deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
 Ingeniumque vicens, et adultum mentis acumen.
 Oh, mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,
 Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam benè nôrit,
 Si quandô indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem,
 Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
 Magnanimos heroas; et oh, modò spiritus adsit,
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges!

Tandèm ubi, non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis !
Astanti, sat erit, si dicam "Sim tibi curæ !"
Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,
Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ,
Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas ! At ego securâ pace quiescam.
Tum quoque, siqua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego, cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,
Quò labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo,
Quantùm fata sinunt, et, totâ mente serenum
Ridens, purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

A R G U M E N T U M.

Thyrsis et Damon, ejusdem viciniæ pastores, eadem studia secuti, a pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimùm. Thyrsis, animi causâ profectus peregrè, de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Demùm postea reversus, et, rem ita esse, [comperto, se suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus, ex urbe Hetruricæ, Lucâ, paterno genere oriundus, cœtera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cœteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES nymphæ, (nam vos et Daphnin, et Hylan
 Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)
 Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen;
 Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
 Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
 Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
 Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
 Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans!
 Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,
 Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
 Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis: Pastorem scilicet illum,
 Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe.

Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relict
 Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,
 Tum vero amissum, tum denique, sentit amicum,
 Cæpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

“ Ite domum, impasti, (domino jam non vacat) agni !
 Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cælo,
 Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon !
 Siccine nos linqvis ? Tua sic sine nomine virtus
 Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris ?
 At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
 Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
 Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentûm.

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni !
 Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo antè videbit,
 Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
 Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longûmque vigebit
 Inter pastores. Illi tibi vota secundo
 Solvere post Daphnin post Daphnin, dicere laudes,
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit,
 Siquid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piumque,
 Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni !
 Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon !

At mihi quid tandem fiet modo! Quis mihi fidus
 Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
 Frigoribus duris, et per loca foeta pruinis,
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis,
 Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,
 Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis?
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque, solebit?

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni!
 Pectora cui credam? Quis me lenire docebit
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
 Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni
 Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus Auster
 Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni!
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
 Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbra,
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
 Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
 Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni!
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,

Hic serum expecto. Supra caput imber, et Eurus,
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni!
Heu, quàm culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant, ovium quoque tædet; at illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni!
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alpheisibœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Ægan, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas.
“ Hic gelidi fontes, hinc illita gramina musco,
Hinc Zephyri, hinc placidas interstrepit arbutus undas,”
Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni!
Mopsus ad hæc (nam me redeuntem fortè notârat,
Et callebat avîm linguas et sidera Mopsus)
“ Thyrsi, quid hoc?”—dixit. “ Quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.”

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni!
Mirantur nymphæ, et “ Quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?”

Quid tibi vis?" aiunt: "Non hæc solet esse juventæ
 Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi;
 Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem
 Jure petit. Bis ille miser, qui serus amavit."

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni!
 Venit Hyas, Dryopèque, et, filia Baucidis, Ægle,
 Docta modos citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
 Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
 Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
 Nil me, siquid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni!
 Hei mihi! Quàm similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
 De grege! Sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri:
 Lex eadem pelagi; deserto in littore Proteus
 Agmina Phocarum numerat; vilisque volucrum
 Passer habet semper, quicum sit, et omnia circum
 Farra libens volitat, serò sua tecta revisens,
 Quem si sors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
 Protinùs ille alium socio petit indè volatu.
 Nos, durum genus, et diris exercita fati
 Gens, homines, aliena animis, et pectore discors;

Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum ;
 Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
 Illum inopina dies, quâ non speraveris, horâ
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni !
 Heu, quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam !
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
 Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
 Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit ;
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale !
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes !
 Ah, certè extremum licuisset tangere dextram,
 Et benè compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
 Et dixisse " Vale ! Nostri memor, ibis ad astra. "

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni !
 Quanquàm etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
 Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus,
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos ; et Thuscus tu quoque, Damon,
 Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
 Oh, ego quantus eram, gelidi cùm stratus ad Arni
 Murmura populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam !

Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec, puto, multum,
 Displicui; nam sunt et apud me munera vestra
 Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ.
 Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
 Et Datis, et Francinus; erant et vocibus ambo
 Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni!
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.
 Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
 "Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
 Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus:"
 Et, quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura,
 Arripui voto, levis, et præsentia finxi:
 "Heus bone, numquid agis? Nisi te quid forte retardat,
 Imus, et argutâ paulûm recubamus in umbrâ,
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
 Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hyacinthi,
 Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentûm."
 Ah, pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentûm,
 Gramina, postquàm ipsi nil profecere magistro!
 Ipse etiam (nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
 Fistula, ab undecimâ jum lux est altera nocte,

Et tū forte novis admōram labra cicutis,
 Dissiluere tamen ruptā compage, nec ultrā
 Ferre graves potuere sonos ; dubito quoque, ne sim
 Turgidulus ; tamen et referam ; vos cedite, sylvæ !)

Ite domum, impasti, (domino jam non vacat) agni !
 Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
 Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
 Brennumque Arviragumque, duces, priscumque Belinum,
 Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos ;
 Tum gravidam Arturo, fatali fraude, Iogernen,
 Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlois arma,
 Merlini dolus. Oh, mihi tum si vita supersit
 Tu procul annosâ pendebris, fistula, pinu,
 Multum oblita mihi, aut, patriis mutata Camœnis
 Brittonicum strides. Quid enim ? Omnia non licet uni,
 Non sperâsse uni licet omnia. Mî satis ampla
 Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
 Tum licet, externo penitûsque inglorius orbi)
 Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni,
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis
 Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum, impasti (domino jam non vacat) agni !
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,

Hæc, et plura simul; tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
 Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento.
 In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
 Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ,
 Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris,
 Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis,
 Parte aliâ polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus.
 Quis putet? Hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pharetræ,
 Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo;
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
 Hinc ferit, at, circum flammantia lumina torquens,
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbem
 Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus.
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, (nec me fallit spes lubrica) Damon,
 Tu quoque in his certè es. Nam quò tua dulcis abiret
 Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
 Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse sub orco,
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,
 Ite procul, lacrymæ, Purum colit æthera Damon,
 Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum,

Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,
 Æthereos haurit latices, et gaudia potat
 Ore sacro. Quin tu, cœli post jura recepta,
 Dexter ades, placidusque fave, quicumque vocaris,
 Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
 Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
 Cœlicolæ nôrint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
 Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juvenus
 Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,
 En, etiam tibi virginei servantur honores!
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,
 Lætaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,
 Æternùm perages immortales hymenæos ;
 Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrsos.

*Ad JOANNEM ROUSIUM, Oxoniensis Academiae
Bibliothecarium,*

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuò mitti posulabat, ut cum
aliis nostris in Bibliothecâ publicâ reponet, Ode.

STROPHE.

GEMELLE, cultu simplici gaudens, liber,
Fronte licet geminâ,
Munditieque nitens non operosâ ;
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen, haud nimii poetæ;
Dum, vagus, Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta luit,
Insons populi, barbitoque devius
Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede :

ANTISTROPHE.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo ?

Cùm tu ; missus ab urbe,
 Docto jugitur obsecrante amico,
 Illustre tendebas iter
 Thamesis ad incunabula,
 Cærulei patris,
 Fontes ubi limpidi
 Aonidum, thyasnsque sacer,
 Orbi notus per immensos
 Temporum lapsus, redeunte cœlo,
 Celeberque futurus in ævum ?

STROPHE 2.

Modo quis deus, aut editus deo,
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,
 (Si satis noxas luimus priores,
 Mollique luxu degener otium,)

Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
 Almaque revocet studia, sanctus,
 Et relegatas sine sede Musas
 Jam pene totis finibus Angligenûm ;
 Immundasque volucres,
 Unguibus imminentes,
 Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
 Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo ?

ANTISTROPHE.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licèt malâ
 Fide, vel oscitantiâ,
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
 Seu quis te teneat specus,
 Seu qua te latebra, forsàn unde vili
 Callo tereris institoris insulsi,
 Lætare felix ! En, iterùm tibi
 Spes nova fulget, posse profundam
 Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
 In Jovis aulam, remige penna !

STROPHE 3.

Nam te Roüsïus sui
 Optat peculî, numeroque justo
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
 Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta
 Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ,
 Teque adytis etiam sacris
 Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet,
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
 Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris
 Quàm cui præfuit Iön,
 Clarus Erechtheides,

Opulenta dei per templa parentis
 Fulvosque tripodas donaque Delphica,
 Iön, Actæâ genitus Creusâ.

ANTISTROPHE.

Ergo tu visere lucos
 Musarum ibis amœnos,
 Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,
 Oxoniâ quam valle colit,
 Delo posthabitâ
 Bifidoque Parnassi jugo.
 Ibis honestus,
 Postquàm egregiam tu quoque sortem
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
 Illic legeris inter alta nomina
 Autorum, Graiæ simul et Latinæ
 Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

EPODOS.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
 Jam sero placidam sperare jubeo
 Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas,
 Quas bonus Hermes,

Et tutela dabit solers Roüsi;
 Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
 Turba legentûm prava facesset :
 At ultimi nepotes
 Et cordatior ætas
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
 Adhibebit, integro sinu.
 Tum, livore sepulto,
 Siquid meremur, sana posteritas sciet,
 Roüso favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, una demum Epodo clausis, quas tametsi omnes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exacte respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commode legende potius, quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt κατὰ σχεσιν, partim ἀπολελυμένα. Phaleucia quæ sunt, Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

THE
FRAGMENT
OF AN INTENDED
COMMENTARY
ON
PARADISE LOST.

TO Mr. Addison's remarks on this subject it may not be improper to add, that though our syllables are not strictly reducible to the rules either of Greek or Latin prosody, they are nevertheless all long or short in the judgment of an accurate ear, and that without close attention to syllabic quantity in the construction of our verse, we can give it neither melody nor dignity. Milton, as Mr. Addison observes and proves, deals much in the Iambic and in the Trochee, and occasionally in several other kinds that he specifies; but perhaps the grand secret, to which his verse is principally indebted for its stately movement, is his more frequent use of the Spondee than of any other. The more long syllables there are in a verse, the more the line of it is protracted, and consequently the pace, with which it moves, is the more majestic.

B O O K I.

LINE 1. *Of Man's first disobedience.*

Man in Paradise received two injunctions from his Maker, and two only. To keep holy the seventh day, and to abstain from a

particular fruit, which if he ate, he would incur Death as the inevitable consequence. These were the sole tests of his allegiance; for created as he was, holy, and in the express image of God, he could have no need of a law written in Tables for his direction.

LINE 5. *And regain the blissful seat.*

The *seat* may be poetically said to be regained if the *state* be so, and that the state of Man on earth shall hereafter be Paradisaical seems sufficiently clear from those Scriptures, which speak of the restitution of all things. Neither is it improbable, that the seat or place itself of Paradise may be eminently distinguished in the oeconomy of that Kingdom of universal righteousness, which according to an opinion always prevalent among Christians, and much countenanced by the Word of God, shall succeed the present dispensation.

LINE 6. - - - - - *Secret top.*

Secret probably in respect of the secrecy of the interview between God and Moses, during which no creature was permitted, on pain of instant death, even to touch the mountain.

LINE 7. *Of Oreb or of Sinai.*

These are different names, either for the same mountain, or for different parts of it.

LINE 8. *That shepherd.*

Moses is called a shepherd either literally, because he *kept the flock of Jethro his father in law.* Exod. 3. 1. or figuratively, as in Psalm 77. 20. where it is said that God led his chosen through the wilderness like a flock, by the hand of Moses and Aaron.

LINE 26. *And justify the ways of God to men.*

Justify them by evincing, that when Man by transgression incurred the forfeiture of his blessings, and the displeasure of God, himself only was to blame. God created him for happiness, made him completely happy, furnished him with sufficient means of security, and gave him explicit notice of his only danger. What could he more, unless he had compelled his obedience, which would have been at once to reduce him from the glorious condition of a free agent to that of an animal.

There is a solemnity of sentiment, as well as majesty of numbers, in the exordium of this noble Poem, which in the works of the antients has no example.

The sublimest of all subjects was reserved for Milton, and bringing to the contemplation of that subject not only a genius equal to the best of theirs, but a heart also deeply impregnated with the divine truths, which lay before him, it is no wonder, that he has produced a composition on the whole superior to any, that we have received from former ages. But he, who addresses him-

self to the perusal of this work with a mind entirely unaccustom'd to serious and spiritual contemplation, unacquainted with the word of God, or prejudiced against it, is ill-qualified to appreciate the value of a poem built upon it, or to taste its beauties. Milton is the Poet of Christians: an Infidel may have an ear for the harmony of his numbers, may be aware of the dignity of his expression, and in some degree of the sublimity of his conceptions, but the unaffected, and masculine piety, which was his true inspirer, and is the very soul of his poem, he will either not perceive, or it will offend him.

We cannot read this exordium without perceiving, that the author possesses more fire than he shows—There is a suppressed force in it, the effect of judgment. His judgment controuls his genius, and his genius reminds us (to use his own beautiful similitude) of

“ A proud steed rein'd,
Champing his iron curb.”

he addresses himself to the performance of great things, but makes no great exertion in doing it; a sure symptom of uncommon vigor.

LINE 27. *Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view.*

This enquiry is not only poetically beautiful like Homer's *Iliad* 2. 485, in which he addresses the Muses with a similar plea

Τρεῖς γὰρ θεοὶ ἴστε, πῶρετε τε, ἴξετε πάντα

or like that of Virgil, who pleads with them in the same manner,
Æn: 8. 645.

Et meministis, enim, Divæ, et memorare potestis.

but it has the additional recommendation of the most consummate propriety, and is in fact a prayer for information to the only Inspirer able to grant it. Of the manner of Man's creation, of his happy condition while innocent, and of the occasion and circumstances of his fall, we could have known nothing but from the intelligence communicated by the Holy Spirit.

LINE 39. *To set himself in glory above his peers.*

Dr. Pearce needed not perhaps to have gone so far as he did in his note on this line for a key to the true meaning of it. A single word in the next verse but one seems sufficiently to explain it—the word *ambitious*. It imports plainly an opposition not of mere enmity, but of enmity that aspired to superiority over the person opposed. Satan's aim, therefore, was in Milton's view of it, to supplant the Most High, and to usurp the supremacy of Heaven; and by *Peers* are intended, not only those, who aided him in his purpose, but all the Angels, as well the faithful as the rebellious.

This line affording the first instance, that occurs in the poem of a *y* cut from the end of a word that precedes a vowel, it affords also the fittest opportunity to observe, that though elisions of this

kind, and many others frequent in Milton's practice, have fallen into disuse, their discontinuance is no advantage. In the ear of a person accustomed to meet them in the Greek and Latin Classics, where they abound, they have often an agreeable and sometimes a very fine effect. But it is admitted, that discretion and a good taste are requisite to the proper use of them, and that too frequently employed, or unskilfully, they may prove indeed deformities.

LINE 50. *Nine times the space, that measures day and night.*

It is observable, that between all the members, of which this long period consists, the same pause or nearly the same obtains, till it terminates at line 74. Thus the voice, and the ear, are held in a sort of terrible suspense, while the poet proceeds enumerating, as he would never cease, the horrors of the scene, deepening them still more and more as he goes, till at last he closes all with that circumstance of most emphatic misery, the immeasurable distance, to which these apostate spirits had fallen from God, and the light of Heaven. There is a doleful music in the whole passage, that fitly accompanies such a subject.

LINE 75. *Oh how unlike the place, from whence they fell.*

Of all the articles, of which the dreadful scenery of Milton's Hell consists, Scripture furnished him only with the Lake of Fire and Brimstone. Yet, thus slenderly assisted, what a world of woe

has he constructed by the force of an imagination proved in this single instance the most creative, that ever poet owned !

LINE 114. - - - - - *that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy, &c.*

To invent speeches for these Infernals so well adapted to their character, speeches burning with rage against God, and with disdain and contempt of his power, and to avoid in them all the extreme danger of revolting and shocking the reader past all sufferance, was indeed, as Horace says—*Ire per extensum funem*, and evidences the most exquisite address in the author.

LINE 143. *But what if He, our conqu'ror* - - -

There is a fine discrimination observable in the respective speeches of Satan and Beelzebub. In those of the former we find that unbroken hardness of spirit, which suits well the character of the Arch-fiend, and seducer of all the others ; while Beelzebub so speaks as to seem somewhat less obdurate, less a devil than his leader ; he is dejected, he desponds, he forecasts the worst, and is in a degree impressed with a suitable sense of his condition.

LINE 177. *To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.*

In this line we seem to hear a thunder suited both to the scene and the occasion, incomparably more awful than any ever heard

on earth, and the *thunder wing'd with light'ning* is highly poetical. It may be observed here that the thunder of Milton is not hurled from the hand like Homer's, but discharged like an arrow. Thus in book 6, line 712, the Father, ordering forth the Son for the destruction of the rebel Angels, says—

- - - - - bring forth all my war
My bow, and thunder.

as if, jealous for the honour of the true God, the poet disdained to arm him like the God of the Heathen.—So in Psalm 7. v. 12, it is said—If he turn not he will wet his sword; he hath *bent his bow* and made it ready—he ordaineth his *arrows* against the persecutors.

The substance of this ingenious vindication of Milton against the charge of Bentley is taken from a note of Richardson, though by some inadvertance Dr. Newton, who borrows it, has omitted to make the acknowledgment.

LINE 193. *With head uplift.*

Milton frequently abridges the participle perfect of its last syllable, by this, and a multitude of such artifices, giving his language an air of novelty.

LINE 202. *Created hurgest, that swim the ocean stream.*

The author, speaking of a vast creature, speaks in numbers

suited to the subject, and gives his line a singular and strange movement, by inserting the word *hugest* where it may have the clumsiest effect. He might easily have said in smoother verse

Created hugest of the ocean stream

but smoothness was not the thing to be consulted when the Leviathan was in question. In like manner, speaking of the larger fishes, book 7. 410. he says—

- - - - - part, huge of bulk,
Wallowing unwieldy! enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean.

What man of true taste would exchange such cumbersome verse, on such an occasion, for the most musical, that ever was written.

LINE 203. *Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam.*

This simile is most happily introduced, and finely chosen by the poet for the relief of his reader, who feels his imagination refreshed by such a sudden removal from scenes of fire to the shores of the ocean.

LINE 207. *Under the lee.*

Milton, as Dr. Newton here insinuates, has indeed been charged with an affectation of technical *terms*; but his use of the word

lee in this place seems no proof of it. What other word could he have found in our language, by which to express the situation intended, and was not such a word (of maritime use indeed, but almost universally understood in our country) to be preferred to a tedious circumlocution?

LINE 215. *Heap on himself damnation.*

Here Milton seems to have had in view Romans 2. v. 5.—But after thy hardness and impenitent heart treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God.

LINE 241. *Not by the suffrance of supernal power.*

To which cause alone the poet himself ascribes it a little before. See lines 211. 12.

LINE 257. *All but less than he.*

The construction perhaps is not very obvious, but seems to be this.—What matter where I am, so I be still the same, and what I should be in every respect, this one particular excepted, that I am less than he, whom thunder hath made greater?

LINE 298. *Smote on him sore besides.*

The poet in other passages expresses the effect of violent heat by the verb *smite*. Thus in book 4. 244. he says—

Both where the morning sun first warmly *smote*.
The open field.

And again it occurs in his 5th Italian Sonnet.

Per certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia,
Esser non può che non sian lo mio sole,
Si mi *percuoto* forte.

LINE 300. *Of that inflamed sea.*

Milton sometimes cuts off the last syllable of the participle in *ed*, and sometimes, as here, allows its complete pronunciation. It were to be wished, that the practice of incorporating it with the preceding syllable by the absorption of the intermediate *e*—as in *thrash'd*, *advanc'd*, *wrick'd*, and other words of the like kind, had not so universally obtained, as it has. For the consequence is often a clutter of consonants with only a single vowel to assist their utterance, which has a barbarous effect, both in the sound, and in the appearance.

LINE 315.

Of all the harrangues, that either history, or poetry, has invented for commanders rallying their routed armies, none was ever better conceived than this. Satan seems himself astonished in the beginning of it, but it is at their astonishment, which, though he sees it, he can hardly believe. Next affecting ignorance of the real cause

of their inactivity, he imputes it to sloth and indolence, as if to stimulate them by derision. In the third place, to provoke and rouse them still more, he pretends to suppose it possible, that they may be at that moment employed in worshipping and doing homage to the conqueror. Lastly he uses solid argument, reminding them of the danger, to which they expose themselves by such supineness, and finishes his exhortation with a line detached from the rest, and therefore so emphatical, that while he utters it, we seem to hear the vaults of Hell re-echo.

LINE 335. *Nor did they not perceive.*

A Græcism, and taken from the οὐδ' ἀπίθῃσε—the *neque non paruit* of Homer.

LINE 376. *Who first, who last?*

So Homer Iliad 5. 703.

Ἐνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ' ὕστατον;

LINE 379. *Came singly where he stood on the bare strand.*

Singly, in the true construction of this line is to be connected with *stood*. They came where he stood singly. That is, as we are told in lines 299. 300.

- - - - - on the beach
Of that inflamed sea.

LINE 384. *Their altars by His altar.*

The expression alludes to Ezekiel 43. 8. In their setting of their threshold by my thresholds, and their post by my posts—they have even defiled my holy name, &c.

LINE 418. *Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.*

This is an allusion to Chron. 2. ch. 34. v. 4. And they brake down the altars of Baalim in his (Josiah's) presence, and the images, that were on high above them, he cut down, and the groves and carved images, and the molten images he brake in pieces, and made dust of them, and strowed it upon the graves of them, that had sacrificed unto them.

LINE 455. *Ezekiel saw.*

See Ezekiel ch. 8. v. 16. And he brought me into the inner court of the Lord's house, and behold, at the door of the temple of the Lord between the porch and the altar, were about five and twenty men with their backs toward the temple of the Lord, and their faces toward the east, and they worshipp'd the sun toward the east.

LINE 499. *Ascends above their loftiest tow'rs.*

So Homer makes Eumæus, speaking of the riotous deeds of the suitors say—

Τῶν ὕψις τε, βίη τε, σιδήρεον ἔργονον ἔχει.

Od. B. 15. L. 328.

LINE 516. *Ruled the middle air.*

A portion which the poet seems to allot to Jupiter on the authority of Homer—Iliad 15. 192.

Ζεὺς δ' ἐλαχ' οὐρανὸν εὐρυν ἐν αἰθέρι καὶ νεφέλῃσι.

LINE 537. *Shone like a meteor.*

Mr. Gray had doubtless this line in his eye, when in the second stanza of his Ode entitled the Bard, he said—

Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air.

LINE 542. *A shout that tore, &c.*

Homer's is a noble shout of which he says in the last line of the Iliad 13.

Ἦχῃ δ' αμφοτέρων ἰκνέ' αἰθερα, καὶ Δίος αὐγὰς

But this as far surpasses it, as the fallen Angels were more terrible than the Greeks, and the Trojans, and the vault of Hell more congenial to such an uproar, than the plain of Troy.

LINE 550. - - - - - *such as rais'd*

To highth of noblest temper, &c.

Milton never has occasion to mention music, but he discovers plainly how much he delights in the subject. He always speaks of it experimentally, and like a man, whom his own feelings have

made acquainted with its effects, and in this charming passage the lines themselves are as sweet as the melody, they describe.

LINE 580. - - - - - and what resounds
In fable or romance.

Perhaps there are readers of Milton, not altogether destitute of taste, who feel themselves, when they meet with a passage in him like the present, disposed to be more merciful to it than some of his severer judges. Allusions to antient story, whether false, or true, and to customs and practices long since obsolete, affect a contemplative mind agreeably, and to such persons, perhaps, the very sound of names, like these, is not unpleasing.

LINE 589. *Their dread commander.*

Milton's divine subject afforded him opportunities of surpassing in sublime description all the poets his predecessors, and his talents were such as enabled him to use those opportunities to the best advantage. Homer's representation of Agamemnon in the second Iliad, where he says that in his eyes, and countenance, he resembled Jove, the Thunderer, that he was like Mars in girth, and had the port of Neptune, is indeed magnificent, but when he finishes his picture by likening him to a bull, how far short does he fall of Milton, who when he compares his lost Archangel to the sun new risen in a misty morning, or eclipsed by the moon, not

only does not degrade his subject, but fills the mind of his reader with astonishing conceptions of its grandeur.

LINE 606. *The fellows of his crime, the followers rather—*

Not so properly the fellows, because he had seduced them, as the followers, for the same reason.

LINE 616. - - - *whereat their doubled ranks they bend—*

Thus forming themselves into a hemicycle or half-moon figure, that all might hear him.

LINE 640. - - - *but still his strength conceal'd.*

It was necessary, that Satan should excuse himself, as well as he could, to the myriads of his ruined followers, and he could not do it better (though even that was but a poor apology) than by pleading the impossibility, that he should be prepared effectually to withstand a power, with the very existence of which, through God's concealment of it, till the hour in which they fell, he had been necessarily unacquainted. A vanquished chief, who pleads surprize, excuses himself by his fault.

LINE 650. - - - *whereof so rife.*

Rife is a Saxon word, and signifies *frequent* or *common*.

LINE 659. - - - - - *But these thoughts*
Full counsel must mature.

ΑΛΛ' ἤτοι μὲν ταῦτα μέλα φραστομέσθαι καὶ αὐτίς.

Iliad 1, 140.

LINE 663. *He spake: and to confirm his words.*

This is another instance (see the note on line 589) in which appears the advantage, that Milton derives from the grandeur of his subject. What description could even he have given of a host of human warriors insulting their conqueror, at all comparable to this? First, their multitude is to be noticed. They are not thousands but millions; and they are millions not of puny mortals, but of mighty Cherubim. Their swords flame not metaphorically, but they are swords of fire; they flash not by reflexion of the sunbeams like the swords of Homer, but their own light, and that light plays not idly in the broad day, but far round illumines Hell. And lastly, they defy not a created being like themselves, but the Almighty.

It was doubtless a happiness to have fallen on a subject that furnished such scenery, and such characters to act in it, but a happiness it would not have been to a genius inferior to Milton's; such a one on the contrary would have been depressed by it, and in what Milton reaches with a graceful ease, would have fallen short, after much, and fruitless labour.

LINE 670. - - - - - whose grisly top.

Grisly seems to signify *rough* or *hideous*, but perhaps answers more exactly in its import to the Latin word, *hispidus*.

LINE 689. *Open'd into the hill a spacious wound.*

This is a beautiful expression, and may serve to shew how an act or image, vulgar and ordinary in itself, may be dignified by mere force of diction.

LINE 713. - - - - - where pilasters round, &c.

Milton has been censured by Addison, as well as by Dr. Newton, here, for his use of technical expression, and the point, enforced as it has been by such great authority, seems to be given up. But perhaps it may even now be permitted to an annotator to ask two simple questions on the present occasion.—Was it lawful to the poet to give a minute description of this wonderful structure? Surely it was. Ovid has minutely described the palace of the Sun, and Homer that of Alcinoüs.—If then, there was no fault in describing it minutely, it should seem that there could be none in particularizing the several members of it by such terms, as could alone express them. Milton, in fact, had no other means of making his account intelligible.

LINE 772-3. - - - - - The ascending pile
Stood fixt her stately highth.

The expression is elliptical and requires two words to supply the deficiency, when it would stand thus—

- - - - - The ascending pile
 Stood fixt *through all* her stately highth.

LINE 777. *Behold a wonder!*

This contrivance has been censured by some, and particularly by Voltaire, who, having stated his objections to it, calls it an idle tale, that may match the most extravagant. But extravagant it cannot seem, if we allow ourselves to recollect who are in question, and what the Scripture says concerning them. All that we know of invisible agents, whether good or evil, we learn from Scripture, which tells us that a single demoniac was possessed by a legion, Scripture, therefore, ascribes to the devils this power of self contraction, and if Scripture gives it them, it would be difficult to assign a good reason, why Milton should not have imagined them to employ it on this occasion.

It may be observed also that this poetical artifice, instead of depriving us of the idea of their natural bulk and stature, much enlarges it, representing them as not to be contained at their full size within walls of any dimensions, and at the same time it gives us a most magnificent impression of their numbers.

B O O K II.

LINE 5. - - - - - *by merit raised.*

By merit diabolical—by the merit of daring most against God; for desert is relative, and wickedness is merit with the wicked.

LINE 10. - - - - - *by success untaught.*

Success is here synonymous with *event*, and the expression imports the same as *untaught by experience*.

LINE 30. - - - - - *where there is then no good.*

There is admirable subtlety displayed in this speech of Satan, in which he palliates his own miserable condition, and that of his followers, by representing it as friendly, at least, to that unanimity which is essential to the success of great enterprizes, and the surest pledge of their accomplishment. The truth was, that the absence of all good was the very circumstance, that evinced them perfectly and completely ruined, but the poet makes Satan deduce from it a

conclusion directly contrary with so much art and plausibility, that the fallacy is almost hidden from the reader.

LINE 33. *none whose portion.*

Here is certainly, as Dr. Newton has observed, a difficulty in the Syntax, but the punctuation recommended in the preceding note entirely divests the passage of Milton's stile and manner, and *he'll* for *he will*, is intolerably coarse, and ordinary. It seems much more probable, therefore, that irregular as the connexion is, Milton actually dictated the lines as we find them. When the meaning is obvious, he not seldom seems to disdain grammatical niceties. See Dr. Pearce's note on line 47.

LINE 113. *Dropt Manna.*

Milton in these two words gives us all the sweetness of Homer's celebrated line, when commending Nestor's eloquence, he says,

Τε και απο γλωσσης μελιος γλυκιων ρεεν αυδη.

LINE 122. *to cast*
Ominous conjecture.

New combinations in language, or in other words, the invention of new phrases, is an argument of great ability in a writer, and few have furnished more instances of this than Milton.

LINE 155. *Will he, so wise*

Belial, in this passage, Devil as he is, seems to ascribe to God his due praise for wisdom, while he even derides a supposition that imputes weakness to him. But it is to be observed, that he holds this language merely to serve a purpose ; to answer Moloch, and to recommend his own timid counsel to their acceptance.

He is afterward still more explicit, and even pious and orthodox on the subjects of God's universal knowledge and omnipotence.—See from line 188 to line 192.—But always with the same intention; to strengthen his argument for peace and non-resistance.

LINE 186. *Ages of hopeless end?*

In these words we have an instance of the kind alluded to in the note on l. 33, in which the poet has not attended to strictness of grammatical construction. Syntax required that he should have said—*Ages hopeless of end*—concerning which there could be no hope that they should ever terminate. But trusting to the candour and sagacity of his reader, he has deviated a little from rule, for the sake of more grace and harmony than were compatible with the observance of it.

LINE 212. - - - - - *satisfy'd,*
With what is punish'd,

The sense is evidently—*satisfied with the punishment, which he has already inflicted*—and the expression is here also irregular in its

construction. But the brevity of it is clear and beautiful. Nor does Milton ever transgress grammatical propriety, but for the sake of an advantage more than equivalent. Let poets err on this condition only, and the precedent will do no mischief.

LINE 220. - - - - - *this darkness light,*

There is no sort of occasion to suppose with Dr. Bentley that *light* is here an *adjective*, and means *easy*; or with Mr Thyer, that it is an *adjective*, and means *luminous*. Nothing is necessary to justify it as a *substantive*, but to recollect, what all have experienced, that a feeble light which at first seems darkness, by degrees becomes sufficient for the purposes of vision, the eye accommodating itself to the inconvenience. It should be remembered too that the darkness of Milton's Hell is not absolute, but a kind of *sublustris nox*, or as he calls it himself, *darkness visible*.

The rhyme, it must be acknowledged, is unfortunate, but rhyme is apt to come uncalled, and to writers of blank verse is often extremely troublesome.

LINE 247. - - - - - *how wearisome*
Eternity so spent !

Admit that forced hallelujahs can possibly have place in Heaven, and Mammon reasons well; but the fact is inadmissible, and the very supposition of it impious to a degree well suited to the cha-

racter of such a speaker. Wearisome as such service would be to the worshipper, it would be infinitely more disgusting to God, and could not fail to be silenced in a moment.

LINE 255. - - - - - *preferring*
Hard liberty.

A noble sentiment in a good cause, but in Mammon's use of it, truly devilish!

LINE 179. *To peaceful counsels.*

Satan indeed, as Dr. Newton remarks, proposes to them war, and the fittest manner of conducting it, as the subjects then to be debated; but when Belial and Mammon recommend peace rather than war, in whatsoever way conducted, they cannot properly be said to wander from the point in question; they only differ from Satan in their opinion concerning the measure next to be adopted. Suppose a question agitated in a council of war in what manner an enemy's fortress might be best attacked—would a member of that council be chargeable with deviating, who should advise no attack at all? So far from it that, such being his sentiments, he could not possibly find a juster occasion to deliver them.

LINE 285. - - - - - *as when hollow rocks, &c.*

It is not improbable, as Dr. Newton here observes, that Milton composed this beautiful simile with an eye to that, which

he quotes from Claudian, but in the lines of our poet there is a solemn and awful grandeur, that resembles much more the manner of Homer, with the best of whose sea-piece similes this may well endure a comparison.

LINE 300. - - - - - *with grave*
Aspect he rose, - - - - -

We have here a description of an orator rising to address a great assembly, such as no writer of antiquity ever equalled. Homer and Ovid both exerted themselves on a similar subject, and evidently bestowed much labour on their respective pieces. But compare this picture of Beelzebub either with the Ajax of the latter,

Utq erat impatiens iræ, &c.

or with the Ulysses of the former,

Αλλ' οτε δη πολυμητις αναξιζειεν Οδυσσευς

and you will not hesitate a moment to give the praise of great superiority to the English poet.

LINE 370. - - - - - *and with repenting hand*
Abolish his own works.

It seems highly probable, that Satan was prompted to the seduction of our first parents by some such expectation. An expectation which must have been gratified, but for the interposition of

the Son of God, of whose intended incarnation he was undoubtedly ignorant. No slighter consequence than the destruction of the earth, by the hand that formed it, could otherwise have followed the revolt of man, since to have continued, and multiplied, a species called into existence only to be miserable for ever, would have been a mode of punishment more dishonourable to God, than the sin itself, for which it was inflicted.

LINE 385. *But their spite still serves
His glory to augment.*

This is a great and sacred truth. There would have been no opportunity for the display of mercy, the attribute, of all, which most endears the Creator to his creature, had not the fall supplied one.

LINE 400. *delicious air,*

How beautiful is the epithet *delicious*, and how admirably expressive of that *thirst* after a purer atmosphere, which he must necessarily feel, who has long inhaled the air of a dungeon! But the speaker's estimation of its value is, if possible, still more forcibly expressed in the following metaphor, and when he calls it *a balm to heal the scar of those corrosive fires*, we almost feel the scorch, and the pleasure of the remedy.

LINE 406. *palpable obscure*

Like the darkness of Egypt, which, the Scripture tells us, was darkness that might be felt.

LINE 409. - - - *the vast abrupt,* - - -

The chaos described afterward, the immense chasm, or gulph interposed between earth and hell.

LINE 465.

Dr. Newton might have observed, that there is a peremptoriness in the manner of this conclusion, that gives it particular propriety and beauty. It reminds us of Homer's

μαλα κρητερως αγορευσε.

LINE 488. *As when from mountain tops* - - -

The reader loses half the beauty of this charming simile, who does not give particular attention to the numbers. There is a majesty in them not often equalled, and never surpassed even by this great poet himself; the movement is uncommonly slow; an effect produced by means already hinted at, the assemblage of a greater proportion of long syllables than usual. The pauses are also managed with great skill and judgment; while the clouds rise, and the heavens gather blackness, they fall in those parts of the verse, where they retard the reader most, and thus become expressive of the solemnity of the subject; but in the latter part of the simile, where the sun breaks out, and the scene brightens, they are so disposed

as to allow the verse an easier, and less interrupted flow, more suited to the cheerfulness of the occasion.

LINE 496. *O shame to men!*

It has been observed by the critics, and by Aristotle, the chief of them all, that in an Epic work the poet should be hidden as much as possible, and ought but seldom, in the way of reflection, or remark, to obtrude himself on the notice of the reader. The observation was, no doubt, at first suggested by the practice of Homer, who rarely shows himself, except when he invokes the Muse, or would rehearse the terrors of a battle by seeming to shudder at his own description of it. Virgil is also very temperate in this particular, and if Milton be less reserved than either, it should be considered that there is more real worth and importance in a single reflection of his, than in all those of his heathen predecessors taken together; and that in a poem, like that of *Paradise Lost*, where the subject could not fail continually to suggest the most interesting and valuable remarks, it was almost a duty not to suppress them. Milton, however, must in fact have suppressed a multitude, and instead of being blamed for excess, deserves to be admired for his moderation.

LINE 506. *The Stygian council thus dissolved.*

The verb *dissolve* in the common use of it is either active, or passive, and we should say, either that the council *dissolved*

itself, or that it was dissolved; but Milton here uses it as a deponent.

LINE 518. - - - - - *the hollow' abyss.*

This is an instance of the fine effect of an elision used judiciously. His ear is not well formed for nice distinction of sounds, who would think the line improved by a monosyllable epithet, which would make it run more smoothly.

LINE 533. *As when to warn proud cities.*

A captious reader might object to this simile as exhibiting a comparison of the subject with a thing that never existed, for that in fact no such *aërial knights* were ever seen in the clouds, except by the dreaming vulgar. But let such readers confine themselves to prose. Verse is not their element. It is always lawful for a poet to avail himself of a prevalent, and popular opinion, and to realize a creature of the fancy, merely for the sake of embellishment, and illustration.

LINE 542. *As when Alcides* - - - - -

Dr. Newton approves of Mr. Thyer's objection to this simile, and with him condemns it, but perhaps for no sufficient reason. It is by no means necessary, that a simile should be more magnificent than the subject, it is enough, that it gives us a clearer, and more distinct perception of it, than we could have without it. Were it

the indispensable duty of a simile to elevate, as well as to illustrate, what must be done with many of Homer's? When he compares the Grecian troops, pouring themselves forth from camp and fleet into the plain of Troy, to bees issuing from a hollow rock, or the body of Patroclus in dispute between the two armies, to an ox hide larded, and stretched by the curriers, we must condemn him utterly as guilty of degrading his subject, when he should exalt it. But the exaltation of his subject was no part of Homer's concern on these occasions, he intended nothing more than the clearest possible impression of it on the mind of his hearers.

It may be farther observed, that the frenzy of the fallen angels caused by pain, and furious passions, being the principal, if not the only point, in which Milton intended, that the simile should bear upon the subject, he could not have chosen a happier, than this of Hercules mad with anguish.

LINE 547. *Retreated in a silent valley, - - - -*

The poet in the 6th book speaking of the hills which the angels hurled at their apostate enemies, says

For earth had this variety from heav'n
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale.

How is it then that this variety obtains in Hell also? Either the inconsistency escap'd his notice, or he thought it not worth regarding.

LINE 552. *Their song was partial.*

Partial to themselves. Was silent as to the corrupt motive of their conduct, and dwelt only on the sad consequences of it.

LINE 561. *And found no end.*

A good lesson, and no doubt, intended as such by the poet, to controversialists on these difficult and mysterious subjects, on which books without end have been written, that have served no purpose but to load the shelves and to perplex the reader. The dispute therefore is here very wisely turned over to those, whose tempers could not be hurt by it, and to whom it was an affair of small consequence to lose their labour.

LINE 614. - - - - - *Thus roving on.*

The word *thus* refers the reader to the four parties last mentioned, who set forth, each a different way, on the business of discovery, See line 570.

LINE 618. - - - *Through many a dark and dreary vale.*

The poet seems to have contemplated the horrid scene, till, as in a dream or vision, he saw it. His description of Hell is not only a map, but a natural history of it, and the Hells of Homer and Virgil are even comfortable compared with this.

A reader of taste cannot fail to observe how the colouring deepens, and darkens, from the beginning to the finishing of this

dreadful picture, and that there is a frightful solemnity in the numbers of the whole period wonderfully adapted to the subject.

LINE 648. - - - - - *Before the gates there sat*

To the remark and quotation made by Dr. Newton, it may be added by way of comfort to all, who like Bishop Atterbury, have a taste for the extraordinary beauties of this passage, that if allegories are to be banished (as Mr. Addison, thinks they should be) from the Epic, this of Milton will not be proscribed alone, but Homer's famous allegory, in which he personifies prayer and injury, must go with it. See Iliad ix. line 498. Perhaps also the group of allegorical figures assembled by Virgil at the mouth of Tartarus, must accompany them; but this is left to the decision of those who can persuade themselves to part with an exquisite beauty, for the sake of a slight, indeed a fanciful, objection. See Virgil *Æn.* vi. line 273. See also Dr. Newton's note on line 965.

LINE 666. - - - - - *The other shape.*

Mr. Thyer seems to have attended but slightly to the appearance of Death as drawn by Milton, when he supposed it a copy of that, which he has produced from Spenser. The Death of the latter is a decided shadow; but there is something incomparably more poetical in the ambiguous nature of the Death described by the former. Milton's is in fact an original figure, a Death of his own invention, a kind of intermediate form between matter and

spirit, partaking of both, and consisting of neither. The idea of its substance is lost in its tenuity, and yet, contemplated awhile as a shadow, it becomes again a substance.

It is not impossible, that the author might represent Death as a being of such doubtful definition, with an eye to its different effects on the fate of the righteous, and the wicked. To these it is a real evil, to those, only an imaginary one.

LINE 672. - - - - *what seem'd his head.*

The indistinctness of this phantom-form is admirably well preserved. First the poet calls it a shape, then doubts if it could properly so be called; then a substance; then a shadow; then doubts if it was either; and lastly, he will not venture to affirm, that what seemed his head, was such in reality, but being covered with the similitude of a crown, he is rather inclined to think it such. The dimness of this vague and fleeting outline is infinitely more terrible than exact description, because it leaves the imagination at full liberty to see for itself, and to suppose the worst.

LINE 686. *and learn by proof,*
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.

Somewhat resembling in the turn and manner of it, what Achilles says to Asteropæus, Iliad xxi. l. 184.

χαλεπὸν τοι ἐρισθῆναι Κρονίωνος
Παῖσιν ἐρίζεμεναι, Πόδαμοιο περ ἐκγεγάωτι.

LINE 688. *To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd.*

The poet contrives to be as much at a loss to denominate, as to describe his Death, and seems to exhaust both invention and language for suitable appellations. He calls him, the shape, the monster, the goblin, the grisly terror, the hellish pest, the phantasm, and afterward in the tenth book, the grim feature.

LINE 713. *No second stroke intend.*

The expression reminds us of Abishai's speech to David. Samuel 1. c. 26. v. 8. when he entreats his permission to slay Saul.

Let me smite him, I pray thee, with the spear, even to the earth at once, and I will not smite him the second time.

LINE 747. *Hast thou forgot me then? and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul?*

This is a very just and instructive part of the allegory, as most can testify from their own experience. Sin, pleasant in contemplation and enjoyment, is foul in retrospect, and man, while he suffers the remorse, that attends it, stands amazed at himself, that he could be seduced by it.

LINE 804. - - - - - *who sets them on,*

This is also just. It is the dread of Death, which aggravates and gives emphasis to the accusations of conscience.

The whole allegory indeed is most judiciously conducted, in perfect harmony with Scripture, and human experience, and is, as Mr. Richardson has observed, a kind of paraphrase on those words of St. James 1. 15.

“ Then, when Lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth Sin, and Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth Death.”

LINE 847. *His famine should be filled.*

Famine is here used for hunger, the cause for the effect.

LINE 876. *Then in the key-hole turns*

The poet evidently had in view that passage of the 21st book of the Odyssey, in which Penelope opens the door of the chamber, where hung the fatal bow of Ulysses. See line 46.

ΑΥΤΗ ΑΡ' ΗΓ' ΊΜΑΝΤΑ ΘΩΩΣ ΑΠΕΛΥΣΕ ΚΟΡΩΝΗΣ
ΕΝ ΔΕ ΚΛΗΙΔ' ΗΚΕ, ΘΥΡΩΝ ΔΙΑΝΕΟΠΤΕΝ ΟΧΗΑΣ
ΑΝΤΑ ΤΙΤΥΣΚΟΜΕΝΗ. ΤΑΔ' ΑΝΕΒΡΑΧΕΝ, ΗΥΤΕ ΤΑΥΡΟΣ
ΒΟΣΚΟΜΕΝΟΣ ΛΕΙΜΩΝΙ. ΤΟΣ' ΕΒΡΑΧΕ ΚΑΛΑ ΘΥΡΕΤΡΑ
ΠΛΗΓΕΝΤΑ ΚΛΗΙΔΙ, ΠΕΤΑΣΘΗΣΑΝ ΔΕ ΟΙ ΩΚΑ.

of which lines the Editor begs permission to give his own translation.

She loos'd the ring and brace, then introduc'd
The key, and, aiming at them from without,
Struck back the bolts. The portals, at that stroke,
Sent forth a tone deep as the pastur'd bull's,
And flew wide open.

But Milton's doors are opened in a stile as much more sublime than Homer's, as the scene and the occasion are more tremendous.

LINE 883. - - - - *She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her pow'r.*

A beautiful observation. Sin opens the infernal doors, but Mercy alone can shut them.

LINE 885. *That with extended wings, &c.*

Dimensions like these, vast as they are, are still within the bounds of credibility, when ascribed to such a subject; but the same, perhaps, cannot be said of Homer's helmet worn by Pallas, which he tells us was large enough to have covered the infantry of an hundred cities. Iliad v. l. 744.

Εκατον πολεων πρυλεεσσ' αραρυιαν.

LINE 916. *His dark materials to create more worlds.*

This is a poetical account indeed, but rather a mechanical one of the creation, and such as while it supposes the Deity to have needed means, with which to work, falls far below the scriptural idea, that he created all things out of nothing. The first verse in the Bible tells us with a most magnificent simplicity that "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth" and is perfectly silent as to any materials with which he formed them. To suppose

indeed the existence of matter antecedent to the creation, is to suppose it eternal, and is, for that reason, as unphilosophical as it is unscriptural, and the very word *creation* implies existence given to something, which never before existed.

LINE 934. - - - - - *and to this hour*
Down had been falling - - - - -

This expression is like a fathoming-line put into our hands by the poet for the purpose of sounding an abyss without a bottom. Nor is this the only passage in which Milton sublimely and with great effect, by the help of a mere supposition, assists our apprehension of the subject. In the 6th book we find one similar to this, where describing the battle of the angels and the dreadful din, that it occasioned, he says—

- - - - - all heav'n
 Resounded, and had earth been then all earth
 Had to her centre shook.

LINE 977. - - - - - *or if some other place,*

Meaning the earth, his purposed goal, and the great object of his enterprize.

LINE 988. - - - - - *the Anarch old.*

Milton, as has been already observed, in the instance of Death, is extremely ingenious in the invention of names and titles suited

to his ideal characters. An ordinary poet would have been contented to have called his Chaos a monarch, despairing of a better appellative; but how much more emphatical is the title here given him, which while it sets before our eyes the figure of this king of all confusion, keeps awake our attention also to the uncontrollable wildness of his subjects!

LINE 990. - - *I know thee, stranger, who thou art.*

The poet very judiciously represents Chaos as already informed of what otherwise he must have learned by narrative from Satan, whose journey must of course have been retarded, and whose reply, though necessary for the instruction of the enquirer, would have afforded no new lights to the reader.

LINE 1023. *But he, once past, &c.*

Dr. Newton might have recollected, that the slaughter of the suitors, the event on which the whole Odyssey turns, and which takes place in the 22d book, is anticipated in the 20th, where Homer represents them as smitten with frenzy by Pallas, while their meat dripped blood as they ate it, and they laughed and wept involuntarily. Circumstances from which, as well as from several other terrible prognostics there mentioned, the prophet Theoclymenus foretells the slaughter of them all without one exception. The reader thus apprized of it, cannot but foresee the catastrophe sooner by two books than it happens.

The death of Hector, who is slain in the 22nd Iliad, is likewise anticipated, being foretold by Jupiter himself in the 17th.

And the death of Turnus, the event with which the *Æneid* closes, is so broadly hinted in the 10th book, that the reader must be slow of apprehension indeed, who does not thenceforth expect it. See line 503.

In all these instances the surprize is not only diminished but absolutely superseded; whereas in the present instance, the simple and bare mention of such a wonderful work as the bridge in question, rather excites curiosity than abates it, and does not in the least degree prevent our surprize, and astonishment, when we read afterward in the 10th book the poet's circumstantial account of the manner, in which it was constructed.

It is in reality a common thing with poets to touch slightly beforehand, a subject, which they mean to dilate in the sequel.

LINE 1046. *Weighs his spread wings.*

The Editor begs leave to dissent from Mr. Thyer, in the preference that he gives to the line cited from Tasso. The word

adequate is indeed a beautiful one, and the word *spread* does not compensate it; but if we correct with Milton's hemistich the words immediately ensuing, *at leisure to behold*, we find this act of *balancing the wings* prolonged to a degree that impresses it more forcibly on the reader's fancy, and which is therefore more poetical.

B O O K . III.

Hail holy light, &c.

Certainly, as Dr. Newton intimates, there can be no need to apologize for lines like these, nor is there any room to question their propriety. If Epic poetry can possibly disclaim so rich and noble an ornament, we may then fairly say, that Milton has given us something better than an Epic poem. But while we admire, and are charmed with the diction, and the melody of the numbers, we cannot but feel, that there is something in this passage still more captivating than even these, something, which not only pleases the ear, and the fancy, but that wins the heart also, and endears the writer. It is that vein of unaffected piety, which winds through it, and occasionally discovers itself, as he proceeds. When in the opening of this fine exordium he addresses himself to the Light, considering it as in some sort an attribute of God, he evidently speaks under an impression of such awe and reverence, as could only be felt by a mind habituated to divine contemplation.

When afterward, alluding to his constant and regular study of the divine writers, he says so musically—

- - - - - but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit - - - - -

knowing that this was not a *gratis dictum* for embellishment-sake merely, much less the language of ostentation, and that Milton was in truth, as he professed himself to be, frequently occupied in the study of Scripture, we respect and honour him for the just and manly avowal of it, and taking this acknowledged fact with us, are convinced that when, in the close of all, he prays for spiritual illumination, he asks it, not because it suited his poetical occasions to finish with a prayer, but because he really wished it, and hoped also to obtain it.

It ought likewise to be observed for the honour of the Bible, that to his firm belief of it, and his familiar acquaintance with it, this divine poet, and truly such, was in a great measure indebted as well for the beauty of the stile and sentiments, as for the matter of his poem.

LINE 70. - - - - - and Satan there

The reader will recollect, that he left him at the close of the second book, weighing his spread wings at leisure to behold, &c.

LINE 84. *Wide interrupt*

Interrupt is a substantive of Milton's creation, who when the current language failed him, coined for his own use, and always well and wisely.

LINE 91. *If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert.*

The poet considers man's apostacy as worse than his destruction would have been, because he became by it involved in the guilt of his enemy, and a partaker of his rebellion.

LINE 96. *- - - - - whose fault?
Whose but his own?*

See Isaiah chap. 5. v. 3. "And now, O inhabitant of Jerusalem and men of Judah, judge, I pray you, betwixt me and my vineyard.

What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it?"

LINE 129. *The first sort by their own suggestion fell.*

By the *first* he means the *angelic* sort, and gives the most probable reason, why man was considered as an object of mercy, while it was denied to the apostate angels.

LINE 134. *But mercy first and last.*

The words *first* and *last* may either refer to the promise of a Saviour given in the garden, and to the consummation of all things, or they may respect the original purpose of God to show mercy, and the subsequent application of it.

We have in this speech, not the divinity of the schools, but that of the Scripture. Here are no subtleties to puzzle the reader, no webs of sophistry to entangle him. The fore-knowledge of God in Milton's opinion of it, fetters not the will of man. Man is not represented here as the blind and impotent slave of an irresistible destiny, but as endowed with that high and rational privilege of option, which alone renders him an accountable creature, and which is therefore the very basis of God's right to judge him.

With respect to the composition of this speech, it is as unexceptionable as the matter of it! The expressions are nervous, and notwithstanding the abstruseness of the subject, beautifully clear. The lines are also harmonious, nor is the great poet less apparent in such a passage as this, than in the most flowery description. Let it be tried by Horace's rule; divest it of measure, cast the words into their natural order, do what you please with it, you can never make it prose.

It is impossible to close this short comment upon it, without adverting for a moment to a line of Mr. Pope's, which for the flippancy of it, considering whom it censures, it might be wished

that he had never written ; that line in which he charges Milton with making—

- - - - - God the Father turn a school divine.

The doctrines here agitated, and in the other speeches which Milton ascribes to the two first persons in the Trinity (as Mr. Addison well observes) naturally grow up in a poem on the fall of man, and Mr. Pope must have been very little acquainted with the schoolmen, to have asserted that in Milton's manner of handling those doctrines, there is any thing that resembles theirs.

LINE 142. *Love without end, and without measure grace.*

The former half of the verse has a near affinity to that expression in Jeremiah—*I have loved thee with an everlasting love*, and the latter half of it to that of the apostle Paul—*Where sin has abounded, grace has much more abounded*. We are pretty well acquainted with the abundance of sin, and therefore can easily conceive that if grace has abounded still more, it must be without measure.

LINE 166.

The reader may observe how judiciously this speech is accommodated to the character of the Son of God, as the advocate and intercessor of our fallen race. From beginning to end, it reasons, pleads, and argues on the side of man, and has in it much of the

spirit and manner of the intercession used by Moses to avert the wrath of God from the people, when they murmured at the report of the spies. See Numbers chap. 14. v. 13.

LINE 174. *Yet not of will in him.*

So then, it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy. Romans c. 9. v. 16.

LINE 183. *Some I have chosen of peculiar grace, &c.*

It is not very easy to see how this opinion (the Editor is speaking of Dr. Newton's note) becomes entitled to the honourable appellation of *moderate Calvinism*. It supposes as much partiality to be shown in the distribution of grace, as is usually charged on Calvinism of any other description; some to be saved infallibly, and others to be left to a peradventure. But the Scripture, when it speaks of those, who shall be saved, and of the means, by which their salvation shall be accomplished, holds out the same hope to every man, and asserts the same communications of light and strength to be necessary in all cases equally.

LINE 196. *Light after light.*

The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Proverbs. 4. 18.

LINE 200. *But hard be harden'd.*

"Yet they would not hear—But the word of the Lord was unto them, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line, here a little, and there a little; that they might go, and fall backward, and be broken, and snared, and taken." Isaiah, 28. 12,13.

LINE 210. *Die he, or justice must.*

That such a propitiation was indispensably necessary to make the salvation of man consist with the honour of God's justice, is evident from Romans 3.—25, 6.

"Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation:—that he might be just, and the justifier of him, which believeth in Jesus."

The reader however, since all are not conversant enough with Scripture to know it, is to be admonished, that the ensuing reference of this arduous enterprize to the angels, is a mere poetical fiction. Christ is always mentioned there, as the only *possible substitute*, because he alone was *worthy*.

LINE 232. - - - - - *he her aid*
Can never seek.

"I was found of them, that sought me not, I was made manifest unto them, that asked not after me." Rom. 10. 20.

It is certain that, till assisted by grace, there is nothing, about which the heart of man concerns itself so little, as how he shall obtain it.

The very prayer for grace, if it be sincere and fervent, implies the previous communication of it.

LINE 245. - - - - and am his due.

Due by voluntary stipulation to stand in the offender's place, not otherwise.

LINE 260. *Then with the multitude of my redeem'd.*

"Behold I and the children, whom the Lord hath given me."
Isaiah 8. 18.

Which words the apostle Paul in his epistle to the Hebrews expressly gives to the Redeemer. See Hebrews 11. 13.

LINE 276. *My sole complacence!*

In whom alone I am well pleased. Whose obedience unto death is the sole efficient cause of my reconciliation to guilty man.

LINE 278. *Though last created; that for him I spare.*

The word *that* must here be understood in the sense of *because*. Thou knowest how dear he is to me, *because* to save him I spare thee from my bosom.

LINE 290. - - - - thy merit
Imputed

Faith in the righteousness of the Son of man, as the instrument

and means of our justification in the sight of God, is itself considered as righteousness, and for the sake of that faith it is, that creatures, unrighteous in themselves, are yet accepted. See Corinthians 1. 30.

“But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.”

LINE 305. *Because thou hast, &c*

Through this whole period ending at line 322, the poet builds on that passage of Psalms 45. 6. 7.

“A sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom:

Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity, therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.”

LINE 341. *God shall be all in all.*

It may not be amiss at the close of these admirable speeches, as admirable for their sound divinity, as for the perspicuity with which it is expressed, to allow ourselves a moment's pause for the purpose of taking a short retrospect of the doctrines contained in them.

Man, in the beginning, is placed in a probationary state, and

made the arbiter of his own destiny. By his own fault he forfeits happiness both for himself and for his descendents. But mercy interposes for his restoration. That mercy is represented as perfectly free, as vouchsafed to the most unworthy ; to creatures so entirely dead in sin, as to be destitute even of a sense of their need of it, and consequently too stupid ever to ask it. They are also as poor as they are unfeeling, and were it possible that they could affect themselves with a just sense and apprehension of their laps'd condition, have no compensation to offer to their offended Maker, nothing, with which they can satisfy the demands of his justice, in short, no atonement. In this ruinous state of their affairs, and when all hope of reconciliation seems lost for ever, the Son of God voluntarily undertakes for them ; undertakes to become the Son of Man also, and to suffer in Man's stead the penalty annexed for his transgression. In consequence of this self-substitution Christ becomes the foederal head of his church, and the sole author of salvation to his people. As Adam's sin was imputed to his posterity, so the faultless obedience of the second Adam is imputed to all, who, in the great concern of justification, shall renounce their own obedience as imperfect, and therefore incompetent.

The sentence is thus reversed as to all believers, " Death is swallowed up in Victory"—the Saviour presents the redeemed before the throne of the eternal Father, in whose countenance no longer any symptom of displeasure appears against them, but their joy and peace are thenceforth perfect. The general resurrection

takes place, the saints are made assessors with Christ in the judgment both of men and angels, the new heaven and earth, the destined habitation of the just, succeed ; the Son of God, his whole undertaking accomplished, surrenders the kingdom to his Father, and God becomes All in All.

It is easy to see, that among these doctrines there are some, which in modern times have been charged with novelty ; but, how new they are, Milton is a witness.



N O T E S

FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

Those without any Signature are by the Translator of the Poems ;
those signed *H.* by the Editor—the rest are distinguished by the Names of
their respective Writers.



PAGE 8. Carlo Dati.

A remark of Cowper's at the close of the Complimentay Pieces has sufficiently answered the morose severity of Dr. Johnson against the foreign eulogists of Milton. I will only add in favor of the last, Carlo Dati, that he must have been very young, when he addressed so fervid a compliment to our admirable countryman, and that he seems to have spoken from his heart. He raised himself, in a later period, to considerable literary distinction; and was one of the learned Italians, who received a pension from the munificence of Louis the 14th. It is said, that both this monarch, and Christina of Sweden, invited Dati to their respective courts; but they could not induce him to relinquish his native and favourite city of Florence, where he lived much respected for his learning, and his politeness. In 1667 he published, in a thin quarto, his lives of the four Grecian painters, Zeuxis, Parrhasius, Apelles, and Protogenes, a work in which the author displays much learning, and delicacy of taste. It appears to be part of a more extensive projected work. He was Greek professor at Florence, and librarian to the Cardinal Carlo de Medici. Tiraboschi praises him as one of the refiners of the Tuscan language, and adds, that he would have bequeathed to the world more voluminous proofs of his erudition, had not death rapidly terminated his life and labours in 1675, at the age of fifty-six. His death happened one year after the decease of Milton,

who died in his sixty-sixth year, and was born eleven years before his Italian panegyrist. Tho' he is styled *Juvenis* in the Latin compliment of his younger friend; the expression is remarkable, as our great poet was thirty years old when he visited Italy.

I find in Dati's life of Zeuxis, an Italian sonnet, which he composed on the extraordinary death of that celebrated painter. Partiality to a writer, who honoured our poet on his travels with such generous enthusiasm, has induced me to transcribe his Sonnet on the Grecian painter, and to give it an English dress. Zeuxis is said to have died in a fit of laughter, on surveying a portrait, that he had painted, of an old woman.

S O N E T T O.

Nacque piangendo, al fin ridendo muore,
 Chi dar vita á colori ebbe ardimento;
 Dunque è grave cordoglio il nascimento,
 E conforto la morte, e non dolore.
 Ma se'l riso è mortale, e qual terrore
 Porterà seco il pianto? e qual contento,
 Se gli arreca il gioir fiero tormento,
 Potrà sperare in questa vita un core?
 Misero chiamerem dunque, chi ride,
 Fortunato, chi gli occhi aperse al pianto,
 Se da l'essere il pianto, e'l riso uccide.
 Anzi folle direm, chi si dà vanto
 Di non pianger vivendo ore omicide;
 Folle, chi ride, ed ha la morte accanto.

S O N N E T.

Weeping was Zeuxis born, and laughing died,
 Who life to colours gloried to impart;
 Birth then appears like anguish of the heart,
 And Death to comfort, not to pain allied.
 But if a laugh can kill, who may abide
 The misery of weeping ? if a start
 Of Joy itself can end in deadly smart,
 How may Content in human breast reside ?
 The Laugher we should call a man of woe,
 An happy him, whose eyes have many a tear,
 If Life from weeping, Death from laughing flow.
 Rather the Boaster must a fool appear,
 Who scorns in grievous scenes due grief to show ;
 Folly alone can laugh, when Death is near.

The Sonnet of Dati is a specimen of that indescribable passion for over-refined conceits, which had infected the Italian poetry of his time, and of which some traces may be seen even in the Italian verses of the chaste, and sublime, English poet. Among the Latin letters of Milton, there is one of considerable length to Carlo Dati, written almost ten years after they had taken leave of each other, on the poet's return to his native country.

From this letter it appears, that Dati was regarded by Milton as one of the first, if not the very first, of his Italian friends ; their correspondence had been interrupted by the troubles of the times, and Milton expresses great

concern for the loss of several letters from his correspondent of Florence. He speaks highly of Dati's judgment in literature, and says, he should not have omitted to send him his numerous publications, had they not been confined to the English language. He promises to send him speedily a copy of his Latin poems, and declares, he should have sent them, before Dati expressed a wish to receive them, had he not been apprehensive of hurting the feelings of his Catholic friend by an asperity, of which he was conscious, against the Roman Pontiff; a topic, on which he entreats his friend to allow him such liberty of speech in his writings, as he had formerly granted him in conversation, and such, as he allowed to those illustrious free speakers of Italy, Dante, and Petrarch. Milton mentions his reading with pleasure a publication of Dati's on the funeral of Lewis the 13th, a publication unnoticed in all the accounts of Dati's compositions, that I have seen. The Florentine author had jested on this production of his own pen, as seeming to indicate a venal spirit, an idea, that Milon rejects with the most liberal politeness.

“Sermone patrio haud pauca in lucem dedimus; quæ nisi essent Anglice scripta, libens ad vos mitterem, quorum judiciis plurimum tribuo. Poematum quidem quæ pars Latina est, quoniam expetis, brevi mittam; atque id sponte jamdudum fecissem, nisi quod, propter ea quæ in Pontificem Romanum aliquot paginis asperius dicta sunt, suspicabar vestris auribus fore minus grata. Nunc abs te peto, ut quam veniam, non dico Aligerio et Petrachæ vestro eâdem in causâ, sed meæ. ut scis, olim apud vos loquendi libertati, singulari cum humanitate, dare consuevistis, eandem impetres (nam de te mihi persuasum est) ab cæteris amicis quoties de vestris ritibus nostro more loquendum erit. Exequias Lodovici Regis à te descriptas libenter lego,

in quibus Mercurium tuum non compitalem illum, et mercimoniis addictum, quem te nuper colere jocatis, sed facundum illum, Musis acceptum, et Mercurialium virorum præsidem, agnosco." Epist. famil. Epistola decima.

The letter closes with a desire of establishing a plan for the safety and regularity of their future correspondence, and with remembrances to several countrymen and associates of Dati.

H.

PAGE 9. Elegy I.

Mr. Warton stands first among the scholars of our country, who have laboured, with a laudable diligence and zeal, to illustrate the minor poems of Milton: He has justly and ably vindicated the Latin verse of our great poet against the censorious malevolence of Dr. Johnson, which led that powerful and prejudiced critic into a very awkward attempt to degrade it. Cowper, who wrote Latin verse himself with singular facility and elegance, esteemed these Elegies of Milton as not inferior to the best elegiac productions of the Augustan age. Such also was the opinion of that learned eulogist of antiquity Lord Monboddo. Dr. Symmons, a recent and respectable biographer of Milton, says of these compositions, "To England they are peculiarly interesting, as they were the first pieces, which extended her fame for Latin poetry to the Continent, and as they evince the various powers of her illustrious bard by shewing, that he, who afterwards approved himself to be her Æschylus and her Homer, could once flow in the soft numbers, and breathe the tender sentiments of Ovid and Tibullus." Let me add that in purity of thought, and in energy of expression, he appears to have surpassed both his models.

Charles Diodati, the young friend, to whom this Elegy is inscribed, was a school-fellow of Milton at St. Paul's. He also excelled in Latin poetry according to the testimony of Milton, who has celebrated his talents and virtues in various compositions addressed to him in prose and verse. Milton imparted to Diodati the early warmth of his own literary ambition in an exquisite Latin letter, dated from London, Sept. 23, 1637, and commemorated his premature death in a poem, that may be reckoned among the most beautiful of this collection. The father of Diodati was a native of Lucca, who settling in England married an English lady. He and his son Charles were both physicians, the latter practised in Cheshire, and the present poem was sent as a reply to a letter from that country.

Perhaps few incidents improve the human character so much as the circumstance of having loved, and lost, a juvenile friend, whose extraordinary endowments appear to have marked him for an early flight to Heaven. Such a loss seems to have had an influence in promoting a peculiar pensive tenderness and moral dignity in three favourite poets of England—Milton lost his Diodati, Gray his Favonius, and Cowper his Sir William Russel.

H.

PAGE 9. Deva's western side.

The river Dee in Cheshire.

PAGE 9. Vergivian Tide.

St. George's channel.

PAGE 13. Immortal Moly

Moly was the root given by Mercury to Ulysses, by the virtue of which he was enabled to withstand the enchantments of Circe.

PAGE 13.

Mr. Warton imagines, that Milton wrote this Elegy in his twentieth year, while he resided with his father in Bread-street. It is certainly a most pleasing specimen of his powers as a poet. In the passages where Warton represents him as having caught images from Ovid, he is more energetic than his supposed model. His whole poem displays a heart highly formed both for friendship and for love; his animated praise of British damsels, as surpassing the fair ones of all other countries, is admirably eloquent in the original, and very happily rendered by Cowper, who had a perfect sympathy with Milton in a sentiment expressive of the most fervent predilection for his native country.

H.

PAGE 14. On the Death of the University Beadle at Cambridge.

Richard Ridding a Master of Arts, and of St. John's college

WARTON.

PAGE 14. Apollo's son.

Æsculapius the son of Coronis by Apollo.

PAGE 14. In Priam's hall.

Here seems to be a slip of memory, since the messenger of Jove to Priam was not Mercury but Iris. See Iliad xxiv.

PAGE 14. Dread queen of sepulchres. Libitina.

Mr. Warton, who sometimes speaks of Milton with an accidental

asperity, unlike his own native character of indulgent good nature, has bestowed very liberal praise on the juvenile productions, which the poet composed as college exercises in the first year of his residence at Cambridge. He justly observes that this and the following Elegy, with the two Odes on the death of Professor Goslyn, and Bishop Felton, "discover a great fund and command of antient literature."

H.

PAGE 16. On the death of the Bishop of Winchester.

Launcelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, had been master of Pembroke hall in Cambridge, but long before Milton's time. He died at Winchester house in Southwark, Sept. 21, 1626.

WARTON.

Page 16. Of England's sufferings by that scourge, the pest.

A very severe Plague now raged in London and the neighbourhood; of which 35417 are said to have died. See Whitelock's Mem. p. 2, and Rushworth's Col. vol. 1. p. 175. 201.

WARTON.

The same Commentator observes, that Milton alludes to this Plague in a passage of his Ode on the death of a fair infant, his niece, and probably the first child of his sister Philips, according to Mr. Warton's conjecture. I transcribe the passage of the English Ode for the pleasure of adding a remark upon it in honour of Milton.

X.

But Oh! why didst thou not stay here below,
 To bless us with thy Heaven lov'd innocence,
 To slake his wrath, whom Sin hath made our foe;
 To turn swift-rushing black Perdition hence,
 Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence;

To stand 'twixt us, and our deserved smart;
 But thou canst best perform that office, where thou art.

XI.

Then thou! the Mother of so sweet a child!
 Her false-imagin'd loss cease to lament,
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild!
 Think what a present thou to God has sent,
 And render him with patience, what he lent!

This if thou do, he will an offspring give,
 That till the world's last end, shall make thy name to live.

It is pleasing to contemplate a youth of 17 thus administering comfort to his afflicted sister in a singular strain of pious, poetical enthusiasm: it is also pleasing to observe that his consolatory prophecy in the two last verses

was literally fulfilled. One of his sister's subsequent children was the Edward Philips, who, in becoming the scholar, and afterwards the first biographer of Milton, may be truly said to have verified the tender monitory prediction of the young, devout, and affectionate poet.

H.

PAGE 16. I next deplor'd the fam'd fraternal pair.

I am kindly informed by Sir David Dalrymple, the two generals here mentioned, who died in 1626, were the two champions of the Queen of Bohemia, the Duke of Brunswick and Count Mansfelt: *Frater* means a sworn brother in arms. The Queen's, or the Palatine cause was supported by the German princes, who were heroes of romance, and the last of that race in that country. The Protestant religion, and chivalry, must have interested Milton in this cause. The next couplet respects the death of Henry Earl of Oxford, Shakespear's patron, who died at the siege of Breda in 1625. See Dugdale Bar. ii. p. 200, and Howell's Letters, vol. 1, let. 15.

WARTON.

It does not appear probable, Mr. Warton can be right in his conjecture, that Milton alluded to the death of Henry Earl of Oxford, whom the critic calls the patron of Shakespear. It is certain indeed that both this Earl of Oxford, and his particular friend the Earl of Southampton, more celebrated for patronage of Shakespear, died in the Low Countries of sickness, which they contracted at the siege of Breda, but if Milton had meant to allude to either of these literary noblemen, he could hardly have omitted to describe the

subject of his regret, as a warrior of his own country, and a friend to the Muses.

“ The Earl of Oxford (says Wilson) having the leading of the van, being a man corpulent and heavy, got such a swelting heat in the service, that though he came off without hurt from the enemy, yet he brought death along with him, for he fell sick presently after, went to the Hague, and there died in the middle of summer, 1625. The Earl of Southampton, and his eldest son, died in the preceding winter, the former at Bergen-op-Zoom, the latter at Rosendale.” Brydges’s memoirs of Peers. &c. page 503.

H.

PAGE 19.

Warton concludes his notes on this Elegy with a supposition that Milton “ must have looked back with disgust and remorse on the panegyrick of this performance, as on one of the sins of his youth, inexperience, and orthodoxy, for he had here celebrated not only a bishop, but a bishop who supported the dignity and constitution of the Church of England.” Cowper with more liberality of sentiment indignantly rejects the idea, that Milton ever repented of his compliment to the memory of Bishop Andrews. In a letter to his friend the Revd. Walter Bagot, Oct. 25, 1791, he says, “ I neither do, nor can, nor will believe it. Milton’s mind could not be narrowed by any thing; and though he quarrelled with episcopacy in the Church of England idea of it, I am persuaded that a good bishop, as well as any other good man, of whatever rank or order, had always a share of his veneration.” Cowper

esteemed the purity of Milton's heart as equal to the powers of his mind. Few things could excite indignation in his gentle spirit so much, as a malevolent remark on our divine poet. Of this I find a very striking proof in a copy of Johnson's *Life of Milton*, in which Cowper had hastily, with a pencil, expressed his feelings, as he perused that eloquent acrimonious biographer. Under this execrable invective of Johnson, "Such is his (Milton's) malignity, that Hell grows darker at his frown;" Cowper wrote with his pencil, "*and at thine.*" In the last leaf of Murphy's *Essay on the Life and Genius of Johnson*, he wrote the following more deliberate censure.

"Let all that is said against Milton in the conclusion of this book pass undisputed, and Johnson's is still a most malignant life of Milton."

The bitter injustice of Johnson against our divine bard has been recently, and copiously displayed, and condemned with great energy of sentiment and expression, by a respectable veteran of literature. Mr. Percival Stockdale in his *Lectures on the truly eminent English Poets* has vindicated the honor of Milton, and as a contrast to a savage remark of the hostile biographer on his blindness, has happily expressed that tenderness of veneration, so justly due to his genius, his virtues, and his calamity, by a graceful application of a passage in his *Samson Agonistes* to the person of its author.

"Who that now hears me (says Mr. Stockdale) would not have been proud to have given his attention: I may venture to add his attendance to this venerable old man, sitting in his little apartment! Who of us would not have adopted for his own language, and have applied to *Him* the beautiful lines, in which his Manoah expresses his affection for his Samson.

" It shall be my delight to tend his eyes
And view him sitting in the house, ennobled
With all those high exploits by him achieved."

Samson Agonistes v. 1490.

Lectures on the truly eminent English poets by Percival Stockdale, 8vo,
1807. vol. 1. p. 224.

H.

PAGE 20. Elegy IV. To his Tutor Thomas Young.

This worthy man had such purity, and elevation of mind, and so much merit in forming the mental character of Milton, that he is entitled to notice and regard from all the admirers of the poet. I shall extract the particulars of his personal history from the Note of Mr. Warton, and add to them such passages from the familiar letters of Milton, as forcibly express the excellence of the preceptor, and the grateful affection of his disciple.

" Thomas Young, now pastor of the church of English merchants at Hamburgh (says Mr. Warton) was Milton's private preceptor before he was sent to St. Paul's school.

" The first and fourth of Milton's familiar Epistles, both very respectful and affectionate, are to this Thomas Young. In the first dated at London *inter urbana diverticula* March 26, 1725, he says, he had resolved to send Young an epistle in verse, but thought proper at the same time to send one in prose. The Elegy now before us is the epistle in verse."

The prose and verse were not sent at the same time, but in diffe-

rent years. In closing the first, Milton promises to his preceptor a more elaborate epistle on his first return to the seat of the Muses. "*Hæc scripsi Londini inter urbana diverticula; non libris, ut soleo, circumseptus: si quid igitur in hac Epistolâ minus arriserit, tuamque frustrabitur expectationem, pensabitur aliâ magis elaboratâ, ubi primum ad Musarum spatia rediero.*" Hence I imagine, that he wrote this Elegy in the following year 1626, during his next residence in Cambridge, and this supposition agrees with the intimation in the title of the poem, that it was composed, when the author was in his eighteenth year.

It is very remarkable, that Milton has not a single allusion to the scenery around him, when he wrote the Elegy; which might arise from a double motive, first, a little resentment towards Cambridge for the affront he received in his college, to which he alludes in the following lines of his first Elegy:

"Tis time, that I a pedant's threats disdain,
And fly from wrongs, my soul will ne'er sustain."

and secondly, a dislike to the face of the country expressed in another couplet of the same poem:

"Nor aught of pleasure in those fields have I,
That to the musing bard all shade deny."

But to return to the history of his domestic tutor.—"This Thomas Young (says Mr. Warton) who appears to have returned to England in or before the year 1628, was Doctor Thomas Young, a member of the assembly of Divines, where he was a constant attendant, and one of the authors of the

book called *Smectymnus* defended by Milton; and who, from a London Preachership in Duke's place, was preferred by the Parliament to the Mastership of Jesus college in Cambridge. Clarke a Calvinistic biographer attests, that he was a man of great learning, of much prudence, and piety, and of great ability and fidelity in the work of the ministry." *Lives folio*, p. 194.

Mr. Warton proceeds to say, that he possessed a Fast Sermon by Young, preached before the House of Commons, and printed by order of the House, 4to, 1644. He mentions also a Latin work of Young, entitled, *Dies Dominica*, on the observation of Sunday—in the Bodleian library, with a Latin note by Bishop Barlow mentioning the name of the author.

Mr. Warton closes his account of this memorable man by saying, "I learn the following particulars from a manuscript history of Jesus college. He was a native of Scotland: he was admitted Master of the college by the Earl of Manchester in person, April 12, 1644. He was ejected from the Mastership for refusing the Engagement. He died, and was buried at Stowmarket in Suffolk, where he had been Vicar thirty years."

It was probably from this learned and conscientious man (as I have observed in a life of Milton) that he caught not only his passion for literature, but that steadiness and unconquerable integrity of character, by which he was distinguished through all the vicissitudes of a tempestuous life. His reverential gratitude and affection towards this preceptor are recorded with equal energy in the Latin Epistle, and the Latin Elegy addressed to him: they suggest a most favorable idea of the poet's native disposition, and furnish an effectual antidote to the poison of that most injurious assertion, "that he

hated all, whom he was required to obey." Could untractable pride be the characteristic of a mind, which has expressed its regard for a disciplinarian sufficiently rigid with a tenderness so conspicuous in the fourth Elegy?—Both the poetical and the affectionate spirit of this interesting poem are admirably preserved in the version of Cowper.

The first of Milton's familiar epistles to Young declares his sense of obligation to this beloved instructor to be so great, that he thought all the powers of rhetorick hardly equal to an adequate description of the tutor's merit, and the disciple's gratitude.

"Incredibilis enim illa, et singularis animi mei gratitudo, quam tua ex debito vendicant in me merita, non constricto illo et certis pedibus ac syllabis angustato dicendi genere exprimenda fuit, sed oratione liberâ, immo potius, si fieri posset, Asiaticâ verborum exuberantiâ. Quamvis quidem satis exprimere quantum tibi debeam, opus sit meis viribus longe majus, etiamsi omnes quoscunque Aristoteles, quoscunque Parisiensis ille dialecticus conguessit argumentorum *τοπος* exinanirem, etiamsi omnes elocutionis fonticulos exhaurirem."

The second familiar epistle to Young has a passage, that exhibits his character in another very pleasing point of view: it struck Dr. Symmons so forcibly, that he has introduced it into his Life of Milton, and I will close this Note by transcribing the Doctor's elegant version of the Latin words to which I alluded.

"Availing myself (Milton writes to his late tutor) of your invita-

tion to your country house, I will with pleasure come to you, as soon as the spring is further advanced, that I may at once enjoy the delightfulness of the season, and that of your conversation. I will then retire for a short time, as I would to the celebrated porch of Zeno, or to the Tusculan villa of Cicero, from the tumult of the town to your Suffolk Stoa; where, you, like another Serranus, or Curius, in moderate circumstances, but with a princely soul, reign tranquilly in the midst of your little farm." Symmons' Life of Milton, page 15.—I believe this letter to have been written two years after the elegy, but I am aware that there may have been much inaccuracy in the printed dates of the letters.

H.

PAGE 20. Ascend Medea's chariot.

In which, with her son Medus, she flew from Athens, the abode of her husband Ægeus, into Media, so named from Medus.

PAGE 20. Or that, whence young Triptolemus of yore.

When he was sent by Ceres from Eleusis to instruct barbarous nations in the arts of agriculture.

PAGE 20. From Hama, whom a club-arm'd Cimbrian slew.

Krantzius, a Gothic geographer says, that the city of Hamburgh in Saxony, took its name from Hama, a puissant Saxon champion, who was killed on the spot, where that city stands, by Starchater a Danish giant. Saxonia lib. 1. c. xi. p. 12. Edit. Wechel. 1575, folio. The Cimbrica Clava

is the club of the Dane. In describing Hamburgh this romantic tale could not escape Milton.

WARTON.

PAGE 21. Dear as the sage renown'd for moral truth,
To the prime spirit of the Attic youth.

Dear as Socrates to Alcibiades.—The allusion to all the most renowned, and most beloved preceptors of antiquity, in these and the following lines, is conceived, and expressed, with great poetical felicity. The portrait of the man of God in exile, and the young poet's subsequent censure of his country for persecuting the ministers of the Gospel, are equally honorable to his genius and his heart.

H.

PAGE 23. Thy city against fierce besiegers barr'd,
And all the Saxon chiefs for fight prepar'd.

About the year 1626, when this Elegy was written, the Imperialists under General Tilly were often encountered by Christian, Duke of Brunswick, and the Dukes of Saxony, particularly Duke William of Saxon Wiemar, and the Duke of Saxon Lawenburgh in Lower Saxony, of which Hamburgh, where Young resided, is the capital.

WARTON.

PAGE 23. Poor, and receiving from a foreign hand,
The aid denied thee in thy native land.

Before and after 1630 many English ministers puritanically affected

left their cures, and settled in Holland, where they became pastors of separate congregations.

WARTON.

Mr. Warton supposes Young to have been "driven back to England by the war in the Netherlands, not long after this elegy was written; and by the second familiar Latin epistle, which Milton addrest to him, he appears to have been comfortably re-settled in Suffolk in the year 1628."

H.

PAGE 24. So once the venerable Tishbite stray'd,
An exil'd fugitive from shade to shade,
When flying Ahab, and his fury wife.

Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, was the daughter of Ethbaal King of the Sidonians. Some of these scriptural allusions are highly poetical, and much in Milton's manner. His friend, who bears a sacred character forced abroad for his piety, and religious constancy, by the persecutions of a tyrannick tribunal, and distressed by war, and want, in a foreign country, is compared to Elijah the Tishbite, wandering alone over the Arabian deserts, to avoid the menaces of Ahab, and the violence of Jezebel. See 1 Kings xix. 3. He then selects a most striking miracle, under which the power of the Deity is displayed in Scripture as a protection in battle, with reference to his friend's situation from the surrounding dangers of war. See 2 Kings vii. 5. "And they rose up in the twilight, to go unto the camp of the Syrians, and when they were come to the uttermost part of the camp of Syria, behold there was no man there. For the Lord had made the host of the Syrians to hear a noise of chariots, and a noise of horses, even the noise of a great host, &c."

In the sequel of the narrative of this wonderful consternation and flight of the Syrians, the solitude of their vast deserted camp affords a most affecting image even without any poetical enlargement. "We came to the camp of the Syrians, and behold there was no man there, neither voice of man; but horses tied, and asses tied, and the tents as they were." 2 Kings vii. 10. This is like a scene of enchantment in romance.

WARTON.

This Elegy is remarkable for shewing how early, and with what spirit and judgment, Milton used his Bible as a source of sublime, poetical imagery.

H.

PAGE 24. So from Phillippi wander'd forth forlorn,
Cilician Paul with sounding scourges torn.

Cowper in translating this couplet has softened the expression *Pellitur*, and rendered the passage more consonant to Scripture—"And the keeper of the prison told this saying to Paul: the magistrates have sent to let you go, now therefore depart and go in peace.

"But Paul said unto them, they have beaten us openly, uncon-
demned, being Romans, and have cast us into prison, and now do they thrust
us out privily. Nay! verily, but let them come themselves and fetch us out!

"And the sergeants told these words unto the magistrates, and
they feared, when they heard that they were Romans.

"And they came, and besought them, and brought them out, and
desired them to depart out of the city." Acts xvi. 36.

H.

" With sounding scourges torn."

Whipping and imprisonment were among the punishments of the arbitrary Star-Chamber, the threat *Regis Achabi* which Young fled to avoid.

WARTON.

PAGE 24. And Christ himself so left, and trod no more,
The thankless Gergesenes forbidden shore.

" Then the whole multitude of the country of the Gadarenes round about besought him to depart from them; for they were taken with great fear: and he went up into the ship, and returned back again," Luke viii. 37.

H.

PAGE 25. Thou, therefore, as the most afflicted may,
Still hope, and triumph, o'er thy evil day!
Look forth, expecting happier times to come,
And to enjoy once more thy native home!

It is highly pleasing to observe a youth of eighteen thus breathing the spirit of religious fortitude, and chearful hope, into the wounded mind of that exiled preceptor, to whom he was indebted for an early introduction to those poetical studies, which he applied to the noblest and most delightful purposes.—Readers who relish all the beauties of this Elegy, must feel a pleasure in reflecting, that the young poet enjoyed the high gratification of seeing his cordial presage in the close of it accomplished.—How lively must his joy have been in beholding this worthy object of his grateful affection, not only

restored to his native country, but raised to a station of honor and affluence. That joy must have been equalled, or exceeded, by the cordial exultation of Young himself, if the good man lived, as he probably did, long enough to peruse the *Comus* of his affectionate pupil, that enchanting harbinger of his more extensive productions, a poem which one of his warmest admirers has not scrupled to call "the most beautiful and perfect poem of that sublime genius."

In how captivating a light does poetry appear, when we find it happily employed, as it generally was, even in the juvenile compositions of Milton, to confirm afflicted mortals in their duty, and to promote and inspire the purest pleasures, and affections of the heart! Of this purpose and effect his *Ode to his sister on the death of her Infant*, and this *Elegy to his preceptor* are very signal examples.

H.

PAGE 26. On the Approach of Spring.

In point of poetry, sentiment, selection of imagery, facility of versification, and latinity, this *Elegy*, written by a boy, is far superior to one of Buchanan's on the same subject intitled *Maïæ Calendæ*.

WARTON.

That a curious reader may have an immediate opportunity of comparing the two poets, I will add to Mr. Warton's remark the opening and the close of Buchanan's *Elegy*.

MAIÆ CALENDÆ.

Festa vocant, lætisque comes Lascivia festis
 Et chorus, et choreæ blandus amicus, amor.
 Ludit et admissis levis indulgentia frenis,
 Et levat assueto libera colla iugo.
 Interea vigiles paulum secedite curæ,
 Et genitor curæ, dure facesse labor !
 Este procul lites ! et amaræ jurgia linguæ,
 Mixtaque flebilibus mœsta querela sonis ;
 Dum removat Majus sennium revolubilis ævi,
 Et tenerum verno pingit honore solum.

The two poems may be compared, as to their versification and latinity, but in other points, they are not suited to comparison by an exact identity of subject; for Milton represents the spring as exciting the mind to poetical composition, and Buchanan directly the reverse, as inviting it to keep holiday.—There will be time enough for the Muses, he says, at another season, and they will produce more abundantly hereafter from being idle at present.

Post sua Pieriis succedent otia musis,
 Largaque Castalius fœnora reddet ager.
 Interea juvenes molles celebrate choreas,
 Et genium festis exhilarate jocis !

The Poem closes with the Epicurean advice to devote to pleasure the vernal hours of life.

Dum choreas ætas, dum blandi gratia veris,
 Libera dum festus gaudia Majus habet,
 Carpe rosas, et, ni carpas, peritura ligustra;
 Et vitæ credas hæc simulacra tuæ.

These lines are followed by a disgusting portrait of old age. The poem then concludes with the four following verses, which have an air of good-nature, when we consider them as the production of a school-master, eager perhaps to enjoy some leisure himself, and to dismiss his boys to the delights of their vacation.

Mellea deficiet facundæ gratia linguæ,
 Imminet en vitæ frigida bruma tuæ.
 Dum nos ergo sinunt fata invidiosa, senecta,
 Temporis utatur vere, juventa suo.

H.

PAGE 29. Nor let thy burning wheels approach too nigh,
 For thou can'st govern them.

In allusion to the story of Phaeton, who could not.

PAGE. 30. He new attir'd, and by the season drest,
 Proceeds, all fragrant, in his saffron vest"

Because the Crocus, or Saffron Flower, is of that season.

The learned Editor of a *Milton Variorum*, has introduced the following amusing Note on the celebrated Saffron robes of Hymen.—See Ben Johnson's *King's Entertainment at Welbeck*, edit. 1640. p. 275.—“Here Stub

the bridegroom presented himself, being apparell'd in a *yellow* canvas doublet, &c. a Monmouth cap with a *yellow* feather, *yellow* stockings and shoes, &c."—Yet in the reign of James the first, we are thus informed.—“That there is a national as well as a personal respect cannot be deny'd, and *some colours* rather than other are vulgarly appropriated to special uses, as *symbolical* to them, so far forth as a kinde of superstition is growne uppon the avoyding, for you shall seldome see a *bridegroom* wed in *yellow*, or a forsaken lover walke in *blew*.” Bolton's Elements of Armonies 1610. p. 131. Beaumont and Fletcher have even *yellow-tressed* Hymen. Bonduca A. i. s. i. The text

“Redolet vestis odora Crocum,”

induces me to cite from a very learned and entertaining work, the following passage. “Sir John Chardin, in his manuscript tells us, that in the Indies they are wont to *moisten their clothes with Saffron* at marriages and other solemnities. This could only be done, I apprehend, on account of the fragrance of this plant, &c. The term *moisten* shews it is not on account of the *colour*, they use the *Saffron*; for *dry* yellow clothes would answer that purpose; but for its perfume.” Harmer's Comment on Solomon's Song, 1768, Additions n. 11. The text may also have a reference to Catullus's Cupid, Carm. lxix.

“Fulgebat crocinâ candidus in tunicâ.”

Todd.

PAGE 31. Command rough winter back, nor yield the pole,
Too soon to night's encroaching, long controul.

This Elegy has certainly passages of great poetical beauty, but the close of it appears unequal to its commencement, and the poem altogether is very far from exciting the lively interest, that we feel in reading his other elegies, in which the fervency of friendship or of love is gracefully blended with the enthusiasm of poetry.

H.

PAGE 32. To Charles Diodati.

Of this early and favourite friend of Milton some particulars are mentioned in a note to the first Elegy. Here I will add a few more collected from various notes of Mr. Warton: In Comus (says that critic) I suppose the simple shepherd lad skilled in plants to be the same Charles Diodati, to whom this Elegy is addressed, verse 619.

“He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing;
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit and hearken even to ecstasy.”

Diodati has a copy of *Alcaicks* extant in an Oxford collection on the death of Cambden, called *Camdeni Insignia Oxon*: 1624. He had been entered of Trinity College at the age of thirteen, 1621; and left it in 1628, having taken the degree of Master of Arts. Toland says, that he had in his possession, two Greek letters very well written, from Diodati to Milton. Two of Milton's familiar Latin letters, in the utmost freedom of friendship, are to Diodati, both dated from London, 1637. Of these, and the other compositions addressed to him, I shall have occasion to speak again in a concluding note to the *Epitaphium Damonis*, in which Milton lamented the early death of this admirable friend.

H.

PAGE 32. French spirits kindling with Cærulean fires,

Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos.

The preposition *per*, and the epithet *lepidos* convince me, that Milton does not mean in this place to speak of *wine* drunk at the side of chearful fires; but that *focus*, which in its proper sense signifies a *hearth*, is here used by a metonymy for *fire* itself, and *Gallica musta* for brandy, in short that he means to describe the well-known Christmas amusement called *snap-dragon*.

Mustum properly signifies wine so new, as not yet to have fermented, and may therefore with equal propriety be used to express a distilled spirit, which is never fermented at all.—The Latin language failing us, where modern inventions are in question, in such cases, a poet composing in Latin is obliged to resort to a periphrasis.

PAGE 34. Simply let these like him of Samos live.

Pythagoras.

PAGE 35. Tiresias wiser for his loss of sight.

He was struck blind by Juno; and Jupiter, to compensate his loss of sight, bestowed on him the gift of prophecy.

PAGE 35. The promised King of Peace employs my pen.

Alluding, as Mr. Warton observes, to his Ode on the Nativity.

PAGE 36. Verse that reserv'd in secret, shall attend,
Thy candid voice, my critic and my friend.

The transitions and connections of this Elegy are conducted with the skill and address of a master, and form a train of allusions and digressions, productive of fine sentiment and poetry. From a trifling and unimportant circumstance, the reader is gradually led to great and lofty imagery.

WARTON.

It may also be observed, that the friendship, the politeness, and the moral dignity of Milton, are all very gracefully displayed in this charming poem. He praises the festive gaiety of his favorite correspondent with great elegance, and warmth, yet vindicates, with becoming spirit, his own strict attachment to that singular temperance, which was one of his own happy characteristics, for it enabled him to struggle thro' an extensive life of difficulties and of dangers, and to exert, under all his misfortunes, the unclouded powers of an exalted and unconquerable mind.

H.

PAGE 37. That Amathusia, smiling queen, inspires.

Venus called Amathusia from Amathus a city of Cyprus.

PAGE 39. Nor Phœbus' serpent yield thy wound a cure.

No medicine will avail you, not even the serpent, which Phœbus sent to Rome, to cure the city of pestilence.—See Ovid Metam: xv. 742.

"Huc se de Latiâ pinu Phœbeius anguis
Contulit, et finem, specie cœleste resumpta
Luctibus imposuit; venitque salutifer urbi."

WARTON.

" 'Twas here the salutary Serpent came,
Nor sooner had he left the Latian pine,
But he assumes again his form divine,
And now no more the drooping city mourns,
Joy is again restored, and health returns."

Garth's Ovid.

PAGE 39. And passing and repassing nymphs, that mov'd
With grace divine, beheld where'er I rov'd.

In Milton's youth, the fashionable places of walking in London, were Hyde Park and Gray's Inn walks. This appears from Sir A. Cokain, Milton's contemporary poems, London 1662. Written much earlier. A young lady, he says, p. 35.

"Frequents the Theatres, Hide Park, or else talks
Away her precious time in Gray's Inn Walks."

See also p. 38, 39, and 48.

WARTON.

Hide Park was rendered attractive also by races. See Gayton's notes on Don Quixote, 1654, p. 44.

"- - - Light Horses all, but not for fights,
But Hide Park Races, and such free delights."

See also p. 51, "Hide Park will not be so full, as heretofore (of love-knots engraven on the trees) therefore happy those ladies, whose names are to be seen. As they would wish themselves in the bark green, before it was inclosed, for it was impaled before, and a price set of six-pence a man, twelve-pence a coach," &c.

Todd.

PAGE 40. But she the while, whom only I adore,
Was gone, and vanish'd to appear no more.

Non reditura:

He saw the unknown lady, who had thus won his heart, but once.
The fervor of his love is inimitably expressed in the following lines.

Todd.

PAGE 40. And so Oeclides sinking into night,
From the deep gulph look'd up to distant light.

Amphiaraus, son of Oecleus who was swallowed at Thebes by an earthquake.

Mr. Warton justly observes, that "this application is beautiful from a young mind teeming with classical history and imagery"—The lines alluded to form the close to the seventh book of Statius' Thebaid and are well translated by Lewis.

*Illum ingens haurit specus, et transire parnates
Mergit equos, non arma manu non frœna remisit*

Sicut erat, rectos defert in Tartara currus,
 Respexitque cadens cœlum, campumque coire
 Ingemuit, donec levior distantia rursus
 Miscuit arva tremor, lucemque exclusit averno.

The Prophet and his coursers, while they strive
 To pass, the yawning cleft ingulphs alive :
 Nor did he quit the reins, and arms in hand,
 But with them plung'd to the Tartarean strand ;
 And as he fell, gaz'd backward at the light,
 And griev'd to see the field would soon unite,
 Till now a lighter tremor clos'd again
 The ground, and darkened Pluto's wide domain.

Lewis's Statius.

H.

PAGE 41. Remove ! no ! grant me still this raging woe ;
 Sweet is the wretchedness, that lovers know.

Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme furores ;
 Nescio cur miser est suaviter omnis amans.

There never was a more beautiful description of the irresolution of love. He wishes to have his woe removed, but recalls his wish ; preferring the sweet misery of those, who love. Thus Eloisa wavers in Pope's fine poem.

Unequal task ! a passion to resign,
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.

TODD.

PAGE 41. Such were the trophies that in earlier days,
By vanity seduc'd, I toil'd to raise.

The elegiack poets were among the favorite classical authors of Milton's youth. Apol. Smectymn: "others were the smooth elegiack poets, whereof the schools are not *scarce*: whom, both for the pleasing sound of their *numerous* writing, which in imitation I found most easy, and most agreeable to nature's, part in me; and for their matter, which what it is, there be few who know not, I was so allured to read, that no recreation came to me better welcome." Prose work, quarto, vol. i. p. 100.

These lines are an epilogistic palinode to the last elegy. The Socratic dotrines of the Shady Academe soon broke the bonds of beauty. In other words, his return to the university. They were probably written when the Latin poems were prepared for the press in 1645. Milton here, at an early period of life, renounces the levities of love and gallantry.

WARTON.

PAGE 42. To emulate the fiery bolts of Jove.

This thought was afterward transferred to the Paradise Lost, where the fallen Angels are exulting in their new invention of fire arms, b. vi. 490.

"They shall fear we have disarm'd
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt."

WARTON.

Compare with this epigram Drummond's madrigals, 1616. "The Cannon."

“ When first the Cannon from her gaping throat,
 Against the Heaven her roaring sulphure shote,
 Jove, waken'd with the noise, did ask, with wonder,
 What mortal wight had stolen from him his Thunder.”

Todd.

PAGE 42. To Leonora singing at Rome.

Adriana of Mantua, for her beauty surnamed the Fair, and her daughter Leonora Baroni, the lady whom Milton celebrates in these epigrams, were esteemed by their contemporaries the finest singers in the world. Giovanni Battista Doni, in his book de *Præstantiâ Musicæ Veteris*, published in 1647, speaking of the merit of some modern vocal performers, declares that Adriana or her daughter Leonora, would suffer injury in being compared to the anti-ent Sappho. Book ii. p. 56. There is a volume of Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish poems, in praise of Leonora, printed at Rome, entitled “Applausi poetici alle glorie della Signora Leonora Baroni.” Nicias Erythreus, in his *Pinacotheca*, calls this collection the *Theatrum* of that exquisite songstress, Eleonora Baroni, “in quo omnes hic Romæ, quotquot ingenio et poeticæ facultatis laude præstant, carminibus, cum Etruscè, tum Latinè scriptis, singulari, ac prope divino mulieris illius canendi artificio, tanquam faustos quosdam clamores et plausus edunt, &c.” *Pinac.* ii. p. 427. Lips. 1712, 12mo. In the *Poesie Liriche* of Fulvio Testi, there is an encomiastic Sonnet to Leonora giving equal praise to her singing, and to her beauty :

“ Si lodano il canto, e la Bellezza
 Della Signora Leonora Baroni.

M m

Se l' Angioletta mia tremolo, e chiaro,
 A le stelle, onde scese, il canto invia,
 Ebbra del suono, in cui se stessa oblia,
 Col Ciel pensa la Terra irne del paro.

Ma se di sua Virtù non punto ignaro
 'L' occhio accorda gli sguardi a l'armonia,
 Trà il contento, e il fulgor dubbio è, se sia
 L' udir piu dolce, o il rimirar piu caro.

Al divin lume, a le celesti note
 De le potenze sue perde il vigore
 L' alma, e dal cupo sen svelta si scote.

De fammi cieco, o fammi sordo, amore,
 Che distratto in piu sensi (oimè!) non pote
 Capir tante dolcezze un picciol core."

Poesie del conte Fulvio Testi,

Milano 1658. p. 422.

M. Maugars, Priour of S. Peter de Mac at Paris, king's interpreter of the English language, and in his time a capital practitioner on the viol, has left this eulogy on Leonora and her mother, at the end of his judicious *Discours sur la Musique d' Italie*, printed with the life of Malherbe, and other treatises, at Paris, 1672, 12mo. "Leonora has fine parts, and a happy judgement in distinguishing good from bad musick: she understands it perfectly well, and even composes, which makes her absolutely mistress of what she sings, and gives her the most exact pronounciation and expression of the

sense of the words. She does not pretend to beauty, yet she is far from being disagreeable; nor is she a coquet. She sings with an air of confident and liberal modesty, and with a pleasing gravity. Her voice reaches a large compass of notes, is just, clear, and melodious; and she softens or raises it without constraint or grimace. Her raptures and sighs are not too tender. Her looks have nothing impudent; nor do her gestures betray any thing beyond the reserve of a modest girl. In passing from one song to another, she shews sometimes the divisions of the enharmonick and chromatiok species, with so much air, and sweetness, that every heart is ravished with that delicate and difficult mode of singing. She has no need of any person to assist with a theorbo or viol, one of which is required to make her singing complete; for she plays perfectly well herself on both those instruments. In short I have been so fortunate as to hear her sing several times above thirty different airs, with second and third stanzas of her own composition. But I must not forget, that one day she did me the particular favor to sing with her mother and her sister: her mother played upon the lute, her sister upon the harp, and herself upon the theorbo. This concert composed of three fine voices, and of three different instruments, so powerfully captivated my senses, and threw me into such raptures, that I forgot my mortality. *Et crus être déjà parmi les anges, jouissant des contentemens des bienheureux.*" See Bayle Dict. Baroni—Hawkins's Hist. Mus. iv. 196. To the excellence of the mother Adriana on the lute Milton alludes in these lines:

" Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem
Aurea maternæ fila movere Lyræ."

Since, could he hear that heavenly voice of thine
 With Adriana's lute of sound divine, &c.

When Milton was at Rome, he was introduced to the concerts of Cardinal Francesco Barberini, one of the nephews of Pope Urban the eighth, where he heard Leonora sing, and her mother play. It was the fashion for all the ingenious strangers who visited Rome to leave some verses on Leonora. Pietro della Valle, who wrote about 1640, a very judicious discourse on the music of his own times, speaks of the fanciful and masterly style, in which Leonora touched the arch-lute to her own accompaniments. At the same time he celebrates her sister Catherine, and their mother Adriana. See the works of Battista Doni. vol ii. Florence 1763.

WARTON, corrected by TODD.

The latter critic has noticed a slip of recollection in his predecessor, who had been misled by Sir John Hawkins, to mistake Cardinal Francesco Barberini for his uncle Pope Urban the eighth, whose christian name was Maphæus, a mistake that Mr. Warton would have avoided, had he recollected a book, with which he was probably well acquainted; I mean a volume of Latin and Greek poems, by Maphæus Barberini, printed before he became Pope, and reprinted in Oxford at the Clarendon press.—Milton in writing from Florence to his friend Holstenius the librarian of the Vatican, after thanking him for his great kindness in shewing him the interesting treasures of that collection, and for a present of some books, that he had printed, makes very grateful mention of Cardinal Francesco Barberini, and of the honor he received in being introduced personally by the Cardinal himself to the very concert, where he had the delight of hearing those songs of Leonora, which

he has celebrated in more than one composition. The voice of this lady was so very enchanting, that the poets, her admirers, thought they could never praise her sufficiently. Milton besides his three Latin poems written expressly to honour her, most probably intended to compliment both *her* voice and *her* beauty in that Italian sonnet, in which he describes his heart as unexpectedly subdued by foreign charms.

“Pellegrina bellezza che il cuor bea.”

And Count Fulvio Testi besides the sonnet, which he address to her, inserted above, appears to have made serious love to her in a poem of twenty-six stanzas, in which he cautions her against the disgraceful error of the lovely Angelica, who after disdaining the love of knights, and the hand of princes, bestowed her beauties unworthily on the page Medoro.

H.

PAGE 42. Another Leonora once inspir'd,
Tasso, with fatal love to phrenzy fired.

In a circumstantial account of the life of Tasso, written by his friend and patron G. Battista Manso, mention is made of three different ladies of the name of Leonora, of whom Tasso is there said to have been successively enamoured. Gier. lib. edit. Haym, London, 4to, 1724, p. 23. The *first* was Leonora of Este, sister of Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara, at whose court Tasso resided. This lady who was highly accomplished, lived unmarried with her elder sister D. Lucretia, who had been married, but was separated from her husband the Duke of Ubino. The Countess San Vitale was the *second* Leonora, to whom Tasso was said to be much attached, p. 26. Manso relates, that the

third Leonora was a young lady in the service of the Princess of Este, who was very beautiful, and to whom Tasso paid great attention, p. 27. He addressed many very elegant love-verses to each of these different ladies; but as the pieces addressed to Leonora, Princess of Este, have more *Passion* than *Gallantry*, it may justly be inferred, notwithstanding the pains he took to conceal his affection, that she was the real favourite of his heart.

DR. JOSEPH WARTON.

This allusion to Tasso's Leonora, and the turn, which it takes, are inimitably beautiful. WARTON.

An elegant author who has illustrated the literature of his native Ireland, and also that of Italy, expresses in very forcible language his own feelings, on a survey of the dungeon in which Tasso was confined, in consequence, as it has been supposed, of his presumptuous passion for the princess Leonora, to whom Milton alludes.

"With what mingled emotions of pain and horror did I explore this dungeon in the year 1792, damp, dimly lighted, and too low in many parts to allow me to stand erect!"—Walker's historical memoir on Italian tragedy p. 128. The author adds in a note.

"Tasso was, I believe, enamoured of the Princess Leonora, and there is good reason for supposing that the princess was not insensible to the talents, accomplishments and personal charms of the author of the *Gerusalemme liberata*. Anxious to vindicate Leonora from any criminal passion for Tasso, Serassi asserts she was a temple of honor and chastity "*tempio di onore, e di castitate vita del Tasso*," p. 150. "That this fair temple did not yield to the amorous assaults of Tasso, I am willing to believe, but it is probable, that

Alphonso thought it necessary to oblige the poet to raise the siege. This however is no apology for his conduct; he might have forbidden Tasso his court, or banished him from his dominions; but he ought not to have deprived him of his liberty, and endangered his mental health."

To these remarks let me add for the honor of Tasso, that however severely treated he might have been by Alphonso, he expressed in a letter written a few months before his death, such an attachment to his early patron, that to translate the words of his intelligent biographer Serassi on this subject the great poet displayed "a constancy in gratitude perhaps without example."

H.

PAGE 43. Fiercer than Pentheus though his eye might roll.

Milton alludes to the rage of Pentheus in Ovid's *Metam.* iii. 557.

"Aspexit hunc oculis Pentheus quos ira tremendos
Fecerat."

WARTON.

"Him Pentheus viewed with fury in his look."

Garth's Ovid.

PAGE 43. That when Parthenope deceased, she gave
Her sacred dust to a Chalcidic grave.

Parthenope's tomb was at Naples. She was one of the Syrens. See *Comus* v. 878.

By the songs of Syrens sweet
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb.

She is called Parthenope Acheloias in *Silius Italicus.* xii. 35.

WARTON.

The verses which the critic has alluded to in Silius, are so descriptive of the Syren Parthenope, that I will add them to his remark. The poet in speaking of Naples, says

Nunc molles urbi ritus, atque hospita musis,
 Otia, et exemptum curis gravioribus ævum.
 Sirenum dedit una suum et memorabile nomen
 Parthenope muris Acheloias : æquore cujus
 Regnavere diu cantus, cum dulce per undas
 Exitium miseris caneret non prospera nautis.

The city, now absorb'd in soft delights,
 Paid to the Muses all their peaceful rites,
 One of the Syrens, of insidious fame,
 Gave to these walls her memorable name,
 Parthenope, whose songs reign'd o'er the wave,
 And lur'd the seaman to a watery grave.

Emigrants from Chalcis are said to have founded Naples.

PAGE 43. For still she lives, but has exchanged the hoarse
 Pausilipo for Tiber's placid course.

The grotto of Pausilipo Milton no doubt had visited with delight ; of which Sandys had written, that it " passes undder the mountaine for the space of six hundred spaces, some say a mile ; affording a delightful passage to such as passe betweene Naples and Putzol, or that part of Italy, receiving so much light from the ends and tunnel in the middle, which letteth in day from the top of the high mountaine, as is sufficient for direction. Throughout

hewne out of the living rocke : paved under foote, and being so broad, that three carts with ease may passe by each other." Travels edit. 1615, p. 263.

Todd.

PAGE 44. To Christina Queen of Sweden.

The learned commentators Warton and Todd have bestowed on this epigram, and the fantastic queen, to whom it was sent, two very copious, and entertaining notes. Here it may be sufficient to select from each the most amusing particulars.

"These lines are simple, and sinewy. They present Cromwell in a new and pleasing light, and throw an air of amiable dignity on his rough, and obstinate character. They are too great a compliment to Christina, who was contemptible, both as a queen, and a woman. The uncrowned Cromwell had no reason to approach a princess with so much reverence, who had renounced her crown. The frolicks of other whimsical modern queens, have been often only romantick. The pranks of Christina had neither elegance, nor even decency, to deserve so candid an appellation. An ample and lively picture of her court, politics, religion, intrigues, rambles, and masquerades, is to be gathered fram *Thurloe's* state papers.—Of her travels through several cities in a fantanstick masculine dress, I select the following anecdotes, from various letters of that collection, about the years 1654, 1655. This *lucid star of the northern pole* soon deserted her bright station, and became a desultory meteor.

"The queen, when she came into the inn, (at Elsineur) had boots on,

and a carbine about her neck" vol ii. 44. "We hear (at Bologna) strange stories of the Swedish queen, and her Amazonian behaviour:—In her discourse she talks loud, and sweareth notably." Ibid: 556. "The queen came this week to Antwerp in man's apparel, disguised as a page to one of her own servants: not so much as a maid besides in her company." Ibid. p. 449. "She arrived at Brussels last week, more manlike than woman. Her train here yet consists of two earls, two men servants, and a woman." Ibid: p. 536.

She had all the failings of her own sex, without any of the virtues of the sex, she affected to imitate. She abdicated her kingdom in 1654: So that this epigram could not have been written after that time. It was sent to the queen with Cromwell's picture, on which it was inscribed. It is supposed to be spoken by the portrait.

WARTON.

"This Christina Queene of Sweden, as being the daughter of the greate Gustavus Adolphus, and bred up a Protestant in the Lutheran way, quitted her crowne, and her religion too, turning Papist; and was received at Inspruck in Tiroll by the Arch-duke and Prince, with extraordinary greate pomp and magnificence; that being the appointed place at the confines of Italy and Germany, for her to renounce her former religion of a Lutheran Protestant, and to be received into the bosome of the church of Rome, which was done with great solemnity: At which I was present, staying there a month for that purpose. Allmost all the Emperor's court, and other nobility were there. The Pope, Alexander vii, sending thither as his Internuntio Monsigr. Lucas Holstenius to receive her renunciation, and admit her into the Roman faith. That Internuntio was a Hign German, of Hamburg, and had

binn bredd up a Lutheran, but turned as shee did; and being a greate scholar, he was the keeper of the Vatican Library, and Canon of St. Peters at Rome, and my former courteous acquaintance, which, with all kindness, he renewed at oure meeting here; he giving me three sheets of paper printed in Latine, of the solemnity, of which shee reade halfe an one very readily in a loud manly voice undauntedly. But her carriage in the church was very scandalous, laughing and gigling, and curling and trimming her locks: and the motion of her hands and body was so odd, that I heard some Italians that were neare me say "*è matta per Dio.*" "By God she is mad:" and truly I thought so too, there being in her no signe of devotion, but all was to her, as if she had been at a play, whilst she received the Sacrament in the Roman mode, and all the time of the short sermon. But she had short sermons all the weeke after; every day in a several language, all which she understood well, as I was told there by Monsignor Holstenius, the Pope's Internuntio, with whome I was often: That night she was entertayned with a most excellent opera, all in musick and Italian, the ætors of that play being all of that nation, it lasted about six or seven hours in the most straingely excellent scenes and ravishing musick, of all which by the Arch-duke's order the Sig. Conte Collalto presented me with a book in Italian, which I have now in my study, with all the scenes in excellent brass cutts. The title is *L'Argia, Dramma Musicale rappresentato a INSPRVGG. Alla Maesta della Seremissima Christina Regina di Suezia, &c.*"

The preceding account of Christina is taken from the effigies, nomina, et cognomina, papæ et cardinalium nunc viventium. edit. a Io. Iacobo de

Rubeis, Romæ, 1658, folio numbered. g. iii. 33 in the library of Canterbury Cathedral; to which it was one of the many curious and valuable presents made by Dr. Bargrave, prebendary of the church, who had been a great traveller, and lived chiefly in Italy during Cromwell's usurpation. On the margins and backs of the engravings in the aforementioned volume, he has written many curious remarks from printed books and manuscripts, and has added several diverting anecdotes, the fruits of his own observation: among which is the account of Christina.

Todd.

A doubt had arisen whether the Latin epigram addressed to Christina ought to be ascribed to Milton or to the poetical and patriotic Andrew Marvell, in whose hand writing a copy of it was found: but the respectable critics Todd, Dunster, and Dr. Symmons, all agree in believing it the composition of Milton. It appears to have all the characteristics of his Latin verse, and altho' it has been translated by a variety of powerful hands, I cannot say, that I think any one of the English versions has perfectly equalled all the united ease, energy, and grace of the original.

H.

PAGE 46. On the Death of the Vice-Chancellor, a Physician.

This Ode is on the death of Doctor John Goslyn, Master of Caius College, and King's professor of medicine at Cambridge; who died while a second time Vice-chancellor of that university in October, 1626. See Fuller's Hist. Cam. p. 164. He was a Norwich man, and matriculated Dec. 3, 1582. For his considerable benefactions to Caius College, see Bloomfield's Annals of that College, in Ives's select papers, London, 1773. p. 76.

and Bloomfield's Collection. Cantab. p. 102. for those to Catherine Hall, see Fuller. p. 83, and Kennet. Reg. p. 870.

WARTON.

PAGE 47. Nor the chief to Jove allied.

Sarpedon.

PAGE 47. By Achilles' phantom died.

Patroclus, who, disguised in the armour of Achilles, slew Sarpedon.

PAGE 47. Learned Machaon should have known

Doubtless to avert his own..

The wound, and death of Machaon are circumstantially described in the 6th book of Quintus Calabar, an author, as Mr. Warton observes, not familiar to boys at present. but one of the Classicks, whom Milton, according to his nephew, and biographer, Phillips, introduced to his disciples. Machaon in Quintus Calabar falls by the spear of Eurypelus, who insulting over him exclaims; "that skilled in medicine as he is, he shall not escape death, not even if his father Æsculapius should bring him Nectar and Ambrosia from Olympus."—The bleeding Machaon foretells the death of his exulting antagonist, and expires.

H.

PAGE 47. Chiron had surviv'd the smart

Of the Hydra-tainted dart.

Chiron had great skill in pharmacy, but died of a wound in his foot by a dart of Hercules, which had been dipt in the blood of the Hydra.

PAGE 47. Foil'd by Æsclepiades.

Æsculapius.

PAGE 48. Æacus pronounce thee blest.

One of the infernal judges.

PAGE 48.

I cannot close the Notes to this Ode without noticing a remark of Mr. Warton on the following line of the original.

“ Tuque O alumno major Apolline.”

“ Certainly (says the critick) we should read *Apollinis*; but who was this pupil of Apollo in medicine? Had it been Æsculapius, the transition would have been more easy. But Æsculapius was sent by Apollo to Chiron to be educated in that art. I think therefore although Milton's allusions in these pieces are chiefly to establish Grecian fable, we should here understand Virgil's Japis, who was “*Phœbo ante alios dilectus*.” Mr. Warton appears to have been aware, that the introduction of a Roman physician did not perfectly suit the other allusions of the ode. Perhaps a different reading may obviate the difficulty—suppose we say

“ Tuque O alumno major Apollini.”

“ Thou who art greater in the eyes of Apollo, than one of his own disciples.”

The compliment becomes greater to the subject of the poem, and such probably was the meaning of Milton:

H.

PAGE 49. On the Death of the Bishop of Ely.

Nicholas Felton, Bishop of Ely, died October 5, 1626, not many days after Bishop Andrews before celebrated. He had been also Master of Pembroke-hall, as well as Bishop Andrews; and Bishop of Bristol. He was nominated to the see of Litchfield, but was translated to that of Ely in 1618-9. He is said to have been a pious, learned, and judicious man. See Bentham's Ely, p. 199.

WARTON.

PAGE 49. With less revenge did Naso teem,
When hated Ibis was his theme.

By Ibis Ovid is supposed to have intended his enemy Hyginus.

PAGE 50. With less Archilochus denied
The lovely Greek his promised bride.

Archilochus, who killed Lycambes by the severity of his iambicks. Lycambes had espoused his daughter Neobule to Archilochus, and afterwards gave her to another. See Ovid's Ibis, v. 54.

WARTON.

PAGE 51. - - - and now appear
Heaven's chrystal battlements, her door
Of massy pearl, and em'rald floor.

Milton's natural disposition, so conspicuous in the *Paradise Lost*, and even in his prose-works, for describing divine objects, such as the bliss of the saints, the splendor of heaven, and the music of the angels, is perpetually

breaking forth in some of the earliest of his juvenile poems. And here more particularly in displaying the glories of Heaven, which he locally represents, and clothes with the brightest material decorations, his fancy, to say nothing of the Apocalypse, was aided and enriched with descriptions in romances.

WARTON.

PAGE 53. Nature unimpair'd by Time.

This was an academical exercise, written in 1628, to oblige one of the fellows of Christ's college, who having laid aside the levities of poetry for the gravity and solidity of prose, imposed the boyish task on Milton, now about nineteen years old. "Quidam ædium nostrarum socius, qui comitiis hisce academicis in disputatione philosophicâ responsurus erat, carmina super quæstionibus pro more annuo componenda, prætervectus ipse jam diu leviculas illiusmodi nugas, et rebus seriis intentior, forte meæ puerilitati commisit." Milton's Letter to A. Gill, Cambridge, July 2, 1628. Epist. Fam. Prose works, quarto, ii. 666. They were printed not for sale, and sent to his late schoolmaster at Saint Paul's, Alexander Gill aforesaid: For he adds, "Hæc quidem typis donata ad te misi, utpote quem norin rerum poeticarum judicem acerrimum et mearum candidissimum." It is still a custom at Cambridge to print the comitial verses accompanying the public disputations. What a curiosity would be the sheet with Milton's copy!

To be able to write a Latin verse, *versificari*, was looked upon as a high accomplishment in the dark ages. This art they sometimes applied to their barbarous philosophy: and the practice gave rise to the *Tripes Verses* at

Cambridge, and the Carmina Quadregesimalia at Oxford. From such rude beginnings is eloquence derived.

WARTON.

PAGE 54. Hence the prime mover wheels itself about
Continual.

Primum mobile a sphere imagined by the antient astronomers, who supposed it exterior to the visible heavens, to which communicating its own rotation it carried them round with it.

PAGE 56. The world consum'd in one enormous pyre.

This Poem is replete with fanciful and ingenious allusions. It has also a vigour of expression, a dignity of sentiment, and elevation of thought, rarely found in very young writers.

WARTON.

Let me add, that the Poem may be regarded as an antidote to Johnson's sarcastic assertion that Milton yielded "to a fashionable dread of fantastic evils."

"There prevailed in his time," says the critic, "an opinion, that the world was in its decay, and that we have had the misfortune to be born in the decrepitude of nature." Johnson exposes, with great felicity of expression, this absurd idea, of which his own frame of body and mind was a complete refutation; but instead of deriding the great poet for harbouring so weak a conceit, he might have recollected, that Milton himself has spurned

this chimera of timid imagination in very spirited Latin verse, written in his twentieth year, and expressly against the folly of supposing nature impaired.

H.

PAGE 57. On the Platonic Idea, &c.

“ Dicite, sacrorum præsides nemorum Deæ.”

I find this Poem inserted at full length, as a specimen of unintelligible metaphysics, in a scarce little book, of universal burlesque, much in the manner of Tom Brown, seemingly published about the year 1715, and intitled “ An Essay towards the Theory of the intelligible world intuitively considered, designed for forty-nine parts, &c. by *Gabriel John*. Enriched with a faithful account of his ideal Voyage, and illustrated with Poems by several Hands; as likewise with other strange things, not insufferably clever, nor furiously to the purpose. Printed in the year one thousand seven hundred et cætera.” 12mo. See p. 17.

WARTON.

PAGE 58. Never the Theban seer, whose blindness prov'd
His best illumination.

Tiresias——“ The son of Pleione” Mercury——“ The Assyrian priest” Sanchoniathon.

PAGE 58. Nor even thrice-great Hermes.

Hermes Tris-megistus an Ægyptian.——Suidas says he was so called, because he was a philosopher, a priest, and a king.

TODD.

PAGE 58. And thou who hast immortaliz'd the shades
Of Academus.

Plato.—We are not informed on what occasion this Poem was written, but it has a mysterious sublimity and vigor in its sentiments and language, that render it highly delightful. There is a kind of dignified pleasantry in the poet's concluding address to his favorite philosopher. Mr. Warton observes in a note to Comus, "It is highly probable, that Henry More, the great Platonist, who was Milton's contemporary at Christ's college, might have given his mind an early bias to the study of Plato.—Is it not more probable, that Henry More might have received such a bias from Milton, his senior by several years, the poet being born in 1608, the philosopher in 1614? The portraits of these two illustrious fellow-collegians, engraved by the celebrated Faithorne, and drawn when each had past his sixtieth year, shew that they resembled each other not only in devotional elevation of mind, but in the expressive serenity of their features:

H.

PAGE 59. To his Father.

These Verses are founded on one of the most interesting subjects that language can display, the warmth, and felicity, of strong reciprocal kindness between a father and a son, not only united by the most sacred tie of nature, but still more endeared to each other by the happy cultivation of honorable and congenial hearts. The sublime description of poetry, and the noble and graceful portrait, which the author here exhibits of his own mental

character, may be said to render this splendid poem the prime jewel in a coronet of variegated gems.

H.

According to Aubrey's manuscript life of Milton, Milton's father, although a scrivener, was not apprenticed to that trade; he says he was bred a scholar, and of Christ-church, Oxford; and that he took to trade in consequence of being disinherited. Milton was therefore writing to his father in a language which he understood. Aubrey adds, that he was very ingenious, and delighted in music, in which he instructed his son John; that he died about 1647, and was interred in Cripplegate church from his house in Barbican. MS. Ashm.

WARTON.

PAGE 60. In verse the Delphic priestess, and the pale
Tremulous Sybil make the future known.

The priestesses of Apollo's temple at Delphi always delivered their oracles in verse. Our author here recollected the *Ion* of Euripides. To Phemonoe, one of the most celebrated of these poetical ladies, the Greeks were indebted for Hexameters. Others found it more commodious to sing in the specious obscurity of the Pindarick measure. Homer is said to have borrowed many lines from the responses of the priestess Daphne, daughter of Tiresias. It was suspected that persons of distinguished abilities in poetry were secretly placed near the oracular tripod, who immediately clothed the answer in a metrical form, which was almost as soon conveyed to the priestess in waiting.

WARTON.

Of the oracular answers in a metrical form, here noticed by Milton, see much curious information in Van Dale de Oraculis.

TODD.

The more elegant history of Oracles by Fontenelle, has been called an abridgment of Van Dale. The curious reader, who wishes to dive into these mysterious subjects may be entertained by the very learned work of another Dutch author, Servatii Gallæi dissertationes de sibyllis, quarto. Anstel. 1688. The volume is decorated with portraits of the prophetic Ladies, whose history it contains.

H.

PAGE 62. Thou hast thy gift, and I
 Mine also, and between us we receive
 Father and son, the whole inspiring God.

Milton's father was well skilled in music. Philips (his nephew and biographer) says that he composed an *In nomine* of forty parts, for which he was honoured with a gold chain and medal by a Polish prince, to whom he presented it. He is mentioned by Wood in his manuscript history of English Musicians, "John Milton a musician living in the reign of Queene Elizabeth, James i, Charles i. We have some of his compositions in the public musicke schoole at Oxford" Mss. Mus. Ashm. D. 19, 4to. Among the Psalm-tunes, published by Thomas Ravenscroft in 1663, are many with the name of John Milton; more particularly that common one called York tune, the tenour part of which was such a favourite, as to be used by nurses for a lullaby, and as a chime tune for churches. He has several songs for five voices in "The teares or lamentations of a sorrowful soule, composed with musical ayres and songs, both for voices and divers instruments"—containing also compositions by Bird, Bull, Orlando Gibbons, Dowland the Lutanist, Ferrabosco, Coperario, Weelk Wilbie, and others, the most celebrated masters of the times, written and published by Sir William Leighton, knight, a gentleman

pensioner, and a good musician in 1614. He has a madrigal for five voices, among the numerous contributions of the most capital performers in the Triumphs of Oriana, published by Morley in 1601. This collection is said to have been planned by the Earl of Nottingham, Lord high Admiral, who, with a view to sooth Queen Elizabeth's despair for the recent execuion of Lord Essex, by flattering her preposterous vanity, gave for a prize-subject to the best poets and musicians, whom he liberally rewarded, "The Beauty and Accomplishments of his royal Mistress"—now a decrepit virgin on the brink of seventy; but maiden queens are in perpetual bloom.

WARTON.

Our two chief historians of musick, Burney and Hawkins, speak highly of Milton's father as a musician. The latter exhibits a specimen of his composition in the song "O had I wings like to a Dove" vol iii. p. 369.

H.

PAGE 64. Shall to futurity perhaps convey,
This theme.

Such predictions of true genius, with a natural and noble consciousness anticipating its own immortality are seldom found to fail.

WARTON.

There is hardly any passage in the poetry of Milton that affords a more animated and pleasing idea of his pure and exalted mind, than his sublime defiance of calumny, the most execrable of enemies, in this poem. The lines I allude to are translated with great felicity of expression by Cowper:

Dr. Symmons has introduced in his life of Milton, a version of this exquisite poem in rhyme, executed with elegance and spirit. I transcribe

as a specimen of his production, the *Defiance of Calumny*, to which I have alluded.

Now deck'd with ivies, and immortal bays,
 One, tho' the meanest of the sons of praise,
 High shall I keep the tenor of my state,
 O'er the base croud, and lifted from their fate.
 Hence, wakeful cares, and pining sorrows fly !
 Hence leering envy, with thy side-long eye,
 Slander in vain thy viper-jaws expand !
 No harm can touch me from your hateful band ;
 Alien from you, my breast, in virtue strong,
 Derides the menace of your reptile throng.

Appendix to Symmons's *Life of Milton*, p: 540.

H.

PAGE 65. To Salsillus a Roman Poet.

Giovanni Salsilli had complimented Milton at Rome in a Latin *trastick*, for his Greek, Latin, and Italian poetry, Milton in return sent his elegant *Scazontes* to Salsilli when indisposed

WARTON.

PAGE 66. Health, Hebe's sister, sent us from the skies.

This poem was a favourite of Mr. Warton's: in his note on the original of the verse just cited, he says "I know not any finer modern latin Lyrick poetry, than from this verse to the end. The close, which is digressional, but naturally rises from the subject, is perfectly antique."

H.

PAGE 66. Numa, reclin'd in everlasting ease,
 Amid the shade of dark embow'ring trees,
 Viewing with eyes of unabated fire,
 His lov'd Ægeria shall that strain admire.

Very near the city of Rome, in the middle of a gloomy grove, is a romantic cavern with a spring, where Numa is fabled to have received the Roman laws from his wife Egeria, one of Diana's nymphs. The grove was called *Nemus Aricinum*, and sometimes *Lucus Egeriæ et Camænarum*, and the spring *Fons Egeriæ*. See Ovid's Fast. iii. 275. And when Numa died, Egeria is said to have retired hither to lament his death. See Ovid Metam: xv. 487. On these grounds Milton builds the present beautiful fiction, that Numa, still living in this dark grove in the perpetual contemplative enjoyment of his Egeria, from thence will listen with wonder to the poetry of the neighbouring Bard. This place is much frequented in sultry weather by the people of Rome, as a cool retreat: See Montfauc. Diar. Ital. c: xi. p. 152. edit. 1702. Milton might have visited it while at Rome:

WARTON.

A recent and respectable describer of Rome gives the following account of this very interesting spot.

"In vallem Ægeriæ descendimus"

Juvenal Sat. 3.

"This is the famous valley Egeria, where I saw the remains of the fountain sacred to this nymph and the muses. The situation is very romantic: The *opus reticulatum*, the niches for the statues of the Muses, and the mutilated statue, perhaps of the fountain, still remaining bespeak its antiquity.

Here Numa the celebrated legislator of Rome, in order to persuade the people of the divinity of his Institutions, retired, and pretended to converse with his Goddess. See Livy 1. c. 21. and Holdsworth's dissertation on the Fountain of Egeria. The modern Romans of a lower class, go annually in great numbers to the valley of Egeria, on the first Sunday of May, where they eat and drink, and crown themselves with garlands of flowers; and thus dancing and singing to various musical instruments, they return to Rome in the evening like so many Bacchanals. This custom is, no doubt, a remainder of ancient superstition:

Lumisdén's Antiquities of Rome, quarto, 1737. p. 92.

PAGE 68. To Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa.

He was a nobleman of distinguished rank and fortune, had supported a military character with high reputation, of unblemished morals, a polite scholar, a celebrated writer, and an universal patron. It was among his chief honours, that he had been the friend of Tasso: and this circumstance above all others must have made Milton ambitious of his acquaintance.

WARTON.

The introduction to Tasso's dialogue entitled "Manso," contains a splendid character of this highly accomplished nobleman, who supports a principal part in the conversation, which closes with a sublime eulogy on friendship, the main subject, that gives a second title to the dialogue, "il Manso overo dell' amicizia." Manso proved the warmth, and fidelity, of his own friendship, by writing the lives of the two Italian poets particularly attached

to him, Tasso and Marino. His other works are *Poesie Nomiche* Venezia, 12mo, 1635. These contain a translation of Claudian's *Phenix*, and a very large collection of complimentary verses addrest to Manso. *Erocallia*, or dialogues of love and beauty; in Venetia quarto, 1628. The arguments to these dialogues were written by the author's friend Marino, who in a letter to the Marquis, prefixed to the publication, gives a singular history of mischances, that befell the manuscript—lost after a battle, and recovered from the bottom of a river. These dialogues are curious compositions in the manner of Plato; and the Marquis introduces his friend Tasso as a speaker, in more than one, particularly in that, which he entitles the first of his paradoxes on this extraordinary maxim, that “the least beautiful ladies ought to be the most loved.” The elaborate historian of Italian literature Tiraboschi, celebrates Manso as the patron not only of arts and sciences, but of manly and martial exercises. He founded in Naples a college of nobles, to which he bequeathed his fortune. He also instituted in his own mansion, the academy described in the following words of Quadrio, the indefatigable chronicler of poets, of every age and country. “Nel 1611 fu pure istituita da Giovan Batista Manso Marchese di Villa, &c. l'academia degli oziosi, alla quale diede per impresa un aquila in atto di mover l'ali, nel rignardar fisa il sole col motto: *non otiosa quies*.” This liberal friend to his country died in his native city of Naples, on the 28th of December 1645, in his eighty-fourth year.

Mr. Walker, the historian of the Irish bards, who visited Italy, with the eyes of a friend to genius and virtue in every climate, endeavoured to discover the situation of the villa near Naples, in which Manso received Tasso and Milton, but he had the mortification to learn, that a scene so peculiarly

beautiful, and interesting, had been destroyed, or disfigured, by various inundations. He affords however some pleasing information on this subject, and very justly vindicates the honor of Manso, as the biographer of the great Italian poet, in the 5th number of his Appendix to his elegant and entertaining memoir on Italian tragedy, quarto, 1799.

Cicero has remarked the great pleasure derived from a contemplation of the scenes, once inhabited by characters peculiarly endeared to memory by genius and virtue. Were it possible to form a book, in which the pencil and the pen had happily united to delineate the abodes of all the most eminent philosophers, and poets, the pensive favorites of fame, in the different ages and nations of the earth, such a book would be a source of inexhaustible delight.

H.

PAGE 69. And thou, with punctual piety hast paid
In labour'd brass thy tribute to his shade.

Marino's monument at Naples, erected by Manso. But the Academy of the Humoristi are said in Marino's epitaph to have been the chief contributors. (They probably were so, as Marino a few years before his death was elected president of their academy at Rome.)

Tasso was buried, in 1595, in the church of the monastery of Saint Onufrius at Rome; and his remains were covered by his own desire, only with a plain stone. Cardinal Cynthio, whom he made his heir, soon afterwards proposed to build a splendid tomb to his memory, but the design never was

carried into execution, Manso, to whom he bequeathed only his picture, and to whom he had committed some directions about his funeral, coming from Naples to Rome, about 1605, and finding not so much as his name inscribed on the stone, under which he was laid, offered to erect a suitable monument, but was not permitted. However he procured this simple but expressive inscription to be engraved on the stone, "*Torquati Tassi ossa*". At length the monument, which now appears, was given by Cardinal Bevilaqua, of an illustrious family of Ferrara.

For a more particular account of the very singular attentions, and honours, which Marino received from Manso, the reader is referred to the Italian life of Marino by F. Ferrari, published at Venice in 1633, 4to, at the end of Marino's *Strage de gli Innocenti*, and other poems. Marino died at Naples in 1625, aged fifty-six.

WARTON.

Mr. Walker supposes Milton to have caught some ideas in his *Paradise Lost* from two poems of Marino, not so generally known as his *Adone*—namely, *Strage degli Innocenti*, and *La Gerusalemme distrutta*; the latter is so little known, that it is not even mentioned by those biographers of the poet, whom that elegant scholar had consulted. He learned however that a seventh canto of the work is inserted in two editions of the *Strage*, and supposed by an Italian critic to be the only one ever printed. Mr. Walker very justly concludes, that it had been completed to the satisfaction of its author, because he speaks of it in his familiar letters as a great poem, and not less excellent than the *Gerusalem* of Tasso. Milton in speaking of Marino to his patron the Marquis, has treated him mildly in calling him only *prolixus*. Tiraboschi

speaks of him more severely in saying that "few have been more indebted to nature, than Marino for such endowments as may form a poet, and still fewer have made so bad a use of her liberality."

The life of Marino, written by his personal acquaintance Ferrari, concludes with a description, that may run thus in English.

"His eyes were full of fire; his hair was light; his features handsome, his voice sonorous: In short, he appeared, in all his deportment, gentle and gracious. In friendship he was firm and constant; grateful towards his benefactors, respectful to the great; beneficent to those, who regarded him. In his studies indefatigable; by nature singularly pleasant, and inclined to love."

His amorous propensity had given an air of licentiousness to his verse, but for this he endeavoured to atone by requesting his literary friends to superintend an improved edition of his *Adone*, and erase every line, that could be offensive to modesty. It is remarkable, that his associate and biographer Ferrari gives no account of his poem on a grander subject, *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, although the seventh canto of the work is inserted in the volume, which contains Ferrari's life of the poet. In that canto there are verses of great animation and splendor, and a Hymn sung by the Seraph Michael to God the Creator, that may have contributed to inspire the epic ambition of Milton, who possibly had an opportunity of seeing the whole unpublished poem in the possession of his friend Manso. Yet if he had seen and admired it, he would most probably have alluded to it in his verses to the beneficent patron of its author. Marino in truth, though possessed of a rapid and brilliant imagina-

tion, was far from enjoying that rare union of genius, judgment, and virtue, which has formed the basis of Milton's poetical pre-eminence.

H.

PAGE 69. Eloquent as the Carian sage, who true
To his great theme, the life of Homer drew.

Herodotus, born at Halicarnassus a city of Caria.

Milton in the Latin verse, where he alludes to a biographer of Homer, describes him as born near the mountain *Mycale*. Mr. Warton taking *Mycale* for a mountain in Bœotia, supposes the poet to have intended a compliment to Plutarch. An author who lately inserted in a little volume of very interesting poetry an elegant version of Milton's *Manso*, has the following note on the passage in question.

"A mountain of the name of *Mycale* in Bœotia will not be found either in Pausanias, or Strabo. *Mycale* was in Asia minor, the country of Herodotus. The epithet *facundus*, which Mr. Warton admires, is particularly applicable to the father of history; but I doubt, whether it would be allowed to Plutarch on the banks of the *Ilyssus*, though he is rich in biographical and moral reflexions." Poems by the Revd. Joseph Stirling, London, 1789. While this author is before me, I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing from his *Manso* a passage translated with great elegance and spirit. It is that, in which Milton describes the natives of Britain as votaries of Apollo.

"Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, &c."

"We honour Phœbus; we to Phœbus bring
The earliest promise of the purple spring,

The yellow Crocus, every od'rous flower,
 That paints the dale, or decks the rural bower.
 Ours were the Druids; men by Heaven approv'd!
 By strangers reverenc'd! by their Britons lov'd!
 They taught the youth in virtue's cause to bleed;
 They sung the hero, and heroic deed."

Mr. Stirling has omitted the three Hypberborean nymphs, who sent fruits to Apollo in Delos, and whom, as Mr. Warton observes, Milton has converted into British goddesses. It must be allowed, that although their names sound not ungracefully in a Hymn of Callimachus, they are not very happily suited to English verse. I cannot quit Mr. Stirling without citing from him another brief passage of great sweetness and beauty.

"Nec vidisse semel satis est—juvat usque morari
 Et conferre gradum."

The lines I allude to are near the close of the poem, after the poet has expressed a wish to be animated in his poetical enterprizes by such a friend as Manso:

"When all the pageantry of life is past,
 And full of years, I yield my breath at last;
 That friend should heave the agonizing sigh,
 (The tear of sorrow trembling in his eye)
 With tender care inter my lov'd remains,
 And tell my fortunes to the listening swains;
 With every virtue in full light display'd,
 And o'er my errors throw a soften'd shade."

Stirling's Poems, page 193.

H.

PAGE 71. But gentle Chiron's cave was near, a scene
Of rural peace, cloth'd with perpetual green.

Chiron's cavern (in mount Pelion) was ennobled by the visits and education of sages and heroes. Chiron is styled *mansuetus* (gentle) because, although one of the Centaurs, and the inhabitant of a cave in a mountain, he excelled in learning, wisdom, and the most humane virtues: He may be called gentle either on account of his mildness as a teacher, or his hospitality to strangers. See a beautiful Poem in Dodsley's Miscellanies, by the late Mr. Bedingfield, called the Education of Achilles. Mr. Steevens adds "The most endearing instance of the *mansuetude* (or gentleness) of Chiron, will be found when the Argo sailed near the coast, on which he lived. He came down to the very margin of the sea, bringing his wife with the young Achilles in her arms, that he might shew the child to his father Peleus, who was proceeding on the voyage with the other Argonauts." Apollonius Rhodius, Lib. 1.

WARTON.

The passage alluded to in the Greek poet is one of those simple and delicate pictures of nature, in which he excelled, and in which he is frequently copied by Virgil. It may gratify the English reader to see it entire in the following elegant version of Mr. Preston.

Where the white breakers o'er the pebbles rave,
Amid the foam advancing thro' the wave,
With hands uprais'd, he hail'd the parting train:
"Safe may ye sail! and safe your homes regain!"
Near him his consort Chariclo appears;
The young Achilles in her arms she rears,

And holds him forward, as the vessel flies,
With one last look to glad a father's eyes."

Preston's Apollonius, Vol. 1. p. 27.

PAGE 72. Should I recall hereafter into rhyme
The kings, and heroes, of my native clime,
Arthur the chief, who even now prepares
In subterraneous being future wars.

This was the subject for an epic poem, that first occupied the mind of Milton. See the same idea repeated in Epitaph. Damonis, v. 162. King Arthur, after his death, was supposed to be carried into the subterraneous land of Faerie, or of Spirits, where he still reigned as a king, and whence he was to return into Britain, to renew the Round Table, conquer all his old enemies, and re-establish his throne. He was therefore, *etiam movens bella sub terris*, still meditating wars under the earth. The impulse of Milton's attachment to this subject was not entirely suppressed: It produced his History of Britain. By the expression *revocabo in carmina* (recall into rhyme) the poet means, that these ancient kings, which were once the themes of the British bards, should now again be celebrated in verse. Milton in his *Church Government*, written in 1641, says, that after the example of Tasso, it haply would be no rashness from an equal diligence and inclination, to present the like offer in one of our own *ancient stories*. Prose works, 4to. i. 60. It is possible, that the advice of Manso, the friend of Tasso, might determine our poet to a design of this kind

WARTON.

We may here compare the illustrations of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, S. iii. p. 54. edit. 1622, where Lydgate, according to the fiction of the Welch bards, says of Arthur,

“ He is a king crowned in Fairie
With scepter and sword ; and with his royally
Shall resort, as lord and soveraigne,
Out of Fairie, and reigne in Britaine.”

Todd.

The conclusion of this Poem, the lively description of Manso's green old age, the glory, that Milton throws around him, as the cordial friend and protector of poets, the author's wishes and presages concerning his own future poetical enterprizes, his departure from earth, and his eternal beatitude, are expressed in verses eminently beautiful, pathetic, and sublime. The character of Manso is so interesting in every point of view, and our country is so highly indebted to him for his kindness to Milton, that I wish Mr. Walker, who directed his attention in Italy to the residence and family of this pre-eminent friend of the Muses, would favor the public with a complete life of a personage so thoroughly entitled to grateful remembrance, and to a perfect display of his various merits.

The elegant writer, from whose hand I should rejoice to call forth such a work, would find in the *Dialogues of the Marquis*, many particulars of his social habits. And the life of Manso would properly include a literary history of his age. Ferrari the biographer of Marino speaks of Manso's visit to Paris, and the marks of regard that he received in France.

H.

PAGE 74. By his Father's side.

Charles Diodati's father, Theodore, was born at Geneva of an Italian family in 1574. He came young into England, where he married an English lady of good birth, and fortune. He was a doctor in physic, and in 1609, appears to have been physician to Prince Henry, and the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of Bohemia. Fuller's Worthies. Middlesex, p. 186. He lived then at Brentford, where he performed a wonderful cure by phlebotomy; as appears by his own narrative of the case, in a letter dated 1629, printed by Hakewill, at the end of his *Apologie* Lond: 1629. Signat. x y. 4. Hakewill calls him Dr. Deodate, a French physician living in London.—See Apol. L. iii. p. 218. One of his descendants, Mons. Anton. Josuè Diodati, who has honoured me with some of these notices, is now the learned librarian of the Republic of Geneva. Theodore's brother Giovanni Diodati, was an eminent theologist at Geneva; with whom Milton, in consequence of his connection with Charles, contracted a friendship during his abode at Geneva, and whose Annotations on the Bible were translated into English by the Puritans. The original is in French and was printed at Geneva, 1638. He also published "Theses lx de peccato in genere et specie. Genev: 1620.—" I SACRI SALMI messi in rime Italiane da Giovanni Diodati, 1631."—12mo. "An Italian translation of the Bible, 1607."—And an answer sent to the Ecclesiastical Assembly at London, with marginal observations by King Charles the First." *Newcastle* 1647. But this last is a translation into English by one of the Puritans. Perhaps the only genuine copy of it, for there were many spurious editions, is now to be seen in the Bodleian library: See a curious

story concerning this G. Diodati, of his preaching at Venice in a trooper's habit, and converting a Venetian courtesan, in Lord Orrery's *Memoirs* by T. Morrice, prefixed to *State Papers*, ch. 1. In which it is said by Lord Orrery, who lived a year in his house, that he was not unfavourably disposed towards the English hierarchy, but wished it might be received under some restrictions at Geneva; that he was a learned man, a celebrated preacher, and an excellent companion. The family left Italy on account of religion. Compare Archbishop Usher's *Letters*, Lond. 1686, ad calc. *Let.* xii. p. 14.

WARTON.

Giovanni Diodati published also a French translation of Father Paul's History of the Council of Trent.

TODD.

PAGE 75. — The last, last time, nor Thyrsis yet was there.

Thyrsis, or Milton, was now at Florence. It is observable that he gives this name to the spirit, assuming the habit of a shepherd, in Comus.

WARTON.

PAGE 80. — — — whose cottage on the lands
That skirt the Idumanian current stands.

The river Chelmer in Essex is called Idumanium fluentum, near its influx into Black-water bay. Ptolemy calls this bay *Portus Idumanius*.

WARTON.

PAGE 82. — And Dati, and Francini, both have made
My name familiar to the beechen shade.

Carlo Dati of Florence, with whom Milton corresponded after his return to England. Dati has a Latin eulogy prefixed to the *Poemata*, edit. 1673. So has Antonio Francini, an Italian ode of considerable merit.

In Burman's *Sylloge*, is a letter from Cuperus to Heinsius, dated 1672; Carolus Datus is mentioned, "Cujus eruditionis sponsorem habeo librum *de vitâ Pictorum*." Vol. ii. 671. That is his *Lives of four of the ancient Painters*. Again in another from the same, dated 1676, his death is mentioned with much regret, where he is called "vir in Etruscis præstantissimus," and one, whose loss would be deeply felt by the learned; *ibid* 693. In another from N. Heinsius, dated 1647, he is called "amicissimum mihi juvenem." *ibid* 193. Again, *ibid*, 806, 820, 826, 827. In another from the same, dated 1652, "Scribit ad me Datus, Florentiæ, in Mediceo codice extare, &c." *ibid* 294. He corresponds with J. Vossius in 1647, *ibid* 573. Vossius and others wish him to publish Doni's book of inscriptions, *ibid* 574. seq. Spanheim in 1661 writes to N. Heinsius, to introduce him to Carlo Dati, and other learned men at Florence, *ibid* 817. In a letter from N. Heinsius, dated 1676, "Mors repentina Caroli Dati, quanto mærore me confecerit, vix est ut verbis exprimatur. Ne nunc quidem, cum virum cogito, a lacrymis temperare possum, &c." Vol. iv. 409. See also Vol. v. 577, 578. In a letter to Christina, Queen of Sweden, dated 1652, from Florence, N. Heinsius sends her an Italian epigram, by Dati, much applauded, *on her late accident*, *ibid* 757. Again from the same to the same, 1652. "Habes et hic Caroli Dati Epigramma Etruscum. Est autem ille, quod et aliâ monui occasione, magni inter Florentinos poetæ nominis; laudes tuas singulari parat poemate," *ibid* 758. See also p. 472, 742, 744. He was celebrated for his skill in Roman antiquities.

A dissertation is addressed to him from Octavo Falconieri, concerning an inscribed Roman brick, taken from the rubbish of an ancient Roman structure, destroyed for rebuilding the portico of the Pantheon, 1661. *Grævii Roman Antiq.* iv. 1483.

WARTON.

There are two interesting letters from Dati on literary subjects in *M. Gudii et Doctorum Virorum ad eum Epistolæ, &c.* Curante P. Burmanno. Ultraject, 1697, 4to, p. 63, 64.

Besides his *Lives of the Painters*, already noticed, published in 1667, Dati committed to the press in 1669, his *Panegyrick on Louis the Fourteenth*; which has been translated from the Italian into French. Rolli mentions other works of Dati.

TODD.

PAGE 82. Renown'd for song and both of Lydian race.

Of the most ancient Tuscan families. The Lydians brought a colony into Italy, whence came the Tuscans. On this origin of the Tuscans from the Lydians, Horace founds the claim of the Tuscan Mæcnas to a high and illustrious ancestry. *Sat.* 1.

"Non quia, Mæcnas, Lydorum quicquid Etruscos
Incoluit fines, nemo generosior est te."

See also Propertius iii. ix. 1.

WARTON.

PAGE 83. Or on the margin stray of Colne's clear flood,
Or where Cassibelan's grey turrets stood!

The river Colne flows through Buckinghamshire, and Hertfordshire, in Milton's neighbourhood. His father's house and lands, near Colnbrook, were held under the Earl of Bridgewater, before whom Comus was acted.

By Cassibelan's grey Turrets, we are to understand Verulam or St. Alban's, called the town of Cassibelan, an ancient British king. See Camd. Brit. 1. 321. edit. Gibs. 1772. Milton's appellations are often conveyed by the poetry of ancient fable.

WARTON.

PAGE 84. Of Brutus, Dardan chief, my song shall be.

The landing of the Trojans in England under Brutus. Rhutupium is a part of the Kentish coast.

Brutus married Inogen, the eldest daughter of Pandrasus a Grecian king; from whose bondage, Brutus had delivered his countrymen the Trojans. Brennus and Belinus were the sons of Molutius Dunwallo, by some writers called the first king of Britain. The two sons carried their victorious arms into Gaul and Italy. Arviragus the son of Cunobelin, conquered the Roman general Claudius. He is said to have founded Dover castle.

WARTON.

PAGE 84. And of the wife of Gorlois, who surpris'd
By Uther in her husband's form disguis'd,
(Such was the force of Merlin's art.)

This transformation of Uther Pendragon is also related by Bale. "Utherium regem in Gorloidis transformabat speciem, ut Iogernæ uxoris potiretur amplexu, ex quo concubitu Arthurium et Annam progeniuit." Balei

Script Brit. edit. Gippesvici 1548, quarto: fol. 27. In the *Mirror for Magistrates*, Uther's passion is related in a poem of considerable length, by Thomas Blenerhasset; in which however Merlin's artifice is not noticed.

Todd.

PAGE 85. And it shall well suffice me.

Our author says in the preface to Ch. Gov. B. ii. "Not caring to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that: but content with these British islands as my world." *Prose-works*, Vol. 1. 60

WARTON.

PAGE 85. If Usa, golden-hair'd, my verse may learn,
If Alain bending o'er his chrystal urn,
Swift-whirling Abra, Trent's o'ershadow'd stream,
Thames, lovelier far than all in my esteem,
Tamar's ore-tinctur'd flood, and, after these,

Usa is perhaps the Ouse in Buckinghamshire. But other rivers have that name which signifies water in general. *Alaunus* is Alain in Dorsetshire, *Alonde* in Northumberland, and *Camlan* in Cornwall: and is also a Latin name for other rivers.

WARTON.

Abra has been used as a Latin name for the Tweed, the Humber, and the Severn, from the British *Abren*, or *Aber*, a river's mouth. Of the three I think the Humber, *swift whirling*, is intended. Leland proves from some old monkish lines that the Severn was originally called *Abren*; a name which afterwards the

Welsh Bards pretended to be derived from King Locrine's daughter *Abrine*, not *Sabrina*, drowned in that river. *Comm. Cygn. Cant.* vol ix. p. 67. edit. 1744. In the tragedy of *Locrine*, written about 1594, this lady is called *Sabren*. Suppl. Shaksp. vol ii. p. 262. A. iv. S. v. "Yes, Damsels yes, Sabren shall surely die, &c." And it is added that the river (Severn) into which she is thrown, was thence called *Sabren*. *Sabren* through *Safren*, easily comes to *Severn*. In the same play Humber the Scythian king exclaims p. 246. A. iv. S. iv. "And gentle *Aby* take my troubled corse." That is the river *Aby*, which just before is called *Abis*. Ptolemy enumerating our rivers, that fall into the eastern sea, mentions *Abi*; but probably the true reading is *Abri* which came from *Aber*. *Aber* might soon be corrupted into *Humber*. The derivation of the Humber from Humber, king of the Huns, is as fabulous as that the name Severn was from *Abrine* or *Sabrina*. But if Humber, a king of the Huns, has any concern in this name, the best way is to reconcile matters, and associate both etymologies in *Hun-Aber*, or *Humber*.

WARTON.

"*Tamar's ore-tinctured flood.*" The river Tamar in Cornwall tinctured with tin-mines.

WARTON.

PAGE 85. Manso, not least his native city's pride.

This figure is properly called the *Meiosis*, according to which less is said than intended, that the reader's mind may supply the deficiency. An instance of it occurs in the 15th Iliad, where Homer, describing the enfeebled condition of Hector bruised by Ajax with a stone says

"Επει σμιν αΦαυροταλος βαλ' Αχαιων."

R I

PAGE 85. The Spring was graven there.

Probably alludes to the ancient practice of crowning the cup with flowers, the Red sea to the colour of its contents, and the Arabian groves to spices grated into it. The Phoenix was perhaps introduced as a just compliment to the receiver, and watches the sun-rise to remind the drinker of the approach of morning.

The other device is explained by the poet.

Perhaps a poetical description of two real cups thus richly ornamented, which Milton received as a present from Manso at Naples. He had flattered himself with the pleasure of shewing these tokens of the regard, with which he had been treated in his travels, to Deodate, at his return. Or perhaps this is an allegorical description of some of Manso's favors.

WARTON.

The censure of Johnson on this poem is abundantly compensated by the praise of Cowper, who in one of his letters calls it "*a Pastoral in my judgement equal to any of Virgil's bucolics.*"

The pastoral parts of this poem have been thought so delicately translated into English rhyme by an elegant poet of our country (Langhorne) that it was supposed the version of Cowper would by no means surpass its predecessor. I select the following passage from Langhorne, that the reader may have the immediate opportunity of comparing the two, and forming his own judgement.

" And go, he cried, my tender lambs, adieu !
 Your wretched master has no time for you.
 Ah me ! what errors tempted me to go
 O'er foreign mountains, and thro' Alpine snow ?
 Too great the price to mark in Tyber's gloom
 The mournful image of departed Rome !
 Nay, yet immortal, could she boast again
 The glories of her universal reign,
 And all that Maro left his fields to see,
 Too great the purchase to abandon thee !
 To leave thee in a land no longer seen !
 Bid mountains rise, and oceans roll between !
 Ah ! not embrace thee ! not to see thee die !
 Meet thy last looks, or close thy languid eye !
 Not one fond farewell with thy shade to send,
 Nor bid thee think of thy surviving friend !"

The poetical Works of J. Langhorne, Vol. 2. p. 138.

H.

PAGE 88. Ode to Mr. John Rouse.

John Rouse, or Russe, master of arts, fellow of Oriel college, Oxford, was elected chief librarian of the Bodleian, May 9, 1620. He died in April 1652, and was buried in the chapel of his college. He succeeded to Thomas James, the first that held this office from the foundation. In painted

glass, in a window of the provost's lodgings at Oriel college, are the heads of Sir Thomas Bodley, James, and Rouse, by Van Ling. Hearne says they were put up by Rouse: they were probably brought from Rouse's apartments to the provost's lodgings, when the college was rebuilt, about 1640. Hearne M. S. S. coll. xii. p. 13. Rouse's portrait large as life, a three-quarters length, and coeval, is in the Bodleian library. He published an Appendix to James's Bodleian Catalogue, Oxon. 1636, 4to. In 1631 the University printed "*Epistola ad Joannem Cirenbergium, ob acceptum synodaliū epistolarum concilii Basileensis Αυτογραϕον, prefixa variorum Carminibus honorariis in eundem Cirenbergium.*" Oxon. 1631, in quarto. Where among the names of the writers in Latin, are Richard Busby of Christ-church, afterwards the celebrated Master of Westminster: Jasper Maine, and Thomas Cartwright, both well known as English poets, and of the same college: and Thomas Masters of New college, author of the famous Greek ode on the Crucifixion, The dedication to Cirenberg is written by our librarian Rouse, who seems to have conducted the publication. In it he speaks of his travels, and particularly of his return from Italy through Basil. He has a copy of not inelegant Latin elegiacs, in the Oxford verses, called "*Britanniæ natalis.*" Oxon. 1630, 4to, p. 62. Hearne says that Rouse was intimate with Burton, author of the celebrated book on Melancholie: and that he furnished Burton with choice books for that work. MSS. Coll. cxii. p. 114. He lived on terms of the most intimate friendship with G. G. Vossius; by whom he was highly valued and respected for his learning and activity in promoting literary undertakings. This appears from Vossius's Epistles to Rouse, viz. *Epis.* 73, 130, 144, 256, 409, 427. See Colomesius's *Vossii Epistolæ*, Lond. 1690. There is also a long and well written Epistle from Rouse to Vossius, *Ep.* 352. *ibid* ad calc. p. 241. Degory Wheare,

the first Camden professor, sends his book *De ratione et methodo legendi Historias*, in 1625, to Rouse, with a letter, inscribed "*Joanni Rousæo, literatissimo Academico meo.*" See Wheare *Epistolarum Eucharisticarum Fasciculus*: Oxon. 1628, 12mo. p. 113. Not only on account of his friendship with Milton, which appears to have subsisted in 1637, but because he retained his librarianship and fellowship through Cromwell's usurpation, we may suppose Rouse to have been puritanically inclined. See Notes on Sir Henry Wotton's letter prefixed to Comus. However in 1627 he was expelled from his fellowship, but soon after making his peace with the Presbyterian visitors was restored; Walker *Suff. Cler.* p. ii, p. 132.

Milton, at Rouse's request, had given his little volume of Poems, printed in 1645, to the Bodleian library. But the book being lost, Rouse requested his friend Milton to send another copy. In 1646 another was sent by the author, neatly but plainly bound, *munditie nitens non operosâ*, in which this Ode to Rouse in Milton's own hand-writing, on one sheet of paper, is inserted between the Latin and English poems. It is the same now marked M. 168: *Art.* 8vo. In the same library is another small volume, uniformly bound with that last mentioned, of a few of Milton's prose tracts, the first of which is of *Reformation touching Church Discipline*, printed for T. Underhill, 1641, 4to. Marked F. 56. Th. In the first blank leaf in Milton's own hand-writing, is this inscription, never before printed: "Doctissimo viro proboque librorum æstimatori Joanni Rousio, Oxoniensis Academiae Bibliothecario, gratum hoc sibi fore testanti, Joannes Miltonus opuscula hæc sua, in Bibliothecam antiquissimam, atque celeberrimam adsciscenda, libens tradit; tanquam in memoriae perpetuæ fanum, emeritamque, uti sperat, invidiæ calumniæque vacationem, si veritati bonoque simul eventui satis sit litatum. Sunt autem de

Reformatione, Angliæ, lib. 2. De Episcopatu Prælatice, lib. 1. De ratione Politicæ Ecclesiasticæ, lib. 1. Animadversiones in Remonstrantis Defensionem, lib. 1. Apologiæ, lib. 1. Doctrina et Disciplina Divortii, lib. 2. Judicium Bucerii de Divortio lib. 1. Colasterion, lib. 1. Tetrachordon in aliquot præcipua Scripturæ loca de Divortio, instar, lib. 4. Areopagitica, sive de libertate Typographice oratio. De Educatione Ingenuorum epistola.* "*Poemata Latina et Anglicana seorsim.*" About the year 1720, these two volumes, with other small books, were hastily, perhaps contemptuously, thrown aside as duplicates, either real or pretended: and Mr. Nathaniel Crynes, an esquire beadle, and a diligent collector of scarce English books, was permitted on the promise of some future valuable bequests to the library, to pick out of the heap what he pleased. But he, having luckily many more grains of party-prejudice than of taste, could not think any thing worth having that bore the name of the republican Milton, and therefore these two curiosities, which would be invaluable in a modern auction, were fortunately suffered to remain in the library, and were soon after honorably restored to their original places.

WARTON.

Wood informs us that Fairfax, Cromwell, &c. having been admitted to the degree of doctor of civil law, went, after the ceremony, to the Bodleian library, where they were received with a speech by the keeper Rouse. See *Annals Univ. Ox.* edit. Gutch. Vol. ii. 620. Rouse prevented the plundering of Bodley's chest, *ibid* 325. He bequeathed twenty pounds to the library, *ibid* 944.

TODD.

* Tractate of Education to Hartlib.

PAGE 91. Where he intends a richer treasure far,
 Than Iön kept (Iön Erectheus' son,
 Illustrious, of the fair Creüsa born.)

Cowper has here used the word *intends* (in a sense not common at present, but justified by the authority of Bacon and of Milton) for *superintends*. Iön was the grandson of Erectheus, the king of Athens, of whom Cicero has said that he had four virgin daughters, who looked on death with contempt in their zeal for the glory of their country. His daughter Creüsa, being violated by Apollo gave birth to Iön, who was secretly educated in the temple of the Delphic God, and raised to the hallowed office of preserving its treasures, the splendid gifts of the powerful and numerous votaries, who visited this celebrated shrine. The sacred mysterious character of the youthful Iön, and the discovery of his parents, has supplied Euripides with a subject for one of the most beautiful and interesting of the Grecian tragedies. The Iön of Euripides has been imitated by Racine in his masterpiece L'Athalie, and has probably contributed to heighten the pathos of two favorite tragedies of Italy and England, Merope and Douglas.

The Grecian drama is excellently translated by the late Mr. Potter, it describes some treasures of the temple, to which Milton has here alluded. Xuthus descended from Jupiter, and happy in supposing himself the father of Iön, directs the youth to prepare an immense tent, extensive enough to feast all Delphi within it, and to decorate the scene off his joyous banquet with ornaments borrowed from the temple. The following description displays the festive magnificence of antiquity.

" Meanwhile with reverent heed the son 'gan rear,
 On firm supporters the wide tent, whose sides
 No masonry require, yet fram'd to exclude
 The mid-day Sun's hot beams, or his last rays,
 When sinking in the west: the lengthened lines,
 Equally distant, comprehend a square
 Of twice five thousand feet (the skillful thus
 Compute it,) space to feast, for so he will'd
 All Delphi: from the treasures of the God
 He took the sacred tapistry, and around
 Hung the rich shade, on which th' admiring eye
 Gazes with fix'd delight: first over head
 Like a broad pennon spread th' extended woof,
 Which from th' Amazonian spoils, the son
 Of Jove, Alcides, hallowed to the God;
 In its bright texture interwoven a sky
 Gathering the stars in its ætherial round,
 While downward to the western wave the Sun
 His steeds declines, and to his station high
 Draws up the radiant flame of Hesperus.
 Meanwhile the Night, rob'd in her sable stole,
 Her unrein'd car advances; on her state
 The Stars attend; the Pleiads mounting high,
 And with his glittering sword Orion arm'd;
 Above, Arcturus to the golden pole
 Inclines; full-orb'd the month-dividing moon

Takes her bright station, and the Hyades
 Mark'd by the sailor; distant in the rear
 Aurora, ready to relume the day,
 And put the stars to flight. The sides were grac'd
 With various textures of th' historic woof,
 Barbaric arguments; in gallant trim
 Against the fleet of Greece the hostile fleet
 Rides proudly on: Here monstrous forms pourtray'd,
 Human and brutal mix'd: The Thracian steeds
 Are seiz'd, the hinds, and the adventurous chace
 Of savage lions: Figur'd nigh the doors
 Cecrops, attended by his daughters, roll'd
 His serpent train:—In th' ample space within
 He spread the festal table, richly deck'd
 With golden goblets."

Potter's Euripides, 4to, Vol. 1. p. 145.

H.

PAGE 92. Then, malice silenc'd in the tomb,
 Cooler heads, and sounder hearts,
 Thanks to Rouse, if aught of praise
 I merit, shall with candour weigh the claim.

This appeal of Milton to posterity has been successful to a degree, which, had he foreseen it distinctly in prophetic vision, would probably have satisfied the temperate ambition of the poet, for altho' malice against him is

far from having been *silenced in his tomb*, yet his renown is continually increasing; and I shall rejoice if our Country agrees with me in thinking, that the present version of his minor Poems may be said to add a kind of consummation to his poetical fame. Had he been empowered to select his own translator from all his successors in English poetry, I question if the eye of a prophet could have discovered any individual more worthy of the office than Cowper. This collection of his translations can hardly fail to be admired in general, but readers will probably entertain different opinions on the comparative merit of some particular versions. The present ode for instance may fail to please those, who are very partial to rhyme, by having rejected it—yet Cowper found authority in Milton himself for an English ode in metre without rhyme.

The reader will recollect the version of Horace's,

“ Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ,”

to which I allude. That Horatian ode without rhyme is by no means ungraceful, yet inferior perhaps in felicity of expression to a similar experiment of Collins in his exquisite ode to Evening.

Dr. Symmons has embellished his life of Milton with a version of the ode to Rouse, in rhyme, executed with spirit and elegance by the biographer's friend Mr. Wrangham. I transcribe the close of it as an amusing contrast to the less ornamented translation of Cowper.

“ And ye my other toils

Not toil'd in vain—some distant day

From Envy's fang shall speed your way,

Where Rouse protects, and Hermes smiles :

There nor the rabble shall revile,
 Nor factious critics pour their bile ;
 But hoarded to a happier age
 A purer race shall scan the page
 With heart unwarp'd your humble worth regard,
 Trample on Spleen's wan corse, and bless the patriot Bard."

Symons' Life of Milton, page 234.

I cannot terminate these miscellaneous Notes relative to the Latin poems of Milton without observing to his praise, that they are admirably calculated to animate and impell the mind of ingenuous and aspiring youth to the pursuit and attainment of excellence, both literary, and moral. The elegy to his Tutor, the Manso, and the verses to his Father, have this tendency in the highest degree ; they are as worthy of being treasured in the memory of our young students as our favorite passages from the poets of antiquity, and might be a just and becoming honour to the memory of Milton to have parts of these poems recited in our great schools upon public occasions.

H.

PAGE 93. SONNETS.

It is remarkable that all the sublimest poets of the modern world, Dante, Camoens, Tasso, Shakespeare, and Milton, seem to have taken a delight in the composition of sonnets, as if they had all entertained the sentiment expressed in a verse of Boileau.

" Un sonnet parfait vaut seul un long poeme."

Nor is it less remarkable, that Shakespeare, the poet of this lofty group, who possessed in general the most extensive mastery of language, both serious and sportive, appears the most deficient in the graces of this petty composition. The Italians are said to have invented this popular little poem before Petrarch was born, about the year 1250, but Faria, the indefatigable commentator of Camoens, in one of his discourses prefixed to the minor poems of his favourite author, disputes the title of Italy to this invention, by relating, that Jordi and Febrer two poets of Valentia, who happening to be with their king D. Jayme in a storm at sea, in the year 1250, composed sonnets on that event. He goes still farther for the honour of Portugal, and cites some Portugese verses of the year 1090, addrest by a valiant knight Gonzalo Hermiguez to his wife Oroana. This profound scholar was so fond of sonnets, that he intimates he had composed almost two thousand sonnets himself; his modesty however sets but little value on his own compositions, and declares Petrarch and Camoens to be the chief sonneteers of the world, or to cite his own more lofty language "es indubitable que estos dos felicissimos Heroes en este arte son los Polos, sobre que se libra este genero de escritura"

Faria cites a sonnet written by Don Pedro prince of Portugal, son of king John the first, in praise of the Portugese knight Vasco de Lobeyra, whom he styles the inventor of books of chivalry by his Amadis.

To compose sonnets was so fashionable an amusement of the great in the different kingdoms of Europe, that a complete catalogue of sonneteers would include several princes and sovereigns. When Milton employed himself on this attractive species of composition, he imparted to it the force and

dignity of sentiment, that were the characteristics of his elevated mind. The following verse that closes one of his sonnets may serve to impress on a contemplative spirit a deep sense of all our duties—

“ For ever in my great Task-master’s eye.”

H.

PAGE 93. Grace can alone preserve him, ere the dart
Of fond desire yet reach his inmost heart.

In these effusions of gallantry Milton does not fail to blend some particles of his devotional spirit. Langhorne who has translated the Italian poems of Milton with considerable elegance, has omitted this peculiarity of their author, a peculiarity very striking in the close of the two first sonnets.

H.

PAGE 96. CANZONE.

It is from Petrarch, that Milton mixes the canzone with the sonetto. Dante regarded the canzone as the most perfect species of lyric composition. Della Volg. Eloq. c. iv. But for the canzone he allows more laxity than for the sonnet; he says, when the song is written on a grave or tragic subject, it is denominated canzone, and when on a comic, cantilena, as diminutive.

WARTON.

The Abbe Salvini after pronouncing Filicaja as unquestionably the best composer of the canzone, proceeds to speak of this species of verse as follows: “ Ma dove mai vale a mostrarsi il poeta con tutte le ricchezze poetiche, coll invenzione, colla disposizione, colla musicale varieta de’ metri, che l’anima

variamente percuotono, co' lumi delle sentenze, colle figure grandi, e magnifiche, se non nella canzone ?" Prose Toscane di A. M. Salvini Firenze 1715. p. 219.

Todd.

The curious reader who wishes for more information concerning the canzone, may find many remarks on its name, nature, rules, and examples, in the second volume of Quadrio's elaborate work, "Della storia e della Ragione d' ogni poesia." Quarto, Milano, 1742.

H.

PAGE 98. A mien majestic, with dark brows, that show
The tranquil lustre of a lofty mind.

Portamento expresses the lofty dignified deportment, by which the Italian poets constantly describe female beauty; and which is strikingly characteristic of the composed majestic carriage of the Italian ladies, either as contrasted with the liveliness of the French, or the timid delicacy of the English. Compare Petrarch's first sonnet on the death of Laura. Son. ccxxix:

"Oime! il bel viso! Oime! il soave sguardo!
Oime! il *portamento* leggiadro altiero!"

Our author appears to have applied this Italian idea of a graceful solemnity in his description of Eve.

Milton, as it may be seen from these sonnets, appears to have been struck, on going into Italy, with a new idea of foreign beauty, *sotto nuova idea pellegrina bellezza*. He is now no longer captivated with the *treccie d'oro*,

nor the bloom so conspicuous in fair-haired complexions *guancia vermiglia*,
but with

“ Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,”

The dark hair and eye of Italy are now become his new favourites. When a youth of nineteen, in his general description of the English fair, he celebrates Cupid's *golden nets of hair* in his first elegy, and in Comus beauty is characterised by *vermeil-tinctur'd cheek* and tresses like the morn.

WARTON.

PAGE 101. Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante.

This is the last Italian sonnet of Milton, that has reached our time, but others have existed, which are mentioned in the following note of Mr. Warton.

“ In 1762 the late Mr. Thomas Hollis examined the Laurentian library at Florence for six Italian sonnets of Milton, addressed to his friend Chimentelli; and for other Italian and Latin compositions, and various original letters said to be remaining in manuscript at Florence. He searched also for an original bust in marble of Milton, supposed to be somewhere in that city: but he was unsuccessful in his curious enquiries.”

PAGE 101. - - - My heart, which I have found
By certain proofs not few, intrepid, sound,
Good, and addicted to conceptions high.

It has ever been thought difficult for an author to speak gracefully of himself, especially in commendation; but Milton, who was gifted with powers

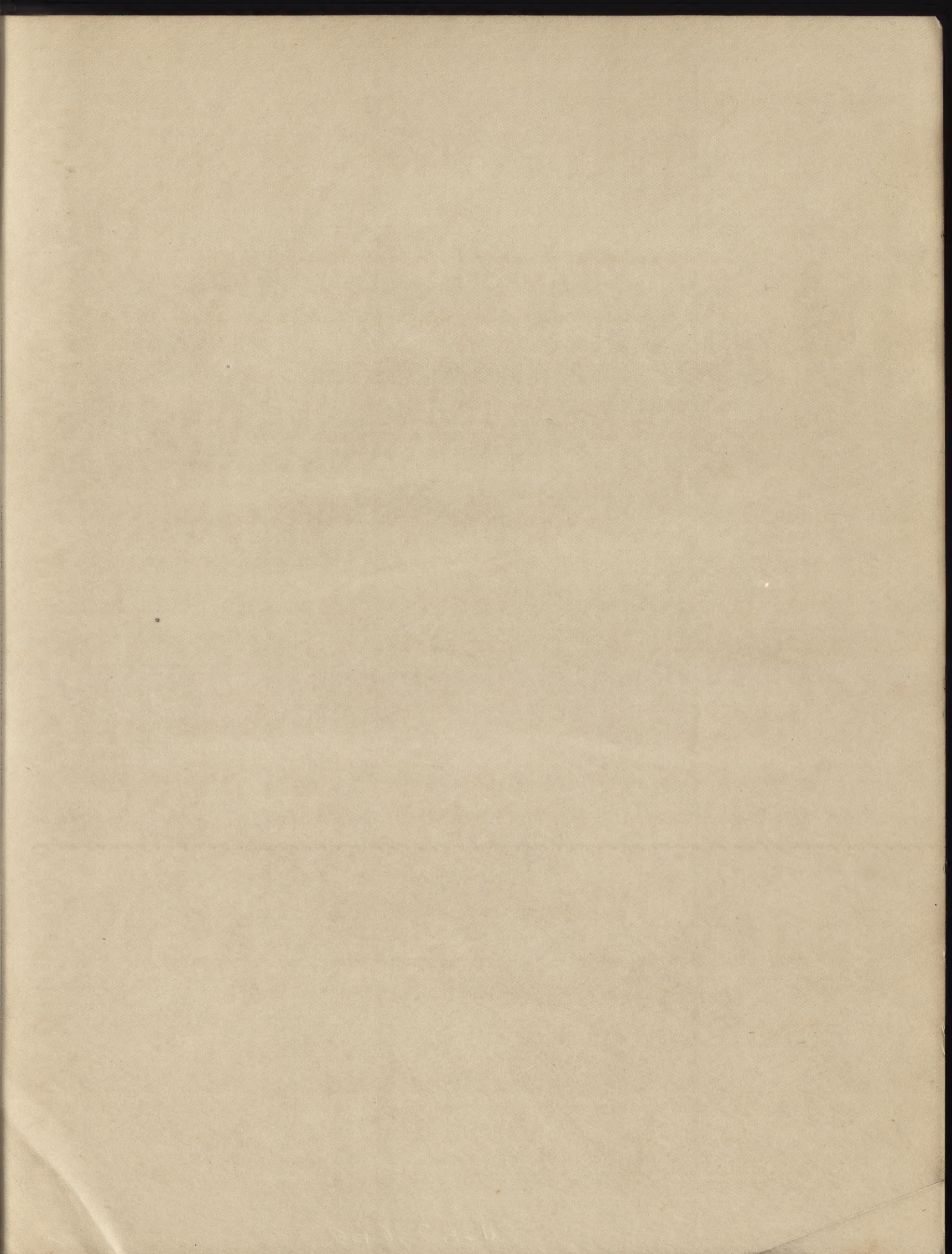
to overcome difficulties of every kind, is eminently happy in this particular. He has spoken frequently of himself both in verse and prose, and he continually shews, that he thought highly of his own endowments; but if he praises himself, he does it with that dignified frankness and simplicity of conscious truth, which render even egotism respectable and delightful: whether he describes the fervent and tender emotions of his juvenile fancy, or delineates his situation in the decline of life, when he had to struggle with calamity and peril, the more insight he affords us into his own sentiments and feelings, the more reason we find both to love, and to revere him.

F I N I S.

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Seagrave, Printer, Chichester.

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Chichester Imprint.—MILTON. LATIN AND ITALIAN POEMS, translated into English Verse, and a Fragment of a Commentary on Paradise Lost, by the late William Cowper. With a Preface by the Editor (William Hayley). *Frontis.*, 4to, orig. boards and paper label. Chichester, 1808 (\$4.20) 30s

